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**The
Hayfield Mower
And Scythe of Progress**

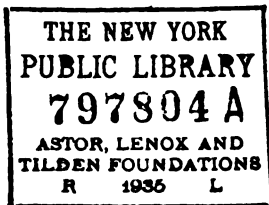
By The Mower-Man

Volume 1. Numbers 1 to 26

**Boston, Mass.
The Hayfield Mower
P. O. Box 1765**

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Copyright, 1904.
By the Hayfield Mower.

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Some Explanation



I have an impression, perhaps not born of conceit, that the sketch-story-scheme of this book is worthy of publication. At any rate, I am trying it.

To test it fairly, it goes under a nom-de-plume. Because I am known to book-reviewer and public, my name might have added a little. But, no; what I am shall neither help nor hinder it. It shall not even have the pushing-benefit of a publisher's reputation.

With my identity concealed, with a post office box for address, I launch it for success or for failure.

If it win, I have a sought-for avenue of good-doing. If it fail, I am out a little money, with compensating experience.

Here it is, without apology. Its goods or its bads are before you in undraped reality, for you to commend or condemn. You, not I, shall decide its right or its impertinence.

Yours in sincerity, even if it be misapplied,

THE AUTHOR.

Manuscript 13. Dec. 1935

To
people who think,
and say
what they think,
This book is dedicated

By Way of Preface



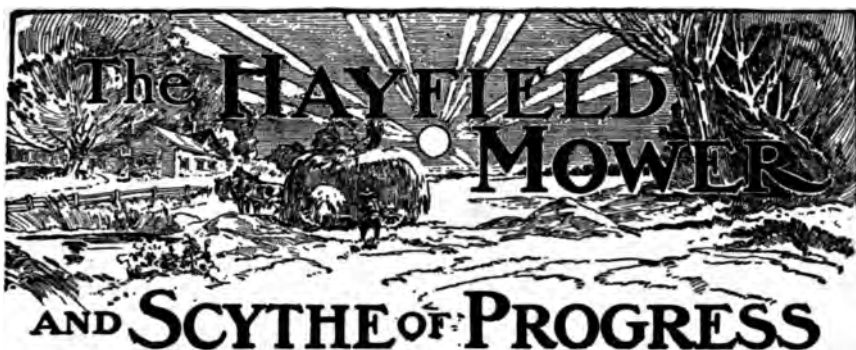
Within are supposed to be selections from twenty-six numbers of the **HAYFIELD MOWER**, representative of a genuine country newspaper, edited with aggressive horse-sense and the homely fearlessness of one who naked-eyedly sees things in their unclothed reality, and speaks with the strenuous tongue of untrammelled conviction.

The reader's right to differ from the writer is as evident as is the writer's right to differ from the reader.

The writer sincerely hopes that some will not agree with him. He recalls many whose approbation would make him regret that he wrote this book.

As the writer respects the courageous opinions of others, so does he expect others to respect his honesty of purpose, his duty-desire to help in spreading the Great Gospel of Truth.

Right or wrong, he thinks he's right.



VOLUME ONE

NUMBER ONE

Good morning, Hayfielders. Here's Volume One, Number One, and with it both our hands in hearty greeting. Let's shake for Progress, and plenty of it. We'll edit the Mower the best we know how, and turn on all the good there's in us, and let it run for you. But the Mower's going our way, because we can't drive it any other way. Once we let the people handle the reins—no two drove alike—we paid for the smash. Since then, right or wrong, we've been ourselves and written our conviction. Sometimes it was right, sometimes it wasn't, but it was us all the time. If you agree with us, you're our friends; if you don't, it isn't necessary to be our enemies. Let's pull together!

~~~~~

The ship never comes in to the loafer on the dock.

~~~~~

When in doubt, stick to the things you know about.

Most theological water needs filtering.

~~~~~

Better shed light than cast a shadow. Better be a lens than a shutter.

~~~~~

If what IS is right 'cause it is, then let's stop the race of progress, put out the lights of life, and ask the ocean's pardon for jumping overboard.

~~~~~

The Mower takes pleasure in announcing the appearance, beginning in the next number, of an original story-sketch-autobiography, entitled, "About Me and Mine."

The matter is founded upon fact, and each character is living or has lived. The strong parts, the words which will burn and which may seem to be the dare-devils of imagination and exaggeration, are, for the most part, word-pictures of untuned truth, prints from untouched plates taken from the unprejudiced camera. We mention

this, because the more realistic, the closer to fact, a thing is, the more the critics abuse it, and the more they call it the pen-rasplings of jingle-bell improbability. Some folks are so scared at Truth that they can't realize her realness.

The dyed-in-a-blue-dye-house litterateur, who holds his book away from the light when he reads it, who can't swallow anything writ since the cobwebbed vintage of Long Ago, won't like it; but perhaps the every-day fellow, with circulating blood in him, may find in it, if he hunts hard, a word or two that will do him good, make him sleep better, and want to work when he gets up.

At any rate, it's going to be there; so like it or not, to your heart's content.

~~~~~

Don't think, dear brother, that Religion is ailing because the bottom of the Church box isn't covered Sundays. Religion never was healthier. The Religious Church treasury is seldom empty.

~~~~~

District-Attorney Flashpan was the man in evidence right after the criminal negligence murder of 21 passengers by the A. & Z. Railroad. He was going to indict the entire board of directors. Jailer Jack began cleaning out the west wing cells at his headquarters, making ready for distinguished company. Folks began backing the new exerciser of the law. All the country papers, except the Mower, sang typographical songs of Flashpan

praises. We didn't. We knew Flashpan before he came here. He is like 'em all or most all. He's in favor of jailing the guilty, if the guilty doesn't make restitution, and the railroad criminals always do, but the restitution sent out seldom reaches the sufferers. We've heard that they do the square thing once in a while, but we were never present at the doing. What do they have big law departments for? To get their rights? No. Half the expense would get 'em all they deserve. The band of well-fed legals is to keep the public from having what belongs to it. The District-Attorney began to bluster. The jail seemed to yawn for the railroad officials, but none of 'em kissed their wives goodby, or sent out "At Jail" calling cards. The directors had a meeting, and voted. Well, no matter. The Mower has never accused Flashpan of being gagged with money. What's the use of accusing him? When you see a public servant standing on ash-heaps yelling for justice, you can bet dollars to cents that he is bellying for something else, and has a mighty good idea that he is going to get it.

~~~~~

Judge men, not always by what they do, but rather by what you would do in their places.

~~~~~

With our papers full of hunting stories and advertisements of guns, it's going to be mighty hard to inculcate the young with the bravery of peace.

The Hill-Toppers belong to that egotistical, conceited, jackassy clan, commonly known as The Superior Class. Its members consist of the rich, the newly rich, the would-bes, the pretenders, the get-trusteders — a mixture of undesirables who condescend to patronize their betters. They shake hands with that limber, rubbery, lack-of-honesty grasp which makes a decent man feel like saying something quick and strong. They dress strictly according to style, never by rule of comfort. They read the fashionable books, which would injure their brains if they had any. They take no thought of anything save themselves, and they never give themselves a sensible thought. They are never happy together, for where each one is the best there can't be the harmony of equality, and the harmony of equality is the only kind of harmony that harmonizes. The only good they do is to spend money, spending it foolishly, of course, but spending money foolishly is better than not spending it at all.

The Superior Class, reckoning it from any standpoint, is The Inferior Class, inferior to any class of sense, brains, and progress.

If The Superior Class knew itself, it would scrub itself with coarse sand, buy a new set of clothes, and drive its Superiority out of its system with cathartic chasers.



Better offer a State prize for sane and sanitary marriages than a premium for big families.

Don't be a crank for the sake of being a crank. Long hair sometimes accompanies genius, but it's cooler with a hair-cut. Clean hands, clean linen, and combed heads don't drive away the muse or frighten ability. A wise man's wisdom isn't dependent upon his good clothes, or his bad ones, his hair, or his collars.



The great city's too big and the little village's too small for the ripest growth of Progress. The town's the place, the modern town with all the city has worth having and all the country has that's outdoors and airy. Cosmopolitan bustle and back-country quiet don't hasten intellectuality. Brains grow best in cultivated soil, the social soil of good company, Nature's soil fertilized by man; and they develop far better and much faster than possible under city heat or country shade. The town's the place for Civilization, and there you'll find the most of it. There're neither over-treaded streets nor trackless forests in Civilization's World of Perfection.



Old Rocks is dead. He left a million dollars. The First Church was crowded. A thousand dollars' worth of flowers filled selected places. The widow was artistically dressed for sympathy. Three ministers conducted the exercises, and not one single one of 'em said one single word of truth about the deceased. There wasn't any good



about Old Rocks that anybody ever discovered. He was a walking depository of money. He was the late president of the biggest swindling scheme that ever struck and stuck this county. His principal diversion was foreclosing mortgages and turning widows out of doors. Nobody liked him, and there was absolutely no reason why anybody should care anything about him. Now that he's dead, he's the "Late Roger Rocks, Esq., our eminent fellow-citizen, our grand old man."

Rocks' death didn't pay his debts to the world. Dying didn't repudiate his swindlings. Being dead doesn't make him any better than when he was alive. He was a swindler, a liar, and a thief, and everybody knew it. He was a bad example to every boy and to every ambitious young man. He was a living model of "honesty is the worst policy;" and this lauding him to the skies, speaking well of him because he's dead, can have only a bad effect upon the community.

When a minister speaks well of a dead man, whom he knows was never other than a bad man when alive, and praises him indiscriminately, he holds up that man's criminality as a virtue, and he unintentionally, of course, places that man as an example for the young to follow.

The less said about Rocks, the better; and it is positively wrong to speak well of him just because he's dead. Nobody ever spoke well of him while he lived.

The memory of a bad man is

just as deserving of condemnation as is the act of the bad man while he lives.

Expressions of condolence to the widow, who's a mighty decent sort of woman, are ridiculous. Congratulations are in order.

At the Board of Trade meeting, to-morrow, resolutions of regret are to be formerly passed, and every man who signs the resolutions knows that he's a liar. There's not a man in this town but what is mighty glad that Old Rocks is dead, and expressions of hypocritical regret shouldn't be allowed to carry water in any honest community.



Our esteemed contemporary, the *Riverbank Fossil*, is right this time, as isn't its won't. Brother Gumme says "The Hayfield school committee isn't in favor of modern school-house ventilation."

Our school committee aren't in favor of anything 'cept two meetings a week, one to vote to do a thing and the other to rescind it.

"I move," says Hank Hack, the livery educator.

"I move to reconsider," drawls Roger Roundhead, the ex-plumber and committee on text-books.

"I move to remove the last move," shouts Skipper Swift, our late canal captain.

And so they go, tumbling back 13 inches every time they get a foot ahead. For broad gauge, sublime, acre-wide caution, our Board of Education is unparalleled in the annals of confounded conservatism.

We apologize to Lieutenant Little. We have misjudged him. We thought he was honest and said so.



A writer to the *Sunday School (Alleged) Boomer*, in speaking of a billionaire's Bible Class, said:

"It was a noble sight to see this young man of magnificent personal attainments, high position, and greatest wealth, giving his time, his talents, his strength, and his youth, to this work for other young men. It puts iron into the blood of the rising young man, struggling amid temptations in a great city, to come into personal contact with a young man of the Moneybag sort, and he is apt to say to himself, 'Well, if the religion of Jesus Christ is the real thing for a young man of the Fifth Avenue palaces, I guess it is good enough for me.'"

Come, let us reason together. What's this young man really giving? What's he sacrificing? His "high position" was thrust upon him. His "wealth" didn't cost him an effort. He's under obligations to God for the chance to appear in respectable society. He hasn't any job; has nothing to do. Teaching Sunday School isn't hard work judging by the lazy folks doing it; and even if it is, it's exercise for a loafer. Really it doesn't cost him anything. It takes up his spare time; gives him a bigger amount of notoriety. It must be borne in mind that the record doesn't state that the young man does anything except talk to his class and shake hands.

Most folks like to talk, and

people with millions are looking for an audience, and a Sunday School audience comes cheaper than 'most any other kind.

We can't see any sacrifice in it — any good-doing adequate to the young man's opportunity.

What sacrilege to remark, "Well, if the religion of Jesus Christ is the real thing for a young man of the Fifth Avenue palaces, I guess it is good enough for me."

Religion isn't, and never will be, the "real thing" for palace-dwellers. Nobody ever found the "real thing" in any palace. All that's in there is boughten stuff, by the yard, piece, or pound. Religion doesn't object to comfortableness, but you never find it in palaces.

With all the suffering and trouble and honest want on earth, and with the million and one chances to do good with money, religious folks don't squander their money in palaces. There never was a Palace-Christian. There may be Palace-Sunday School Teachers and Churchmen, but never a Real-Thing-Palace-Christian.

The Sunday School teaching billionaire does more harm than the billionaire who doesn't teach Sunday School. The politer he is, the more cordial he is, the more hand-shaking he does, the more harm he does. Why? Because he isn't under his own colors; he's fooling the people; and, perhaps, fooling himself. He isn't doing right, even though he may think he is. But here's dollars to half-pennies that he never thinks he's doing right and doesn't care anything about it, anyway. If he teaches Sunday

School, and prays in public, and talks Bible-talk, he's doing ten times more harm than he is when he's down at his office cornering food-stuffs and robbing the public.

Hypocrisy is the top-sin of all. The bad man, in his bad office, doing all the bad he can, isn't always a hypocrite. The bad man in the Sunday School, talking good, praying, and teaching, is either a fool or a hypocrite—a fool if he doesn't know he's bad, a hypocrite if he has any eyes that see. In any event, he has no business there. The Sunday School isn't the place for haranguing fools and hypocritical talkers. If this sort of thing "puts iron into the blood of the rising young man," it will be that kind of metal which would take the teacher roughly by the arm, pull him out where he belongs, and leave him there. The kind of iron it puts into the blood is junk-iron, too brittle to stand any strain. Junk doesn't belong in a Sunday School. No billionaire ever had the religion of Jesus Christ, and nobody can teach what he doesn't know anything about.

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What's the good of unused good?

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Success is the accomplishment of one's bests.

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Kick, kick hard; kicking's mighty good exercise; but kick fair; kick like men, not like mules; and don't forget that the fellow who's there may know as much about it as the chap on the grocery

barrel whose knowledge never crossed a clearing.

~~~~~

The Rock of Success isn't located in a field of roses.

~~~~~

Young man, don't imagine that the angels applaud every time you don't do what you haven't the slightest desire to commit. On Heaven's monuments you're not likely to find carved upon the everlasting stone the names of the lazy good who hadn't the spunk to be bad. The good-for-anything Christian is he who won't do wrong, not he who doesn't want to do wrong. If it wasn't for resisting temptation, good would lose its savor. Heaven isn't anxious to populate with folks who get in by default.

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Don't try to be what you can't be.

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There's time enough, if you use time as you ought to use it.

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He, who can't make something better than himself, better not have lived.

~~~~~

Professor Lighter is all right. He knows more about teaching school than does our entire Board of Education multiplied by sixteen. The Mower's with the Professor, and the way he has of doing things; and if those small, diminutive, shrunken, weazel-minded committee men think they're going to run him just out because he knows

something, and won't run the schools as grandfather used to, but thinks that a geography ought not to be over a quarter of a century old, and feels that the first dictionary is a little bit out-of-date, they're reckoning without the Mower, and the intelligent side of Hayfield, who somehow think a man ought to know something before he teaches something. Lighter's going to stay.

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Only the fool is sure.

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The man who won't arbitrate is wrong every time; wrong even when he's right, because he thinks he's wrong anyway. "Nothing to arbitrate" is the cry of the fool and the anarchist. The fellow who knows he's wrong takes no stock in arbitration.

~~~~~

Money counts to-day, but the money of to-day is worthless to-morrow. The multi-millionaire of Monday, dies on Tuesday, is buried on Wednesday, and is forgotten on Thursday. The real man, who has something to him above and beyond trading, who neither reckons himself nor is reckoned by his dollars, never dies.

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Actor Wing, of New York, made a big hit at the Opera House, last night. Right in the middle of the last act, when things were kind of interesting, Hayfield's best dressed ladies reached for their hats and wraps, and nobody could see or hear the finalé. Just then Actor

Wing stepped to the footlights, and said, with a megaphonic voice:

"Will the women and men kindly be patient, and excuse the cook-ladies and wash-ladies who are obliged to be home at 11 o'clock?"

Well, the audience was still to a woman, and when the curtain fell, nobody seemed to be in a hurry to get out.

No lady, we don't care if she is dressed in silk and diamonds and lives on the Hill, ever, except in emergency, puts on her hat or coat or gets ready to go until the final curtain. The woman who disturbs an audience is a cheat. She robs others of what they've paid for, and she's a sneaking kind of a robber, for she isn't brave enough to do anything the law could punish her for.

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Common sense never glutted the market.

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Know one thing well, and know how to find out about other things.

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Mrs. Sarah Somebody, president of our largest woman's college, editor of the *Magazine of Sense*, and the smartest woman hereabouts, gave a matinee address at Sunset Hall, Thursday. Mrs. Somebody brought a couple of tons of fact with her and tried to shove it into Hayfield's intelligence. Her subject was "Hygienic Dressing," and she had all analyzed, the dirt she had scraped off of skirt-bottoms, with each germ of filth in a bottle by itself. She shoveled right into things with unwhite-

washed spades. We were impressed, and in our child-like innocence, we said to ourselves, "There'll never be any more long skirts in Hayfield's streets," and we got up early the next morning to see the sights; but the long skirts were doing broom-duty just the same. Mrs. Somebody made a mistake. She thought the plain truth, plainly taught, would sink below society's feminine skin. No use. A style-reformer needs a coal-chisel and sledge-hammer to talk with and an act of Legislature back of her for enforcement. Make it the style and women will wear hip-skirts.



An ounce of Christianity is worth a pound of law.



Perhaps the Recording Angel of Heaven's Charity Department has two memorandum books of entry—a big one for carrying the gifts of Quality-Givers, and a little vest-pocket one for listing the Quantity-Donators. On the White Walls of Justice Quality of giving is recorded in letters of burnt-in-scarlet, and on the rickety fences of society is white-washed the Quantity-Deeds of bulk-giving philanthropists, who strive to buy both God and Man by the presentation of material quantity. 'Tis how you give, not how much you give, that's weighty on Christianity's scales. In the Great Bank of the International Forever, the leading depositors will not be the wholesale tossers of libraries and college chairs, but rather the humble givers of themselves to the better-

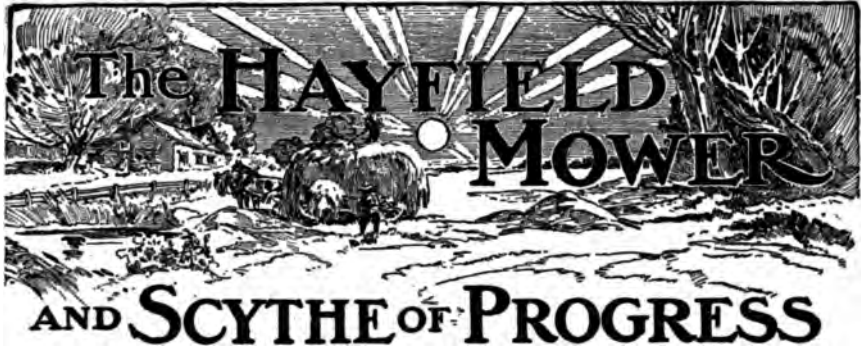
ment of humandom. The Heavenly Board of Directors will be shy of extending credit to those whose open balance is figured in perishable cash. Here the billionaire can't secure accommodations, and he starves at the gate of the Bank which is paying the sight-drafts of those, who on earth, wisely deposited themselves that they might carry an everlasting balance.

## Book Reviews

"Helps," by Prof. William Wise. Chock-full of boiled-down sense, piles of hard-pressed facts, a thousand things folks think they know, but don't. Our book-seller says there's no call for it, because naked truth isn't suggestive enough to be popular. One part fact and nine parts of sugar-coating hit most people. What we ought to have is generally what we don't want.



"The "Love of Lucy," by Princess Pip. Rot, muddy rot. The Princess bought a job-lot of second-hand scandals, a barrel of slime, a crate of putrefying sentiment, a ton of brute passion, and a mile of sensual dialogue; then she leased a sub-cellar, excluded the light, opened the sewer, and hired a society renegade to churn the whole business into a lump of contagion. Fifty thousand copies already sold; 500 copies right here in Hayfield! All the Hill-Toppers are reading it. You can actually smell it on 'em.



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VOLUME ONE

NUMBER TWO

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Bill Bluff came to Hayfield five years ago. Rumor previously located him in half a dozen different places. There were many stories against his integrity, and some of 'em boldly said that he was a thief and a liar. But Bill knew his business, knew how to be respectable at cut-prices. He laid low for a year, bowed to everybody, was cordial, and didn't take sides. He paid his bills and bought notoriety. Folks began to forget about the stories. Those he traded with said they weren't true; those he was very cordial with talked exaggeration and did the "judge not" act; and the rest of the folks didn't care a continental anyway. Then Bill began to sprout. The first thing he did was to hire the biggest pew in our biggest Church, and to contribute towards all the charities the newspapers talk about. Bill had a way of giving in secret from the house-tops. Then Bill joined the Church, and he made the Church ask him to come in, too. Of course, he forced his way in, but the inno-

cent Church folks didn't see it. Anyway, Bill got in, and he never missed a Sunday.

Next thing Bill did was to build a watering trough; that is, he chipped in \$50, and we poor folks raised the rest; but Bill's name was the only name chiseled into the block. Then he bought a lot of books for the library, and we elected him trustee. Bought the job, of course, but we chumps hadn't sense enough to know it. Then Bill began to bounce, and up to two weeks ago he was Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, Chairman of the Library Trustees, Head Hat-Passer at the First Church, President of the Board of Trade, and Treasurer of the Savings Bank. Bill got by judiciously disposing of \$2,000 or \$3,000 what we wouldn't give the best man in town who had worked from boyhood up helping Hayfield to boom.

Mind you, Bill didn't give more than \$3,000 all told. Six months ago Bill began to float the King and Queen Oil-Gusher Co. and sell

shares by advertising that the stock "would go up to-morrow." His plant consisted of one feeble-minded, crooked-necked, half-lost Texas hole in the ground, which may have thrown up a few buckets of oil too poor to be kept down; the gilt-edged, red-lined prospectus; and offices in our biggest block, with mahogany furniture you could see your face in. Bill had everything but oil. About every man in town—ministers, stable keepers, lawyers, everybody who had an extra 50-cent piece—fairly rushed after stock. Bill accommodated 'em. With a show of great feeling he helped Hayfielders to get in at the bottom.

Bill Bluff moved last week, and his furniture was only a mighty small part of what he took out of town.

Hayfield's strapped, and we haven't any sympathy. Folks who can be fooled as easily as Bill fooled 'em, have no right to have money, and Bill did 'em a kindness by taking their money away from 'em.

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We've more respect for a well-bred dog than for an ill-bred man.

~~~~~

Child-labor is the curse of business. Mothers have cried against it, reformers have talked over it, legislators have lawed against it, and all to no purpose. None of 'em got at the bottom. Business is in favor of coining child-blood. It pays, and will pay as long as this kind of money is passable. Children work cheap.

The child-hiring manufacturer may not be altogether hard-hearted, he may have the remnants of decency about him. It's his business to get his goods made at the minimum of cost; if he doesn't, his stockholders will protest, and the stockholders don't know or don't care. Most of 'em who don't know, don't want to know, and those who do know, forget or try to. It is useless to rave at the parents. Poor devils; the three cents an hour their skeleton children earn may be the difference between not enough to eat and enough to eat.

Who's to blame? You! You, who rustle your silk down the Church aisle. You, who demand bargains, and buy at cut-prices. You, who buy, taking no thought of where what you buy comes from.

When the women of the land study the principles of Civilization, and stand together in an endeavor to do right, even at the sacrifice of extra trimmings and the thousand and one things they don't need, there won't be any child-labor, and lots of other bad things will become unprofitable. When they become unprofitable, they won't be done.

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The strength of the whole is in the harmony of its parts.

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Once in a while the wheat of human nature sticks its head above the chaff, and we find folks doing things they ought to do. T'other day, while eating oysters in one of those stalled restaurants over in Centerville, we overheard two fel-

lows playing a game of conversation. Seems one of 'em was a coal dealer, and didn't do what was right by the other fellow's friend.

"Haven't I always treated you right?" said the coal-cheater.

"As far as I know you have."

"Then what in thunder are you kicking about? 'Tain't none of your business as long as I'm square with you."

About this time we felt somebody getting up, and things must have been hot in the next alley. We heard the honest man say:

"My friend's business's my business. When you cheat him you cheat me."

Wish there were more folks like this fellow. Some folks mind their own business because they're too darn lazy to mind anybody else's. The question is, "Is there a cheat in town?" If there is, it's the business of every man, whether cheated or not, to stand by the fellow who's cheated. There's altogether too much kicking for ourselves, and too little kicking for others, and too many kinds of fellows who take interest in a coal strike only when their cellars are empty.

~~~~~

Capital, often inherited money, says it pays for building the yachts; but Money, even in its conceit, doesn't dare claim the credit of modeling 'em or of sailing 'em. At the victor's banquet, the owners, not the makers and skippers, occupy the seats of honor. Brains and Skill won the race, and Brains and Skill should sit in the center of the

center table, while Capital passes the victuals. The designers and the sailors are the heroes, and Idle Money ought to be under obligations to Ability for using it.

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Somehow, if Deacon Harder's hired man and horse hadn't been shivering in front of the Church, and his kitchen girls weren't sweating over a big Sunday dinner, we might have been impressed by his remarks on Sunday desecration.

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You can inherit ability, but you've got to hustle for experience.

~~~~~

Our neighbors, the Grand Junctionists, are in the throes of a riot. Who's the most to blame? The political bosses? Oh, no. The fellows in office? Certainly not. Who, then? The respectable folks who're too blame lazy to vote or to vote right, and who are too busy to take a hand in the caucuses. The better element of Grand Junction is in the majority and controls two-thirds of the raff. Better civilize the voters than try to reform the office-holders.

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The Booth and Barrett Dramatic Club played their new piece, "The Mother's Child," at the Opera House, Wednesday night, for charity's sake. The hall was full of male and female charity-talkers who won't give a cent unless there's a show-string to it.

The play was written by Miss Blanchable Asston, one of our literary summer boarders who tries to try her pen-spillings on the Hayfield "dog."

The play is a high-pitched melancholic, with somebody who is dying or ought to die, in every act. It should have been called, "Under the Black Cloud With an Inky Lining."

In the first act, the "mother's child" hunts for its mother, and in the second act the mother loses her child, and neither gets afoul of the other till the end of the fifth scene of the seventh act. This gives the other characters a chance.

There isn't a simple United States word in the whole thing. When the mother wants the child, she doesn't yell, Hayfield-like, "Come in, Mary!" She lays her Browning on the plush-covered divan, and aristocratically murmurs, "Come at your most pleasing convenience, my bright little spark of hope;" and the long-aproned, white-capped assistant to the second girl phonographs the murmur, and carries it on a silver-salver to the kid on the lawn.

There're four shivering love scenes, cold-water-down-your-back-affairs, without a hug or a kiss to warm the atmosphere—just such ice-bergy stuff as, "Maudelena, let's love Ibsen together."

The fourth act is a corker; nothing like it has ever been unbottled on any stage. Here the villian pursues her seven times, and is unfatally shot eleven times by the hero.

Mrs. Lawyer More played the

part of "Jennessie," the mother of the child. Everybody knows Mercy More, who used to be Farmer Frankfort's daughter. Mercy took in the opera a year ago coming March, and was "discovered." Before she said anything, she swallowed her words, and threw 'em up all wet and clammy. She didn't have enough clothes on to cover half of her defects.

Bill Bean appeared as "Allendoso," the black-wigged hero, and gave a continuous performance of chasing the villians. Bill's only a 120-pounder, and shrunk at that, but he knocked down four villians, in the third act, with nothing but a rattan cane to hit 'em with. "Down you diabolical semblance of accursed hellishness!" he cried, and down went villian No. 1, and the other villians stood there, lamb-like, awaiting their cue to be knocked down.

The show was for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of African Ignorance. Receipts, \$367.42; Expenses, \$411.73. African Ignorance escaped.

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The newly richers, of Hill-Top, had a banquet, last evening, at the Criterion Club House. Barrel-waist Hogg presided. His guttural speech was fortunately unintelligible.

Gushie Gusher, the latest importation, responded to the toast, "Our English Cousins." Gushie gushed.

Colonel Comers talked about himself to his own amusement.

Little Girly Gurt, the latest

daughter of Gurson Gurt, the saw-miller, recited one piece and three pre-arranged encores. Girly's voice sounds like the tide running through a busted pipe. She's wonderful as a gestural contortionist. She didn't seriously injure her audience.

Fred Feeder, former proprietor of the New York Quick-Indigestion Hashery, presented his three diamond studs, four colored rings, and embroidered dress-suit.

As none of the banqueters knew how polite people eat, each gormandized in his own peculiar way. Some lapped their napkins and others run 'em 'round their necks. Ignorance's crowning fault is a desire to show itself.

Maude Mudders, the 27 year old daughter of Mrs. Milton Mudders, was the star blonder of the crowd. With hilarious abandon she stirred her coffee with her fork, shoveled her ice-cream with her knife, and when she chewed her cake, she chewed all over. Her diaphragm seemed to pump her jaws. She fell all over her plate, and worked her knife and fork and spoon for all the world like the cups on an endless elevator belt.

The advertised speaker was the Honorable Peter P. Pint, ex-mayor of a small Jersey city, ex-several other offices. The Honorable Peter P. Pint said little in much, but his remarks were nevertheless received with uproarious applause. The part of Peter's speech he didn't write was fairly good. Pity Peter didn't memorize it, and deliver it as it was in its boughten

completeness, without trying to interject interpolations.

As an exhibition of tailor's models, the banquet was a success.

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The man on the wrong side despises arbitration.

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Why do we prefer notoriety on Earth to prominence in Heaven? Why are we willing to swap monuments Up-There for slabs Down-Here? But we do, many of us do. Why?

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Until we are reckoned for what we are, the Arithmetic of Justice will be full of misprints.

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"I ain't got no use for college!" shouted Ben Bolter at the town meeting. "My boy's gone through it, and got home a blame sight bigger fool than when he went."

Say, Ben, you're off, a couple of acres off. Education never hurt anybody. We know your boy; a longer and wider chump never wore pants. He was a fool 'fore he went — one of those dude fools — there ain't any worse kind. They can't reform 'cause they haven't any reforming material about 'em. College doesn't help fools 'cept to give 'em a chance to lose some of their folly, and two dozen colleges couldn't have kicked sense into that boy of yours. There isn't enough to him to know there's nothing to him. He'd have to put his brains in a bag to make 'em cast a shadow.

Be honest, and avoid competition.

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Lots of folks look on the bright side of life because there's a duty-tax for looking on the other. The animal loves to bask in the sunshine.

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Waste is wrong and never pays. Millions upon millions of dollars' worth of Church buildings are occupied six per cent. of the time and idle 94 per cent. of the time.

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Our Legislators didn't hoodwink Justice; they put her eyes out.

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Our Court system of fining is responsible for more than half the crimes outside the gutter. The punishment by fine seldom fits the crime. What does the rich automobilist care for a paltry ten-dollar fine for placing human life in jeopardy? He laughs at it, pays it as a huge joke, and his standing at the club is ranked by the number of fines he pays. The law can never protect the people so long as fining remains.

There's Colonel David Dare. He has been before the Court twice for reckless speeding. It has cost him less than \$50 in fines. He's still racing his machine at break-neck speed. Thirty days in the common jail, or 12 lashes on the bare back, would make a law-abiding citizen of him.

Punishment is only punishment when it punishes; and fining

isn't punishment among the upper classes.

The Hon. Ben Bigger's boy insulted a woman in the street the other night. Fine, \$10. The old man paid it. The boy will do it again. Jail him, say we; jail him, or lash him.

Money should cast no part in the mint of justice. So long as it does, there'll be no check on the rich who would as lief pay a Court fine as to ante-up on a gambling game.

### Quester and Answerer

BOVETTE writes:—"Does it pay to be honest?"

ANSWER:—It depends upon what you're after. If for money, no. The over-rich man, who says honesty is the best business policy, says it to cover up his dishonesty. Honesty, that is, strict honesty, isn't a money-bringing commodity. It's in the way. The kind of honesty that's the best business policy is the dishonesty that doesn't get caught—black ink in a white bottle, respectability with all its earthly frills. But honesty is the best policy if you're looking ahead and have sense enough to deposit collateral that's good in the Bank of Eternity. Honesty is the best policy for folks with consciences. For others, well, others don't have it.

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MARY MEADOW wants to know what constitutes exclusive society?

ANSWER:—Exclusiveness, Mary, is a brand of nothing, used by no-

body who is anybody, to protect somebody from the dangers of nothing. You'll find it everywhere, more in Boston than in New York, more in New York than right here in Hayfield, but Hayfield isn't rid of it. Exclusives are people who don't know enough to go at large. Exclusive society is a rickety, leaky, lopsided association of idiots, fools, tailor's-dummies, languiders, and hangers-on, so substantialless that you have to feed a couple of dozen of 'em into a hopper to grind out a dwarf.



S. S. writes: — "Is the Rev. Dr. Wrightman a Baptist?"

ANSWER: — No, he's a Christian.

Our Serial Story

About Me and Mine by Me

CHAPTER I

A home-shaken emulsion of self-respect, self-conceit, and an apparent or real appropriateness, suggest that I begin my story with my beginning.

Neither here, nor anywhere else in this sketch, do I humbly or otherwise apologize for the ever-present use of the Cap I.

"I" is by me made the active character, and without "I," I couldn't consistently play my story.

I began to begin at 2 P. M., Feb-

ruary 27, 1858, in the sanded and salted village of Yarmouth, Barnstable County, Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

I came near being born all over the Cape. The home-town pride of a Yarmouth engineer, a Yarmouth conductor, and Yarmouth cord-wood pushed the maternal train across the town lines in time for Yarmouth to claim all the distinction she can get out of it. It has been said by my jealous superiors that what was Sandwich's and Barnstable's gain was Yarmouth's loss. Poor Yarmouth! She had to be my birth-place.

Adding the discount for my parent's inflated opinion of my infantile self to that of what our neighbors said, or thought without saying, the result indicates that I, as a baby, was just another helpless, crying, spewing, lump of expectation, an animate excuse for any sort or kind of characteristic or promise desired to substantiate the pride, pleasure, theory, hobby, prejudice, or spite of the army of aunts and other accessories which swarmed about my cradle, pinched my flabby toes, and scratched or sponged me with the lips of conventional self-gratification.

The Yarmouth of '58 wasn't the biggest nor the smallest of the irregularly located and harum-scarum scattered Cape towns. It was the elbow-joint of the great Cape arm, which, seemingly tired of its salt sea bath, lifted its crooked self from out of the ocean's bed to be New England's beckoning finger of perpetual welcome to all over-sea creation.

Yarmouth wasn't a barren town. It had earthy soil of its own, trees, shrubs, and other verdant things born on its premises. It stood between the villages of not-so-much-sand on the one side and the almost-all-sand and all-sand towns on the other. Some of Yarmouth's parts didn't look like Cape Cod. Physically Yarmouth was a mongrel town, born of an earthy father and a sandy mother.

Yarmouth was the ocean-man's bedroom, where former activity became inactive and slept its full 24 hours a day.

Outside of the handful of storekeepers, the quarter of a dozen lawyers, the twelfth of a dozen bankers, the few ministers and teachers, the one doctor, the depot-master, the post-master, the diggers in sand and soil, and the very few fishers who fished one day a week every other week, holiday weeks excepted, nobody in Yarmouth did anything with enough regularity to suggest that he was working.

Yarmouth's prime citizens were vacation-serving sailors and ex-ploughers of the Deep. Most of 'em had been full-fledged captains, web-footed by Nature and seafaring by inclination, commanders of barks and ships in those glorious days of individualism, when folks of snap and push worked for themselves, officered their own crafts, and had the major part of what they earned.

Early Yarmouth was a captain's town, the resting place of some of the bravest heroes who ever planked a dock, men who were

men, men all through, the Fathers of Progression. Yarmouth was their last berth on earth. Weather beaten by the seas of all-around-the-world, they cast their final anchor on Yarmouth's shores, and quietly let Time steer them into Eternity's Harbor. Their homes were museums of the queer and of the very queer — little exhibits of the whole world's skilfulness. Their libraries were small, for in those days books were scarce, and men held in their heads what to-day they keep on their shelves.

These Yarmouthers were too old and too tired to do anything, so they didn't; and Yarmouth accommodated herself to their conditions.

Enterprise was tolerated, and encouraged only under protest.

"Be a gentleman," was Yarmouth's moral law.

"Be conventional," was Yarmouth's code of honor.

"Don't stir up the IS," was Yarmouth's rule of action.

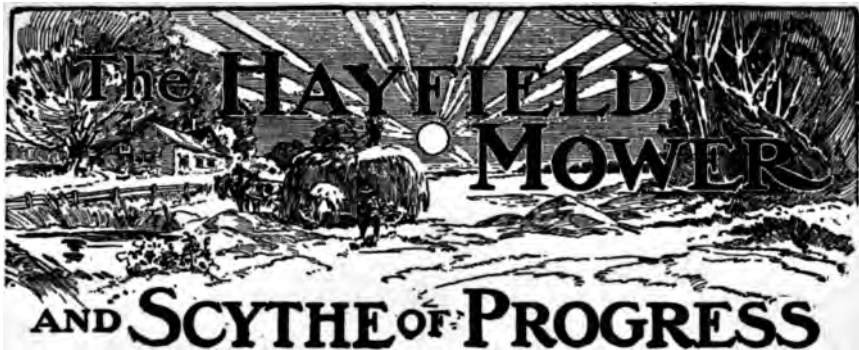
Dear old Yarmouth! I can see her now, restfully sleeping in her contentment, dreamless in her slumbers, with no thought of the morrow save of building to-morrow's fire and of peeling to-morrow's potatoes.

Yarmouth was what she was, and she didn't try to be what she wasn't; consequently she was a success.

(To be continued in our next.)



If folks treated their friends as they treat their stomachs, they'd have no friends.



VOLUME ONE

NUMBER THREE

Poor old Peter Poor. He has just passed his fourscore years. His digestion is gone, his appetite is gone, and everything he ever had is gone, save his money. That's all that's left to him. Not a friend in the Here or in the Hereafter. No friend! There's nothing so heartrending, nothing so sad, nothing so pitiful. No friend! To the friendless this world is sideless, topless, and bottomless. There's nothing to anything. There're no affirmatives. Everything is negative. All is blankness.

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Education won't change an ass into a Solomon.

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Acres to house-lots, the fellow who wants to fight isn't half so brave as the fellow who knows enough to get there without a scratch. The lower the animal, the bigger the fighter. The fellow who is too much of a coward to do right at home is the biggest brute on the field.

A snob's a human thing who'd rather wear the paste of style than the jewel of character.

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With cart-loads of flowers, borrowed potted plants, and all the wedding fixings, it wasn't a pretty wedding—this knotting of the pale-faces, at the Central Church, Tuesday evening. The groom had consumption and general debility written all over him, and the bride's bloodless face drooped on a stem too weak to hold its colorless flower. Outraged Nature got mad, and worked the organ pedals, and a medley of dead and wedding marches beat time for weakness and sickness, as they, arm in arm, walked up the aisle to get their license to raise the kind of sickly, puny, fretty, good-for-nothing, children, who are all the time tumbling under the wheels of progress. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," irreligiously lisped the white-haired parson. What sacrilege!

Trying to make Heaven an accomplice to the mating of disease. The Church should be in better business.

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It seems that Mrs. John Snobman, President of "Our Daughters" was at the Opera House, last week, when Actor Wing said his say and the Mower wrote its wrote. She's mad, mad from her boughten hair down to her laced-in feet. You see, she put on her hat and rushed around before the show was over. She and her General called at the Mower sanctum, yesterday. They wanted satisfaction.

"You called me a thief," she began.

"We did," we replied.

"You admit it!" she yelled.

We nodded.

"I want you to understand," she bellowed, "that I'm a lady. Do you hear me?"

We remarked that we didn't have to wear ear-drums to hear.

"We want satisfaction," chimed in the lady's encumbrance.

"Want us to say you're a lady?"

"No!" she snorted.

"What do you want, then?"

She was silent for a while, then she started in.

"You have insulted me!" she cried. "Me, the President of 'Our Daughters,' a member of one of our oldest families, me, a lady!"

"How?"

"You said that every one who put on her bonnet was a thief."

"We did, woman!"

"Don't call me woman."

"Very well, female."

"Not that, for I am a lady, a lady!"

"Got your credentials with you?" we asked, innocently.

"See here," said the Little General, pulling himself up to his diminutive height, "You've insulted my wife, and we demand satisfaction."

"And you'll get it!" we whooped. "You'll get all that's coming to you. See here, you snobs, you riff-raff, you brass-faced woman and her brassees, if you think you're going to muzzle the Press you've never labored under so big a misapprehension. You're a rowdy," turning to Mrs. Snobman, "and as for you, you dried up old relic of your father's bones, you're too light to be weighed. Hayfield would be a blamed-sight better off without either one of you, and as for 'Our Daughters,' they're a set of married and single old maids, who haven't the substance of a whole brain in the lot. Get out of here, get out quick! Go to the stock yards and swap heads with the calves and kill the calves after the swap."

They went, and they've stopped their paper, but the Mower's running just the same. Folks who don't like what we say, may do one of two things — keep on not liking it, or do differently.

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'Twould be a mighty good thing for posterity if it was a crime for unfit folks to have children. There ought to be a father and mother training-school in every county.

The loafer never knows the restfulness of being healthfully tired.

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Lying's too confounded common to be proud of.

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Everybody knows the Widow Brown. She's the Hayfield mother, the always-ready sympathizer and free nurse. Four years ago old Brown died. All he left was a bill against the A. & B. R. R. The road refused payment. The widow offered to arbitrate, but the directors, to a man, said "No." Then she scraped together a few dollars, and hired Lawyer White to bring suit. He did, and he did his best for the widow. The road put its case into the hands of Sweat, Great & Bigger, of New York, the strongest team of law-pullers in America. The case hasn't been tried. Why? Because the railroad doesn't want it tried. They know that they haven't any show. So they get the smartest lawyers to hold up Justice by the legal use of technicalities. With 50,000 new State and general laws framed a year, and the Legislatures in the charge of political attorneys, and Justice in want of money for clothes, the poor widows, and all other poor folks, haven't much chance.

Most of our laws are two sided, and set on a pivot, warranted to turn money-ward. They're purposely filled with technicality, kinks, and twisting points. They're made for lawyers to play with at their clients' expense. Boast as we may of our Halls of Justice, everybody knows that Jus-

tice is seldom freely dispensed. Theoretically, it's free as water; practically, it's for sale. The Judges, for the most part, are honorable men; the Bench is generally above the line of bribery; but the System of Justice, with its technicalities and complications, is the slave to money, and is virtually controlled by it. Few can get Court-justice unless they pay for it. The rich can rob the poor with reasonable safety, and the poor can receive no redress unless they collect ready cash to pay the toll. Money is the principal evidence on the stand, and a line of cash is always waiting in the witness room.

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Do well what you have to do, want to do something better, and when you get something better to do, do it the best you know how; keep on wanting something better to do, and so on; but don't skip the Present for the Future. The Future for the most part is a big lot of fixed-over Presents.

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"Hard to get capable servants," say the Hill-Toppers. We don't wonder. Self-respecting girls don't want to be serfs, to wear the cap and apron, and to be treated as under-nothings. There'll never be any first-class servants until house-serving is dignified and is recognized as an art. The mistress will be mistress, and the servant will be servant, but there'll be less of that condescension and up-turned-nosedness, which today is characteristic of the mistress.



Nobody wants to marry a servant girl nowadays, no matter how good she is. The girl in the shop stands higher socially.

There ought to be a perfected housekeeping system, more about housework which will appeal to the brain as well as to the hand. The shop girl's work is systematized, begins and ends on time. The housework girl's work is never done. One is the victim of severe discipline, the other the slave of whims.

Let the women of Hayfield not bother about toning up the servant girls, let 'em tone up themselves, tone up their households, systematize their work, and make it so that a self-respecting girl can serve them.

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The Sons and Daughters of the American Forgets are having a smoking hot time of it. Mrs. Colonel Fadish, the President of the International Anti-Smoking League and a tabascoer of one-legged reform, looks upon smoking as the very top-most consummation of superlative sinfulness. But she's consistent. No smoking at her house. The Colonel isn't home much nowadays. She does all her trading on the north side of the street because there's a cigar store on the south side. She's sure that smoking is the cause of all that's bad and that when men stop smoking the difference between Heaven and earth will be too slight for preference.

The "Sons and Daughters" have a swell monthly blowout.

During the speaking the men smoke consolation cigars. The speeches drive 'em to it. Not a woman made a kick before. Women nowadays are used to smoke, and most of 'em like it. Smoking's too common to be a nuisance. Last week, Mrs. Fadish stirred up a fire under the smoke. The men are up in arms and most of the women are backing 'em. Here's a big chance for common sense to get in its work. Smoking's man's right, a sort of perquisite, same as perfuming and other things are women's privileges. None of 'em are fatal. Down-trodden man has rights as well as woman. When most men want to smoke, and most women don't object to it, the few women who can't stand it ought to be generous enough to stay away. The one woman in one hundred who expects the ninety-nine to give up what they like because she doesn't like it, makes a fool of herself when she talks about the selfishness of the ninety-nine, who somehow don't think that ninety-nine should be bossed by one.

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Five thousand dollars for the care of our highways, our main streets, our cross-roads, and our bridges! Jumping cats! What are our town daddies thinking about? Five thousand dollars? Shame! Ten thousand dollars. Not a cent less! Good roads are our principal asset. Five thousand dollars! Don't let the Centervillers hear of it, or we'll be eternally humiliated. To-day a town is known by its roads.

The trained athlete, the idol of the girls, the admiration of the dudes, the advertiser of the college, isn't a normal man; he's abnormal—over-developed in spots; a wreck somewhere; a product of a not-yet-outlived savagery.



Doctor Posted, the best informed medical man we've ever met, is stopping at the Mansion Manse, our Hill-Top hotel. The Doctor has made a 40-year study of longevity, and although he doesn't know as much about long life and getting to over-run three-score-and-ten, as do our society trio of plug-hatted dosers and cutters, he seems to have picked up a few of the straws which have fallen from our medical youngsters' hats.

The Doctor spoke before our County Medical Society, last night. Among other truths he said:

"Honest hygiene must be taught in schools and colleges. Public health officers must know more about sanitation than about politics, and there must be educational institutions where these special duties can be learned. An enlightened public sentiment must sustain them in their efforts to promote the general welfare, even though the individual may now and then be inconvenienced."

What! Teach honest hygiene in our schools and colleges? Sacrifice the dead languages for live issues? Preposterous! Hygiene teaching should be left to the parents whether they know anything about it or not. As you love Con-

ventionality, don't interfere with parental ignorance.

"Public health officers must know more about sanitation than about politics!" Who says that? A scientist who knows! What of it? Would you tap politics and let the Water of Truth leak in? You'd drown politics.

"There must be educational institutions where these special duties can be learned." Can you conceive of a specially trained-for-his-job office-holder? If there ever should be one, he'd make more money exhibiting in a museum.

Continuing the Doctor said:

"So one of the most urgent necessities of the coming years is education in personal hygiene. This knowledge of the ways of healthful living must be systematically and intelligently imparted in the schools. And it should not be perverted, as in many instances it is to-day, to serve the worthy but narrow aims of an anti-alcohol or anti-tobacco crusade. No college curriculum should be considered adequate which does not secure to the graduate such knowledge of himself and of the plain requirements of sanitation as shall fit him to maintain as fully as may be a healthful physical condition."

What! Ask the prohibitionists to think of broad temperance and round themselves out into doers of general good? Shame! Would you break the only prop they hobble on?

"No college curriculum should be considered adequate which does not secure to the graduate such knowledge of himself (etc.), as

shall fit him to maintain as fully as may be a healthful physical condition."

What! Would you cut savage foot-ball and pugilistic sculling? Pause, oh, pause, oh, man, before you kill the advertising hen who lays for Endowment.

"Finally," said the Doctor, "it is a little to be deplored that the altruism of to-day does not sanction the maintenance of mediæval oubliettes into which the spitter in unseemly places, the trailer of her skirts upon the streets, the ministers in public to the private exigencies of their dogs upon our sidewalks, might all be quietly dropped together."

Who is it who dares to speak of dirt and disease-gathering skirts? Would you deprive woman of her most degrading and dangerous comfort? Would you force her to be cleanly? Dear, dear Doctor, go away. Go right away. Go into the woods, the unman-tracked forests, and tell your truisms to Natural Natives who bathe in running water, who sleep in God's Air of Health, and who know not the filthiness and carelessness of society.

Hygiene and sanitation are for cows, and mules, and hogs, and chickens, not for women and men.

Doctor, you're bowling in the wrong alley.



The New York *Daily Society Snob* gave a page and a half to the recent "4,000 ball." Ninety per cent. of the matter was descriptions of the toilet. Nothing else about

anybody else was described. Some of the women very likely knew something, or had been or were somebody, but that didn't count. What they wore was the thing.

Fair play, say we. Honor to whom honor is due. It isn't fair to say that Mrs. Soapy Snob was decked in an original creation of white tulle, spangled solid in silver sequins, without mentioning the name of the dressmaker who got it up. Mrs. Snob, like 100 per cent. of society women, is simply a rack to hang clothes on. To be fair, the squib should read, "Mrs. Soapy Snob exhibited an original creation of white tulle, spangled solid in silver sequins, by Arabella Knowsome, the well-known toilet architect."

## Our Serial Story

### About Me and Mine by Me

#### CHAPTER II

Father was a doctor — a genuine, hemp-sewed, corn-fed, country physician, of the gray-haired class of the oldest school. He neither wore kid gloves nor practiced in 'em. His patients either had to get well or die, with no loitering on the way. He felt the pulse with one hand and poured Castor Oil with the other.

"Put your trust in Castor, and keep your bowels busy," was father's creed, and he lived it and ad-

ministered it. Castor Oil was both his diagnoser and his curer. He gave it anyway. If its working did the business, well and good; if not, he started on some other tack. But Castor Oil first, Castor Oil, the disease-seeking chaser of everything within its reach; and by the Great Tablespoon, it reached about everything.

Dear old man, how he loved to pour his strenuous oil into the struggling mouths, and to watch the distorted faces indicate its tortuous way as it sped onward pushing everything before it and dragging everything back of it — a combination of driver and pump.

Everybody said, the other doctors not protesting, that father was the best physician on the Cape. His fame lodged everywhere from the Wareham line to the Provincetown crook. Day by day, his old white mare, his one-horse chaise, and his well-filled oil-can pilgrimaged the outlying towns, curing as they went. If the case was ordinary, an ordinary dose of Castor Oil. If the case was obstinate, more oil to grease disease's way away. If the case was too easy, some oil, that the patient might not forget his illness and be effectively lubricated against relapse. Woe to the shamming patient, the enjoy-sickness kind, with nothing the matter with him! Father made something the matter with him, or made him feel there was something the matter with him, or ought to be something the matter with him, with relentless rapidity.

Literally father poured oil upon

the troubles of suffering humanity, and he poured it well.

Father was a great student. When he wasn't oiling, he was reading something; always something heavy, something mighty heavy, too heavy to be lifted and carried 'round. He read as a miser hoards, that he might have, have all of it, own it without encumbrances. The dusty books on the town library shelves were by him alone dusted. What others didn't read he read. He fairly reveled in the guesstorical histories of unknown eras. He loved to grope in the shadows of pre-historic twilight, and to stub his toes against the rocks of forgotten ages. He would quiet his headaches with musty doses of the inunderstandable. He knew more about the unknown than many folks knew about the known. He was an endless storehouse of all the dry bones of art, science, and literature, the unmoistened cinders of long-dead fires. When anybody wanted to know about something not worth knowing about, he asked father about it, and father told him.

But with all his eccentricities, and his overdoings, father didn't neglect his profession; oil first, reading afterward. He kept the birth-recorder busier than the tomb-stone-cutter.

The attractiveness of opposites was exemplified in my parents' joint matrimonial selection.

When my to-be-father went my to-be-mother hunting, he connected with the one woman in all woman-dom farthest removed from what he was or ever could be.

Father's and mother's resemblance to each other was limited to their representativeness to human-kind.

Father was tough as a seashore-seasoned plow-ox, and he knew it, and gloried in it. He felt his strength, and used it. He was the strongest man on Cape Cod, able to stand more, and he did stand more, than anybody else. It never occurred to him to take care of himself. Really, he hardly knew he had a physical body, and certainly he never gave it any attention. He outraged Nature, and Nature did not seem to retaliate.

Mother thought she was as weak as a chilled fly of Autumn. She wasn't, but she thought she was, and governed herself accordingly.

Father was nervous; every nerve he had sat on its edge and jawed its neighbors.

Mother hadn't any locatable nerves, as ordinary nerves go. She suffered, or thought she did, from three quarters of all the weaknesses woman is heir to, but the seat of her trouble never got below her head.

Father never slept. Mother slept her ten net hours a day.

If father wanted anything, all Cape Cod knew it, and hustled to help him to get it. If mother wanted anything, she considered the matter until she forgot she wanted it, and consequently she didn't get it.

Father believed in Activanity. Mother worshipped Passivanity.

Father trusted in God, and went armed. Mother trusted in God, and kept her powder wet.

But they got along nicely togeth-

er. When mother did anything father didn't like, or didn't do something he wanted her to do, he called an immediate session, and the assembly unanimously voted his way.

If father's actions didn't please mother, she prayed over them, and Heaven answered her prayer by making her forget all about them.

Mother had the record of never doing anything wrong. Maybe she was never actively engaged in aggressive right-doing, but she never, never did anything she shouldn't do. She moved her own way, often got in her own way without knowing it, and traveled in the way of her fathers and her mothers; she kept right in the middle of the old-fashioned road, shied neither to the right nor to the left, but plodded on and on, doing the same to-day that she did yesterday, and sure to do tomorrow the same as she did to-day. You always knew where she was. She was there, and never anywhere else. Her duty was cut deeply into the inner-tablets of her conscience, and neither change of time, nor expediency, nor policy, nor modern necessity, could switch her off the track her ancestors had laid and spiked down for her to travel on. She stood where she had always stood, on the spot where her family had stood before her, resting calmly, quietly, and contentedly upon her ancestral platform of duty, never shrinking conventional responsibility, but never opposing anything not checked as sin in her limited lexicon of action. If her platform props were weather

worn, it wasn't her fault; if some of the planks were weak, she didn't make 'em so, and she knew not how to strengthen them. She judged not, nor was she judged. She lived a life of duty-doing as she saw it, actively opposing nobody and passively condemning the things universally called wrong. Conditions set her pace, and she never tried to lag nor spurt. She was happy, for her trust in God was complete. If things went wrong, she told God about 'em, simply notified Him, closed her Book of Concern, and trustfully went to sleep. The wind might blow the harder. What matter! She had told God that the tempest was raging. She never carried trouble or responsibility into the night. She let God have it all.

Mother's God was her father's God and her mother's God, the Churchy God of by-gone days. This God was real to her, and she worshipped Him with her whole heart and soul. The full, strong light of a rounded Christianity, of Christian activity, of Christian responsibility, of the Superlative Love of Christianity, which shone all about her, but dimly illumined her inner-self. Conventionality's curtain barred it out, and she knew not how to lift it. Even in her responsive days, others were so much like her that there were none, or few, who knew how to raise the shadows and let the warmth of Progressive Christianity vitalize the inner-cells in which is lodged the Life of a Radiating Love.

Such a wife suited father. He could do as he pleased, absolutely

and completely. He was master, and none disputed his right to have his own way. He had everything that materiality could give.

Breakfast was never late; dinner was always on time; supper's tea was ever hot; father's clothes were button-full; his shirts were wrinkleless; his stockings were intact.

Housekeeping was one of the springs of mother's clock of duty, the spring that never ran down. Everything she did she did completely, did it till it couldn't be done any more.

Dirt, save what father and father's dog brought, never crossed our threshold; and father's dirt never had time to dry. Mother kept dust too busy to settle.

Could mother cook! My mouth waters. She was a natural-born artist-at-the-range. There wasn't a cook-book about, nor a written recipe, nor a measure, save a quart, a cup and a spoon. She cooked by ear, taste, smell, and intuition. Her guesses were more exact and more lucky than other people's measures. To see a thing was to know how to cook it. She measured by eye, temperatured by feeling, and hit it right every time. She couldn't overdo anything; and nothing she did was under-done.

Mother kept one servant—two to a house was not allowed on the Cape—a maid-of-all-scrubbing, for that was what she did, and mother did the rest.

For a woman, whether weak or not, supposed to be weak anyway, mother did more work than any three Cape Cod Amazons.

Mother is old now, seventy-eight

or more, as sick as she ever was, and each succeeding year kindly refuses to rid her of her pleasurable ills. May she never get well, is my dutiful wish. Good health would kill her. There isn't one single thing that she has to do, but she's at it just the same. When she can't find work, she makes it. If no dirt gets into her house she scrubs as before, that visiting dirt may feel too lonesome to stay.

I tremble for her Hereafter. Suppose there's neither dust nor dirt in Heaven! But maybe she'll keep on dusting. As she dusted the dusty here Below, she can dust the dustless Above. She'll scrub, and rub, and clean, so long as she can shake a rag or wave a duster.

Mother brought me up in her way for me to go. Father wasn't at home much, and when he was the prehistoric kept him busy.

Mother had one rule, just one, one almighty one—as her brother did, so must I do. No matter if her brother was one of those visionary sky-scrappers, who never get down to earth, who live in clouds, are light enough to sit on 'em, and who handle the Isn't better than the Is. No matter if he never had sense enough to float his nonsense. No matter if he parted his hair and brains in the middle, and let 'em heel over. No matter if he was intended for a girl, and changed at the round-up. No matter if he was too slight to cast a shadow. No matter if he hadn't energy enough to keep up his circulation. No matter, I resembled him, where and how I know not, but as he was, so must I be, and as he was

handled, so must I be manipulated.

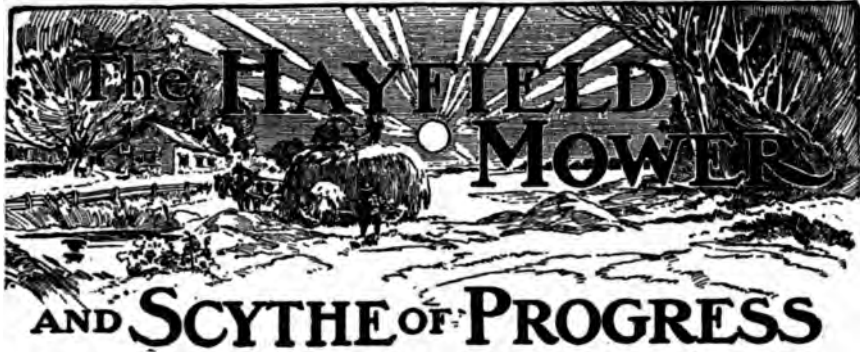
Mother gave the future no quarter. The Past was the supreme ruler, the superlative dictator of the Present. What Is, was an offshoot of what Had-Been. The Present was permeated with the Past. Sometimes I am unkind enough to feel that mother had more Past than Present in her Present, and that she ran the Present backwards, and anchored it to its predecessor.

What I *was* didn't concern mother. What I *inherited* was of exclusive consequence. My smile had to be the reflection of her smile, or her father's smile, or her brother's smile. It couldn't possibly be my own individual smile. My voice was the echo of some other fellow's hollow tones. She pre-natally located everything I had, from whooping cough to bunions. What my uncle, or some other relative had done, so must I do; and what my uncle, or some other relative had not done, so must I not do. I couldn't eat onions, because none of her relatives had liked 'em. As no relative had ever been drowned, I could safely take all water risks. If I had the stomach-ache it wasn't from green apples, it was some relative's stomach-ache handed down to me. If I'd been hung, she'd have looked back for a cause, and she'd have found it, too.

(To be continued in our next.)



The lazy Churchman is always conservative.



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VOLUME ONE

NUMBER FOUR

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Why not be a man?

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Even the hogs kick at associating with the fellow who says, "This seat's engaged," when it isn't.

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Come now, let's argue together. If you're right, we're wrong. If you're wrong, we're right. Let's both start wrong and see who can get right first.

~~~~~

Last week the MOWER staff, which means us, took a flying trip to the Hub of Culture, to Book-worm Boston. This time we cut the full-dress shows, and went to one of the cheaper places where you get a chair for 50 cents close by the footlights.

The show — well, the less said about it the better. It was cheap, vulgar, and really nasty. Filth was substituted for wit, and coarseness occupied the center of the stage.

The audience was mostly made

up of gallery toughs, who set a decorous example to the people of swell play-houses, for the shabby arm of the law ain't afraid to club 'em into order; and there was no going out for a clove. Down on the floor were dozens of Boston's respectable people, if good clothes, gloves, and watch-chains stand for respectability. The Adamless Eden of the stage faced the Eveless audience. Four of the best dressed men in the orchestra seats were the only ones reprimanded.

The chorus girls were in great evidence — poor women, in their teens, and some mothers and grandmothers, perhaps — dressed next to nakedness.

The cultured philanthropists of Boston have no kind words to say to these poor unfortunates, whose only means of livelihood is what Nature gave them below the face. They are balletists from necessity. Many of 'em are better in mind and body than the society model who makes a stronger bid for the deeper side of masculine passion. They're

there because they have to be, not because they want to be. The dollar or two a day stands between them and hunger, and cultured Boston bears the responsibility.

The civilizing of an audience is nearer rock-bottom than the moralizing of the green-room.



Don't blame the editor. Perhaps he's doing better than you would, if you exchanged your porter-house steak for his hard-earned cash.



Parson Allbright is one in a thousand. Make it ten thousand. He has a head full of the stuff they make men of. At town-meeting, Tuesday night, he got up and got at it.

Al Atomet, the chronic Hayfield economist and head-champion mean-man and progress-brake, one of those fellows who doesn't smile indoors for fear of fading the carpet, was haranguing, as usual, against having anything we needed. Then the Parson went to the bat, hit fielders, and scored home-runs, and there wasn't enough left of Al to make coffee settlements.

The question of school expenses was up, and the zero-citizens and the progress-freezers, with Al as boss-cooler, were rallying round their ignorance.

Parson Allbright wasn't alone on the side of true economy, the kind that would rather stake a necessary dollar and win two, than risk a cent and draw a blank, and the real people were with him.

Queer, isn't it, how decent folks will sit in their corners and sulk, waiting for somebody with fire inside to flame up. Well, the Parson was a-blaze, and he didn't want for fuel after he lighted up. Cheers greeted his first point, then the real men stood up, and Al and his unburied dead were tumbled into the hole they dug for themselves.

Hayfield isn't the best town on earth, but we've some of the real stuff right here, no matter if most of it is in cold-storage, and runs out only when there's a fire.

The Mower believes that it isn't easy to spend too much money on the schools.

"The strength of the nation is in the homes of the people." We've heard that cry before, and most of the yelling is done by those who holler because their fathers have hollered before 'em.

Some sentimentalist once flattered up the mothers by saying that "The strength of the nation is in the homes of the people." You see, that feller never had a home, or else he was one of those lucky few who hit it once in a century. Folks who've circulated 'round homes much, taking homes as they run, who've been inside, and know what they're talking about, don't sing much about "Home, Sweet Home."

If it wasn't for the sentiment of the thing, lots of us would move away and hotel-it for a while, where you're robbed, perhaps, but not by ignorance.

The underlying principle of the modern home is opposed to Higher Civilization.

Did we hear somebody scream? 'Twill take more than the yells of all the old maids and accidental mothers in Hayfield to keep the MOWER from setting up the Truth and daring anybody to knock it over. We're in for it, and as usual, we've got the facts back of us.*

To begin with, the home is a close corporation, a little housed-in monarchy, a one man's or a one woman's kingdom. It isn't amenable to any law, unless it outwardly transgresses. Within its doors, it virtually does as it pleases. With impunity, it may make or break its young. Theoretically, not practically, it's under the jurisdiction of common law.

The parent is an individual. He's a law unto himself. Substantially, he does as he pleases. His house is his castle, and the less able he is to run it, the more he runs it and the prouder he is of what he calls his eminent domain rights. He thinks he owns his home, actually, wholly possesses it, subject to no interference from God or man. We're talking about the average home, not about any of those flower-bowered exceptions which we see in the papers.

Did you ever hear of a trained parent? Did you ever run across anybody who took a course in parentage, who studied the subject from any standpoint before he started in home and child-making?

Going to cooking-school, or being a member of the Confederation of Mother's Clubs, isn't being educated for home-running.

Did you ever hear of a to-be-mother club? Oh, no! They

train mothers after they become too blamed busy or too old to learn, and this sort of ignorance doesn't prevail in anything else.

The motor-man learns to run his car before he has one of his own. You don't catch a mother hiring a woman who never learned to sew to make her dresses. Nobody's allowed to handle a throttle until he knows what the throttle connects with. In no other walk of life is ignorance tolerated.

Commercialism, business, and trade, say "Thou shalt not manage nor do until thou hast at least mastered the rudiments."

For home-making any fool of a man or woman is eligible. All one has to do is to marry. Just get a license, a license to do most anything and everything one pleases, to practice arrogance and ignorance, to turn one's untrained self loose at the expense of children and neighbors, to pull down Civilization's wall faster than Intelligence can build it up.

The marriage license, given as it is, promiscuously, is a permit to outrage Christian principle and virtue. Nowhere else in the whole world is there such latitude, such criminal negligence; and this damnable practice, fostered by the Church, not by the religious Church, for Religion has no part of it, is encouraged by what we call Society.

The school, with all its faults, is superior to the home. The teacher, with all his shortcomings, is a better instructor than the parent.

The teacher represents a system. He's the agent of an established

principle. He does what the perfected system, of which he is a part, orders him to do. He may at times pervert it; very likely he distorts it; but in the main, he follows its precepts and rules. What he teaches isn't altogether what he thinks, but mostly what the great mass of educators prescribe.

The teacher represents collective intelligence, the parent stands for individual ignorance. The teacher has been trained, the parent hasn't. The teacher is in the way of knowledge, he is a member of a great clearing-house of active intelligence; the parent is home-bound, away from the channels of diffusion.

The School is the Present's birth-place of Futures, and when we shorten its usefulness, we rob Ourselves and we steal from the Future.

More money for our schools is the cry of true economy.

Most Hayfield parents, like most other parents, have no right to their jobs.

If it wasn't for our schools, Hayfield youngsters would be barbarians, and run amuck.

What's the average father doing? He's working, and when he gets home is too darn tired to say anything 'cept jaw.

What keeps the mother busy? If there's plenty of money 'round, she's gadding, shopping, and fixing up, lazing or reading sour-milk books, and the nurse or hired girl is running the children. If she's of the rank and file, she's sweeping and dusting and cooking and sewing, and when the young-

sters get back from school, tells 'em to shut up.

There isn't much harmony or system or any other good thing about the average home, and everybody knows it, though, for custom's sake, he lies about it.

Take a turn with us through the big department store at Centerville. A thousand women, mostly mothers, pushing, rushing, and jamming one another. Here 'em talk. Size 'em up. How do they average? Pretty poor stuff, you say. Right, but they're what we make mothers of, and they're the things in which the jolliers say is vested the strength of the nation.

The parent is the home, the mother is three-fourths of the outfit, and the average mother you see nowadays isn't fit to run an asylum of hens. Why? Because the parent is individual, because he hasn't been trained, and nobody without training knows how to do anything well.

The individual is always dangerous, his individuality is unsafe.

Intelligence is always manifested in the composite.

Home-making and parentage find the parent unprepared. The father earns the money, the mother does or looks out for the housework. Neither has the time, whether or not he or she has the inclination, to properly train the child, and not one in 10,000 has the training and the knowledge to do so. It's hustle with most of 'em to get money and keep the house in order, to cook the food, and to do the physical necessities.

It isn't fashionable to have home-

study schools and to train folks to have children. This science belongs to the farmer and to the stock-raiser. They study progeneration because it pays. Raising healthy children, properly taking care of 'em, rearing 'em as well as fancy stock is raised upon the farm, teaching girls about themselves, would shock the community.

Better, far better, to turn 'em loose; let 'em become accidental mothers, whether married or otherwise. Soothing syrup is cheap and works quickly. The label on the bottle is the fool's direction for infantile ailment. Do as your grandmother did, of course, no matter if grandmother knew less than you do.

Composite intelligence may not always be right. Individual knowledge is almost always wrong.

The home is under individual government. The school is mastered by trained intelligence. The house is without system. The school is the product of system. The strength of the nation is in the schools of its people.

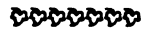


No, the editor of the *MOWER* isn't a Congregationalist, nor a Methodist, nor a Baptist, nor an Episcopalian, nor a Lutheran, nor any other Churchist. He is simply trying to keep as far away from doing his worst as he can. He believes in Religion from his sole up — Religion, mind you, pure and simple Religion, not dried-piety nor weather-scarred denominationalism. He's in favor of Religion, except the imitation brand

chained to the pillar some petrified theologian made — the kind that is too weak to go outside the cradle its grandmother made for it.



The indictment of all the officers and the entire board of directors of the Centerville Street Railway by the Grand Jury has created a rouser of a sensation. Folk ain't used to seeing official guilt brought to bay. Generally the overworked engineer or tired motor-man is locked up and pays the penalty. For once the real criminals are liable to get it. Verily it begins to look as though billion-aires, railroad presidents, and financiers would some day be amenable to common law and be in danger of being arrested for the crimes for which the poor and weak are imprisoned.



A dozen converts joined one of our Churches, last Sunday. The auditorium was crowded. Hardly an eye was in its normally dry condition, and violent sobs were heard in every direction. Why? Isn't it a good thing to add one's name to the roll of Professed Christians? If it is, why cry over it? Solemn, you say? Granted, and solemn are all announcements of victory. The converted sinner is a winner, a victor. He's fought sin, and won.

When our great Admiral came sailing home from the far-off West, we didn't sob over his arrival. We cheered, and the bands banded together and made hilarious melody. Cannons boomed, flags went up, folks smiled and laughed and

shouted, and everybody was happy and showed it.

Here's a dozen Victors over Sin, conquerors of themselves. Their victories are publicly announced. Not a flag goes up, not a smile is smiled, not a note of joyful music sounds. Like halter-tied criminals they march to the chancel, and like wooden men assent to the mechanically put statements, while their friends cry and sob and act like a pack of condolers who are permitted to see their beloved ones hanged. No wonder some thinking men, filled to the brim with Christian nobility, have no wish to stand up and be sobbed at in the dim, irreligious light of a cob-webbed meeting-house when they publicly announce their alliance to the God of Sunshine and the God of Joy. With angels singing in Heaven, and Churches crying on earth, the sinner falters up the aisle and joins in the sorrowful sob of his salvation.

Quester and Answerer

COUNTRY PARSON wants to know how long a minister should preach.

ANSWER:— Until the congregation wants you to stop, and not a moment longer. If you can't tell when the interest lags, quit preaching.

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BROKEN HEART writes:— "She loves me no longer. For ten long, happy days we lived in a rosy bower of Elysian bliss. What shall I do?"

ANSWER:— Cut down your rose bushes, sublet your bower, and get another girl.

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M. M. writes:— "My wife and I don't get along together. I know she doesn't love me, and I fear she loves another. We are continually fighting at one another. She hasn't said a pleasant word to me for a year, and I don't think I have to her, either. We have four children, the oldest ten years of age. For the sake of the children, should we continue to live together?"

ANSWER:— For the sake of the children, one of you ought to get out, and get out quick. Let the better one of you two have the children, and if each of you is as bad as the other, divide the children up. You haven't any wife, and your wife hasn't any husband. You're divorced in the eyes of Heaven and real morality. To live under the same roof is immoral; to pretend to be husband and wife is hypocrisy. No matter who's to blame; one of you is, of course, if not both of you. When one or both cease to love the other, and there's a continual row, the marriage tie is broken, except legally. Divide up, and live like a man and a woman. Go your way, and let her go hers. Better go in body, be open about it, than go in spirit, and keep everybody, the children and yourselves, in boiling water. Separation is pretty close to hell, but wrong-living together is right in the mindle of hell. Be manly.

You can hide away from the world, but you can't run away from your conscience.

Our Serial Story

About Me and Mine by Me

CHAPTER III

My parents lived in the biggest house in town, one of those altogether right-angled buildings, box-square from the main trunk to the three box-squares of descending ells, but not a square inside; crooked rooms, mazed entryways, no two alike of anything, closets built out and pantries built in, every other room with furnace connections, soapstone-stove rooms alternating. Hot water by kettle only, cold water by pump. A bath-room? Cape Cod knew it not. The bath-room permit line was staked just south of Braintree. Wash-bowls, wash-bowls with wash-rags, wash-water rubbed on and blotted off. Hair-cloth furniture, the kind that bags and shines. Six chamber-sets, one of black-walnut, which cost more than all the other upstairs stuff combined; the others, pine pedestals of unframed paintings of huts and cottages nobody ever lived in, because nobody ever built 'em, views of pasty waterfalls and mechanical woods; everything unrestful, nothing natural.

Our yard — we called such things yards then, grounds were chris-

tened later — was as large as Boston Common, one part of it for vegetables, another for flowers, another for pear trees, and the rest for nothing save making hay which didn't cost much more than the imported article.

At a most inconvenient distance from the house, far enough away for one to freeze on the journey, was the barn of then and the stable of now. The only reason it wasn't nearer the house was because there wasn't reason why it shouldn't be. The go-between land was useless. The barn was divided into seven municipalities; for cows, for pigs, for horse, for carts and carriages, for hay and grain, for wood and occasional coal, and for what didn't belong anywhere else.

There were six acres of pear trees; apples don't inhabit the Cape. Our vegetable garden produced much of what we didn't want and less of what we did want.

In the middle of the garden was an artificial pond — lake father called it for the first three weeks — of no benefit to the landscape and of no use to itself or to anybody. It was too small to boat in, too muddy to bathe in, too low to store water in; but it was there, the only one unconventional thing about the whole place. It gave father the only private pond on the Cape.

We had one horse; only one Cape Codder had two, and he drove one at a time out of respect for his neighbors.

According to the Cape Cod code, two horses side by side, save for

the stage, was sacrilege, and tandem horses idolatry. One horse, and only one horse, was all that Cape Cod religion, politics, and citizenship permitted, and this exclusively one horse held his caste if he went to Church one day, pulled a gig on the morrow, hauled a carry-all on the next, and dragged a plow between-times. Cape Cod horses were pullers of every kind of burden.

There was a carry-all, a two-seated vehicle for family use, built of all the wood and iron human unskilfulness could get into it. It was indestructible. No horse with the help of a precipice could smash it. It carried everything from the family and the neighbors' families to groceries and grain.

Of course, we had a chaise — Cape Cod's Ship of Shore, called a one-horse chaise to distinguish it from the two-horse chaise which never struggled through Cape Cod sand. Everybody sufficient to be anything above nothing had a chaise. He had to. A Cape Codder without a chaise was not a Cape Codder, and nobody but a Cape Codder, by birth or marriage, long lived on Cape Cod.

There're some of the old chaise hulls left, some even in use, and none of 'em have completely perished. Once a Cape Cod chaise, always a Cape Cod chaise, for neither the rified East wind nor the forest fire can destroy or put 'em out of commission. The whole or a part of each and every one of 'em lives in intactness or in part forever. Some of my father's chaise is in action to-day and the rest of

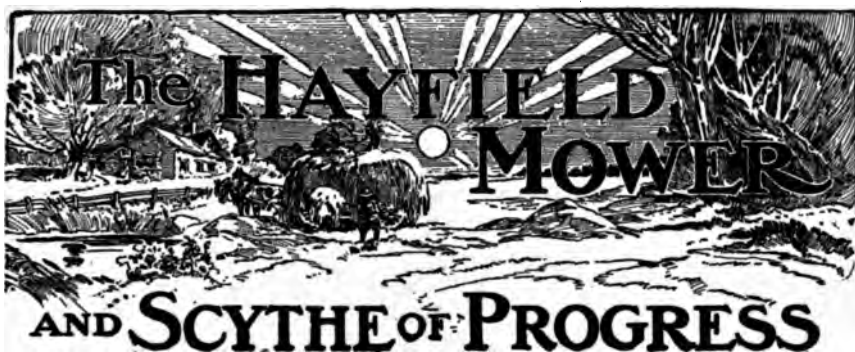
it is a wayside landmark. Between its imperishable wheels straddles a cannon, and not a spoke trembles at the recoil.

We lived better than most Cape Cod folks, had more of the things that didn't grow on the Cape, and our servant girl stayed all the year 'round; she was steady help, not of the kind that came at cleaning intervals.

Father was a great feeder. We always had too much food in storage; flour and sugar by the barrel, molasses by the hogshead, and even meat by the half-ox. Father's idea of economy was to buy in wholesale lots. As a side of a steer cost less per pound than the part of the steer we wanted, he got it that way, and we had steak for breakfast, roast for dinner, stew for supper, and cold-cuts 'tween-meals, until it was all gone; then it was fish, nothing but fish, fish morning, noon, and night; and then something else; always too much of some one thing at a time. Variety wasn't the spice of our over-laden table.

Father bought dates by the sack, prunes by the twentieth of a ton, peaches by the dozen crates, and everything else the same way. 'Twas bulk, always bulk, bulk forever, no matter if the waste brought the cost up to retail prices. Nothing that didn't come at wholesale ever came into our house.

But we survived; every one of us has the vitality of two of our size. Nothing we ate ever stayed in long; it never found a perpetual lodge anywhere inside; it was oiled out. (To be continued in our next.)



VOLUME ONE

NUMBER FIVE

The battle of intelligence
doesn't make widows.

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The True Woman shows more  
than her clothes.

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The intrinsic value of un-
tempted virtue is as thin as the
lacquer on a rusty can.

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The MOWER is known by the  
quality of its friends and the quan-  
tity of its enemies.

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There'll never be Civilization so
long as the Comfortables refuse
to comfort the Comfortless.

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"Papa, what is that oil tank  
wagon following that long-haired,  
lean, lank, hollow-eyed fellow  
for?"

"To keep him supplied with oil.  
That, my son, is Professor Diog-  
enes, with his lantern, looking  
for an honest billionaire."

The Creator never placed within  
the human skull a wide-spreading  
ability or a general utility suffi-  
cient to allow its possessor to do  
two things as well as he can do one.

~~~~~

The President of our biggest
university is being backed by the
President of the Nation in his
opinion that babeless families are
more or less criminal, and both of
'em, and lots of others, especially
those having half a dozen children,
are in favor of big families.

Of course, it's man's and wo-
man's business to propagate. If it
wasn't, they wouldn't have been
fitted with creative machinery; but
we think that quality is a big sight
more important than quantity.
What the world wants first, is first-
class, healthy, well-made children,
and the more of 'em the better, but
quality first. Increase of popula-
tion may mean increase of things
we don't want. Increase of qual-
ity, with a fair amount of quantity,

gives Civilization a great big push onward.

Not how many we make, but how we make 'em, counts.

The Mower thinks that agitation in favor of raising the grade of children would do a blamed sight more good than kicking up a fuss about not having enough of 'em; and while the agitators are about it, why not train themselves for a great, big, continuous, harmonious effort at tone-raising for the contemptible, despicable, low grade of parents we see nearly everywhere.

First principles, say we, every time. Don't let's beat around outside the bush, but let's get inside and fertilize the roots before we clip the stems. First thing is to raise the grade of parentage. The average parent knows less about the physical bringing up of the child than the cat, dog, or hen; and most of 'em are too blamed busy with common things to consider vitals.

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The fact that the late Herr Krupp left over \$125,000,000 is pretty good evidence that there's more money in moulding guns than in raising doves of peace.

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When we see a man of half a century's experience leaning out of the express engine cab, with the throttle in one hand and his life in the other, and realize that this man is not only a machinist but a general in emergency, somehow we feel that we would like to twist the tail of Civilization long enough to make it hand out decent sort of

pay. And there're lots of other fellows, besides engineers, who're risking life daily, who're examples of the greatest bravery, who represent the best part of mankind, and who get only half enough for comfort, and not five per cent. of what folks like stock gamblers make selling nothing at robbery prices.

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Be a gentleman; but don't stop there; unaccompanied gentlemanliness isn't worth much, may not be more than clothes deep.

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Young Stoneman, in one of his off the-reel speeches before his Get-Rich-Quick Sunday School Class, says that what people need is sympathy, and he proposes to carry about himself a selected stock of shop-made sympathy, ready for immediate delivery. Of course, the poor need sympathy, and some of 'em need money and other kinds of charity a blamed sight more. Money comes high, and sympathy is cheap, so young Stoneman is in favor of the unlimited coinage of sympathy.

"I pity him my mite's worth," says the widow, and she throws all she has into his hat.

"I pity him my sympathy's worth," says this billionaire, and he grasps his hand, and says, "God bless you," for he much prefers to let God do the rest.

But real sympathy, sympathy backed with substantial collateral, is the profitable combination. Either alone isn't worth much.

Take old Richy, for example, the fellow who goes about with libra-

ries up his sleeve. "Shake," he says, "and take a library," and then he sends it by express, collect, with his name daubed all over it. The folks take the library, set it up, tear off all the name-plates they dare to, and the chairman of the committee sends the stereotyped "Thank you" to Richy, and nobody ever thinks of him any more. Perhaps he thinks he is doing good.

Men with cash registers for hearts and bank-bill paper for skin are so fortified with self-conceit that they don't see the true inwardness of anything worth while. They go to the Great Emporium of Notorious Philanthropy and buy what they want for spot cash, and then they cross their legs, put their thumbs in their vest holes, and chuckle at the way they think that they fool man and buy salvation at a discount, but they only fool themselves, only themselves. The people take what they give, and laugh in the giver's face. Their ticket to salvation reads: "Good to Heaven Only by Way of Hell's Long Line."

Richy gives nothing of himself. He distributes only what he gets from others. He's simply an exchange mart. There's no heart in what he does. He gives money only, money unaccompanied by sympathy.

Stoneman gives sympathy and no money, and the great big world has no love for him either.

Real philanthropy never comes out of the billionaire's pocket or out of his hollow heart.

The Church has no business playing the part of advertising

agent for notoriety-seeking billionaires. Cold-storage altruism never warmed anybody's blood.

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A man is out of politics when he thinks he can't be re-elected.

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Poor Mrs. Siety. She has just returned from the International Congress of Consolidated Women's Clubs, and she looks like a derelict cast up by the sea-sick sea.

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The Hill-Top Ladies' Club has passed away. Its funeral was a great big success. All of the members assembled at the house of Mrs. Wallace Wall, cried over each other, devoted an hour in an exchange of sobs, and then had a jolly time drowning their sorrow in cold tea, hot chocolate, and their accessories.

According to its preamble, the Hill-Top Ladies' Club had a noble mission. According to its practice, the opposite is true. Hill-Top, as our readers know, is populated by swells, half-swells, and want-to-be-swells, all of the "little-better-than-thou" brand. The Knickerbockers and the Pantitaters were at opposite ends of the line, each crowd pulling itself away from the other. Then the Assibelters got hold of the rope, stretched it at the centre and three-ended it, and the Worshippers got hold of the coat-tails, we beg your pardon, ladies, we mean trains, and jerked the whole business out of plumb.

The first tea-pouring was a suc-

cess, the second a bigger one, and the third put the function into competition. The ladies made it a dress affair, each one pitting her dress-maker against the others' dress-makers. It was a duel of modistes, with as many victories as there were strifes. It was lady beating lady, and the general fight knocked the foundation from under, so that the club died.

We predicted it. When the thing started, we said that that kind of fashion was hollow and couldn't help collapsing. We further remarked that when one hundred ladies, each one superior to all the others, get together, discord has its innings. We suggested that tea-pouring was hardly strong enough for a sublime object, and that the right kind of female club meeting ought to be something besides a dress-show.

Ladies' clubs never succeed, neither do gentlemen's clubs. Clubs for women exclusively, for men exclusively, or for half and half, with supported objects, always win out. Fashion is inharmonious, it changes with the wind. To keep a fashion club intact is as tough a job as it is to make any one lady wear any one bonnet any length of time.

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The man who enjoys danger is a coward. He isn't brave enough to be trusted with himself. The brave man tries to keep out of danger.

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We suggest that those big city Churches, which are looking out

for resident shepherds, come out to Hayfield and look over some of our goods instead of going 'round and sampling big city lines. We have two of the best examples of professional good-doers right here, and they can out-preach most of the city pulpiters.

There's Parson Allbright; he's a man, consequently he can't help being a Christian. He's brim full of real 100 per cent. pure sense. He does all the good his Church will let him do, and he doesn't get on his knees before Expediency, except when he has to, and that's mighty seldom. He doesn't carry a bucket of white-wash alongside of the pulpit to sprinkle over the sins of his congregation. His best recommendation is that the irreligious members of his Church have tried six times to fire him. There's always something the matter with a minister who is popular with all of his people, unless he is running a different sort of a Church than we've ever seen or heard of. Then, the parson's a mighty good preacher. He knows how to drive the truth in so you won't kick at the hurt.

There's another one, the Rev. Walter Weller. He's as good as the other, but different. He's the feller President Lotman had in mind when he said he was too good to be an Episcopalian, and good enough to be a Christian; and he's a great speaker, makes you feel you're glad you're listening to him instead of hoping the clock is fast. He isn't a denominationalist, though he draws his pay from the Episcopalians. He's a Religious

Citizen; a Holy Man; just as good as he can be and get a living.

Very likely both of 'em would be glad to go away, and we don't blame 'em a bit. Heaven knows the Hayfield Churches are hard enough to manage, and as sorry as we would be to lose our best men, we ain't selfish enough to want to keep 'em here at their expense. The big city Churches, most of which are sort of roofed-over ice-boxes, with plenty of room to shiver in, need warm-hearted men like Parson Allbright and Parson Weller, who know how to thaw folks out and start 'em on Christianity's run.



Sometimes, somebody may discover a swapping-place for idea-makers to sell their brains at buttered-bread prices. The trader, knowing nothing else, gets the floating cream nowadays. The thinker has to know an encyclopedic lot to get enough to eat.

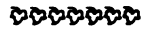


The Myrtle Mummers held their regular meeting at the shingled residence of Mrs. Silliman, last evening. About three dozen more or less woman attended the literary contortions, and over 100 were present at the strong tea and angel cake exercises.

Miss Rice gave a paper on the "Russian Home and Its Representative Leaders;" Miss Barley read an article on "Swedish Homes;" following which Miss Oatman gave a talk on "The Homes of Africa."

The American home escaped.

Maybe, you don't have to be a fool.



"Does he own his home?" asked a Hayfielder of a Centerviller.

"He owns his house, if that is what you mean," was the reply.

Big difference there. We read a good deal about cities of homes. Do the writers mean homes or houses? Love makes the home, whether or not it has a deed to its dwelling. Where there's love, there's a home.



Poor old shabby and frayed Lon Losser hasn't a cent. He'll never have a cent. He doesn't know how to make a cent. He can't be taught to know how to make a cent. He does the best he knows how, and his best isn't quite so good as the average man's poorest. It isn't his fault, and the poor old fellow deserves an immense amount of credit for trying to do what he can't do. Unfortunately he has to eat. The other day he stole a ham. The Municipal Court judge settled his case in 90 seconds. "Thirty days in the common jail."

Montgomery Monogram holds a legal title to the million he couldn't help having left to him. A while ago he smuggled a ship-load of stuff into America. His case hasn't been settled, and isn't likely to be. Oh, no! Montgomery Monogram didn't bribe the judges. Most of our justices are as just as they can be, but Montgomery Monogram bribed our System of Justice by taking advantage of every legal

kink specifically devised for the rich and never intended for the poor. Our moneyed systems of justice, on the bench sometimes, and off of it always, bow to cash.

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The child begins at school. Give him a good beginning.

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Back what you think with what you know.

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The kicker for right is the right-bower of progress.

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The term "society belle" is applied to a more or less well-formed lump of uselessness, a hollow head, a distorted figure, and a show-horse for a dressmaker. She's the inevitable product of conditions, where men are weak enough to admire decorative biliousness. The society girl never knows anything. If she did, she wouldn't be a society girl. She's just a languid dummy, which can laugh, and talk, and hold still while she's being fixed up. When she dies, they bury her as they would a pet kitten, someone is pushed into her place, and society travels on as before.

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A partly civilized law or custom has magnified parental rights, and has given to the parent powers which no individual has a right to assume and exercise, and which no parent fit to live ever takes ad-

vantage of; but as the majority of human beings are selfish, conceited, and ignorant, and lack discipline and training, the general parent is seldom competent to individually manage or rear his children, and the exercise of this legal despotism is the greatest stumbling block in the progress of progression.

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The superabundance of cash-registers, indicators, and bell-punches sounds the sad tidings that man trusts no man and that the arrival of Civilization has been again postponed. Man will never be trustworthy with a bell around his neck. The marked thief never reforms.

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Ex-Senator Barron, the 14-times millionaire, says that any poor family can live on \$400 a year, and he figures it out for 'em — so much for clothes, so much for food, so much for rent, and so on. If the Honorable Mr. Barron tried it himself for a while folks might take some stock in what he says. "I don't, but you should," seems to be the adviser's motto.

Our Serial Story

About Me and Mine by Me

CHAPTER IV

Two years after me, Brother No. 1 arrived on the premises, and a

year afterwards another brother appeared, then another, till there were five of us — all boys, with no two alike.

Walter, the next boy to me, was all boy, a great, hearty, full-blooded and well-rounded boyish boy. He soon kicked himself out of kilts, and went it alone in pants. Walter's a man now, with whiskers, a wife, and three girls, and he's the head-boss of 10,000 men, way out West, where they do things in a day that folks hereabouts think about a month before they start at 'em.

Walter's an industrial general, an expert at discipline, a natural and trained mover and handler of men. He's ice-cold-blooded, week-days, and sun-warm-blooded, Sunday. All he does he does by rule, whether it be business or philanthropy, and he has a time for doing everything, but never two things at the same time. He's a two-kind of man, a week-day and a Sunday man. He's a Chicago deacon, a Sunday hat-passer, and really he does look Sundayfied in his long-tailed Prince Albert as he swings up the broad aisle taking all he can get on Sundays as well as on week-days. Everybody trusts Walter, for he's technically honest, and he's the only Chicago deacon who collects at large and who doesn't have to wear a bell-punch or a cash register on his rounds. Financially, Walter is the smartest of the lot, and he's growing smarter every day. He has an automobile, a yacht, four horses, and three dogs. He plays golf, as he plays business, to win, and he always wins.

George was next in line. He followed father, has father's practice, and is the richest professional man south of Middleboro; but he didn't slide into wealth on oil. He's modern, and he has a workshop full of tools, a dipless-pen, and writes 50 prescriptions a day. He stuck to the Cape, that is, he went back to the Cape after he'd received his sheepskin. He'd rather be a big Cape Codder than a little Bostonian, the medical boss of a 40-mile circuit.

Sanford's a year younger than George, and a rattling success as a scientist. He inherited the sensible side of father's studiousness, and four colleges are bidding for him. He knows about everything except money; but fortunately his wife, a Harwich-Hard-Header, is a financier in skirts. Sanford pays over his salary to her, and she gives him an allowance. Sanford hasn't discovered anything yet, but he's going to, and every time I take up my paper I expect to see his name across three columns, and underneath an announcement of some great discovery. Certainly he has the brains and the training and the inclination, and I don't see how he's going to help making a scientific hit.

John's the youngest, and the society sun of our five-starred firmament. He's a lawyer of Boston; lives in a four-story, basement and yarded, stone-trimmed, brick house, on the finnickety Fenway, one of those please-consider-me-old alleged imitations of what probably never has been, with

little window panes and other eccentricities which no Puritan ever was foolish enough to put up. John's in the middle eddy of the whirlpool of the smartest swim. He anticipates the wavings of the fads, and flies 'em a day ahead of their formal mast-heading. He spends his income a little in advance of its receipt, and debts don't bother him.

John's wife is one of those cotton-stuffed bodies, with vacuum heads and skimmed milk skin, that do nothing save wash in almond water and dress and undress again. Her only possession is her equity in the society corner her mother inherited from her grandmother. John and his family live in style, extreme style, and they have all that isn't worth having. Everything is for show, and they make a show of everything.

Their boy is enjoying a foot-ball course at society's greatest university, that high pile of endowments which does so much to educate manliness out of boys.

Their daughter is attending daily soirees at the Misses Pollywog's school for young dunces. This Fashion Fancier's Asylum for the Dull Daughters of the Smart Set is an immense success. It caters to a constituency far in excess of its accommodations. Its sessions begin at ten in the morning, close at one, with two hours' intermission. There're no textbooks. The inmates recline on plush-covered divans, and Egyptian goddesses of private importation sponge them with society slush which they absorb under a

patented and exclusive method. Under no circumstances are their brains allowed to act. An active brain in society makes trouble, and woe to the fashionable institute which dares stir up grey matter.

Notwithstanding John's self-hung millstones, he successfully practices law, and really he's a good legal adviser. In his office, John's more than half man. His idiosyncrasies seldom come on 'till he crosses the line between real Boston and its Back Bay annex. On the Fenway, John's a fool, and he isn't lonesome.

Speaking of the five of us, I said there were no two alike, and I spoke the truth. Not one of us has one single isolated spot or blot of similarity, save that we all wear trousers. Our Family Tree is a sort of shrub of grafts, too much grafted to know the species of its original stump.

Haven't I forgotten something, and isn't that something myself? Carelessness, not modesty, is to blame. What about me? Let this be the beginning of my confession, that I may speak frankly about myself. I'm an editor. Don't hitch away from me, and draw in your skirts if you're the kind that wears 'em. Think of me, not as I am, but as I may be; for some day, through the Providences of a kind Heaven, I may become a reformed journalist. For the sake of what I may be, have charity.

But I anticipate. Let my growth grow upon you in evolutionary stages.

(To be continued in our next.)



VOLUME ONE

NUMBER SIX

Better be yourself unless you are sure you can successfully be somebody else.



Most of our war patriotism is in favor of having somebody else bravely stand up and be shot at.



Because you don't agree with the MOWER doesn't necessarily make the MOWER wrong.



The papers are gushing over Miss Susie Steale, the daughter of Ike Steale, the most notorious stock-robber of the century, the famous widow-wrecker, and general all-around scalawag. Ike died 12 years ago, and left \$200,000,000 or so. Not a tear dropped; a big funeral, with curiosity seekers as mourners. The newspapers told what he was with commendable exactness; not a word, not a syllable,

in his favor. Kind hearted people, and those who look up the devil's pedigree hoping to find something to speak well about, searched in vain with lanterns and microscopes, and not a thing could they find which wasn't bad and worse.

Susie hadn't any social position. She didn't belong to any society, for everybody hated old Steale, and while he lived they hated his children, too. Susie never did any stealing directly. She didn't have to. The old man attended to that, and he stole enough for the whole family; yes, enough for about 50,000 families. Susie wanted to be somebody. As a Steale, she had been ostracized by society, respectable and otherwise. She pined for recognition. She had lots of sense, and was a mighty shrewd girl. She knew that she could buy hangers-on, and get a paid audience anywhere, but she wanted something else. She wanted folks to seek her, to talk about her, to praise her. With \$50,000,000 sweating interest, she found that apparent good-

ness and public philanthropy would give the most on the dollar. She simply knew how to buy what she wanted at rock-bottom wholesale price. First, she got a close-mouthed secretary, who leaked only on order. Then she opened a philanthropy mill, in secret, of course, that kind of secrecy which folks find when they are told to hunt for it. She put out some paid hunters. Her income was so big that all the charity-giving she could think of couldn't affect it. Her first pool was giving poor children Christmas presents at \$2.98 per kid. Profit, 10,000 lines of advertising at less than one tenth of one cent a line. Then she established some hospital beds. Cost, too little to feel. More advertising. She believes in continuity, and she keeps everlastingly at it, spending about five per cent. of her income doing good, and keeping 95 per cent. Ninety-five per cent. of a few million dollars' income is enough for almost any poor, lone, old maid woman.

Brother John looks out for her property, and invests it to the public's damage, where it gives the least and brings in the most. But what matter? Isn't she giving five per cent. of the income that she never earned, buying notoriety at cut rates? No matter if every dividend she receives comes from the bloodless veins of the poor, or was the swag of the stock-board. Every night she tells the Lord about her five per cent., and every day she advertises it in the newspapers. The papers call her the greatest living female philanthro-

pist. Orators speak her name, and audiences cheer. Ministers, forgetful of the widow's mite, eulogize her from their pulpits; but somehow the Mower thinks that she doesn't keep Heaven's book-keeper busy entering real deeds of real charity.

Susie Steale is fooling the people, but she isn't fooling the Lord. Her treasures on earth are not negotiable in Heaven. The little she does with the much she has is an infinitesimal part of her responsibility. Even she never claims that her father got his money honestly, and she tacitly admits that he stole every cent of it. To show she's so much better than her folks are, she appoints herself steward and announces that she's going to make amends.

Well, perhaps she is, but five per cent. restitution isn't the kind that's billed in the Bible. If the money she has was stolen, and she has never said it wasn't, it belongs to the people, not to her; and if she were a real Christian, she'd live on five per cent. and give away 95. But no, she isn't doing anything of that sort. Her badness is different from her father's, that's all. He stole the money because he wanted it, and she keeps the money for the same reason, paying out a little now and then as opportunity for notoriety presents itself. Certainly she's getting her money's worth of notoriety on earth, and the Recording Angel Above is keeping track of that 95 per cent. and by and by she'll have to work it out at hard labor in a place where you can't buy prominence for five

cents on the dollar, and where only the real thing is negotiable.



We never ran a railroad, and we don't know how to, but somehow it seems to us that railroad-running isn't exempt from common sense principles; consequently we don't see the good of having the through trains time-tabled to leave from a half hour to four hours earlier than they do most of the time; nor does our kind of honesty think it's square to advertise a 20-hour train to anywhere that seldom does it in 22 hours, and sometimes takes 24 hours to make the trip. Time-tables, to our un-railroaded mind, seem to represent the exceptional and not the regular running time.



Professor Dodd, of Bald University, says that only 18 per cent. of our financiers are college bred, that 40 per cent. of our lawyers have no more than a high-school education, and that 84 per cent. of our successful business men haven't entered college.

But that doesn't prove that college learning isn't a good thing for all men. True, men succeed without it, but there's no record of anybody failing on account of it. The college-bred fool was a fool before he went to college. The college-taught wise man simply knows better how to handle what he knows. Education, sensibly taken, never hurts anybody. The educated failure would have been a failure without his education. The learned ass started in as an ass.

We lean on one another. When somebody slips, somebody else slips also.



Ten hours' work in ten hours hurts nobody. It is ten hours' work in five hours that knocks folks out.



Over in Junctionville, the anti-lodge fellows are up and at it again. Hen Hentz, who's been blackballed seven times, is just roasting the Masons, Odd Fellows, and other secreters. He says that every one of 'em has the devil in the chair.

Perhaps you're right over in Junctionville, Hen, but it ain't so in Hayfield, though right here the devil isn't standing up.

Parson Little, another one of the antis, got up, and after talking an hour shy of ten minutes, said, "Every one of the secret societies that exist to-day is based upon religious principles that are idolatrous."

Parson Little's a liar — a pure and simple net liar. A frozen hen knows more about geology than he does about Masonry and other things like it. Only the fool is sure of the truth of his ignorance. Do you suppose that the top-cream of society, ministers, lawyers, and the best of all other kinds, would lodge-it if what this ignoramus says was 20 per cent. so?

It would be a mighty good thing if folks paid to shoot Christian sense would load-up with facts before they fired. Because there's always some poor truck in any

kind of society, secret or otherwise, it doesn't signify that the worst is in the majority. Hayfield's Chapter of A. M. and P. M. ain't altogether shy of it, but all the mean men don't belong. You'll find a blame sight more poor stuff outside than inside. Farmer Winter shot a dozen skunks last week, but nobody calls Hayfield a skunk-town.

Folks outside our fraternal orders ain't the ones to make a fuss. When they know what they are talking about they don't kick. Parson Little would be in luck if somebody would bore a hole in his head and pour in a gallon or two of sense; no special kind; just ordinary everyday sense. A man like him, with a hair-trigger mouth that goes off when the wind hits it, oughtn't to be at large, much less preaching.

Quester and Answerer

MARRIED MAN writes:—"I have read many articles about childless families. How many children do you think the average married couple ought to have?"

ANSWER:—As many as they can properly bring up, provided they are competent to give each child a natural, healthy birth. Don't worry about childless families. The quantity of children is subordinate to the quality. Three-fourths of the married folks are ignorant sinners. They sinned when they were coupled together, re-sinned when they had children,

and continuously sinned all along the line of bringing 'em up. A good deal less than half of our married folks ought to be childless. The reformers would accomplish more if they talked parental betterment instead of infant multiplication.



OBJECTOR writes:—"If your advice to 'M. M.' were followed, half of our people wouldn't marry. Did you really mean what you said?"

ANSWER:—Every word of it. If we were going to answer him again, we would answer him the same way, only more so. Half of our people have no business to marry, and wouldn't if they had an ounce of decency and Christianity about 'em.

Our Serial Story

About Me and Mine by Me

CHAPTER V

Father's practice enjoyed continuous enlargement; its growth was natural and not of the jumpy sort. He established a branch office in Orleans and another in Sandwich, with home-house sub-branches in between. So popular was he, and so efficient seemed to be his remedies, that folks outside of Yarmouth actually regulated their sick spells to suit his convenience. Vir-

tually he controlled the sick and well situation. No man better than he understood how to mix and prescribe faith and medicine.

Wednesday was Sandwich's day to be sick, and on Saturdays only were Orleansites permitted to be ailing.

Father always made a concession in favor of off-schedule births and accidents, which he allowed to occur not longer than a day before or a day after his advertised journeys.

If father had collected half of what was due him, we would have been no better off, because what we had to eat and to wear didn't seem to be dependent upon his gate-receipts. He spent all he received, whether it was much, or very much, little, or very little.

When I was half-past-ten, father began to hear the Boston bee buzzing in his ear. He wanted to be a city curist, to have regular office hours, and a uniformed attendant to open and shut the door and tell people he was engaged.

So we moved to Boston.

Father bought a house in that tree-shaded and then waterless, sewerless, and bath-room-less Hubine section, alternately known as Boston Highlands and Roxbury.

We lived on a street car street, with two cars each way an hour, half the time running full.

Out went father's doctor's sign, and in came business.

Father was an instantaneous Boston success. Patients seemed to have been waiting for him. He was the proper filling of a regular want.

Queer, isn't it, that city folks so willingly forsake their true and tried physicians to experiment with a newcomer? You see father was the Great Cape Cod Curer. Father didn't advertise it. Oh, no, he was a professional from heels up, one of those ethicalists who'd rather starve within the Gates of the Regulars than eat pie on Sensation's Corner. But wasn't he a Cape Codder? Hadn't he cured his hundreds and his thousands? Wasn't he something new for Boston? Hadn't he cast his oil upon the radiating waters, and hadn't the oily tide cleared the Cape to enter Boston? He was, he had, he was, he had, it had.

Father was a success, a bigger success in Boston than in Yarmouth. Yarmouth folks were too practical. They lacked fadism, toadyism, foolism, and lackeyism. Father on the Cape was a doctor, only a doctor, and he was reckoned somewhere near to what he was worth; but in Boston, dear old, prehistoric, mossy, moldy, crankified, cult-cultured Boston! Oh, what a difference! Here father was a genius; all his foibles and follies were but the effervescent overflow of ability's eccentricities.

But father was innocent all the while. The fool-things he did, and no genius ever was exempt from fool-doing, he did without premeditation, either because he wanted to or didn't know any better, without one thought of their commercial value. His peculiarities were natural, and in Boston, as on the Cape, he opened his mental doors and let his inside show to the outside, and

Boston applauded with that refined and trained boisterousness which gets loose only under great provocation.

Father was a Boston It. His practice was immense. If he could have attended to all who came, he would have cured or killed one a minute.

Our Boston residence was a big, rambling, gabled rookery, of the architectural vintage of half a hundred years ago, a forebear of the Mansard roof epidemic.

Here, under the cocked hat roofs, I passed 11 years of my youthfulness and freshness.

The primary school first claimed me. How well I remember that boxed-up brick building, whose only angles were right angles, with its yard of brick and its brick walls, where we slipped in Winter and baked in Summer.

Maybe it was because my father had a sudden stroke of fashionable aberration, and maybe it was because I didn't keep up with my class or my class got ahead of me; howsoever I was dropped into a private school, situated on a swell private place, and presided over by two aged shadows of the wealth and reputation which had passed. Here I studied and learned nothing. I strutted to school and I strutted back again. The books I had were different from the books the other boys carried. Everything about my school, whether for better or for worse, was not like what the city schools had or taught. By and by, the Grammar School opened in a big brick building, with a four-sided roof and a fire-alarm bell. I

was one of the charter scholars, and here I stayed for a year or more, and then the Latin School claimed me for an inmate. From the Latin School, I jumped into the High School, and like a fool, the worst kind of a fool—a fool of criminal folly—gave up my classical intentions and refused to enter College. How I storm at my youthful idiocy. I could have been a Collegian, with a string of fraternity charms hanging from my chain, and with a mind broadened, trained, and strengthened by contact with that great educational mill which never refuses to turn out men if decent material is thrown into its hopper. Among the thousands of regrets I have, this is my one great regret, and if I should live to be a million, I should, each successive year, kick myself the harder for throwing away Civilization's best heritage.

Without introduction, and without preparation, I entered the University of the World through its broadest door, and traveled along its hardest road. I became a newspaper man, or a journalist, as you may please to title Progression's Greatest Business-Profession.

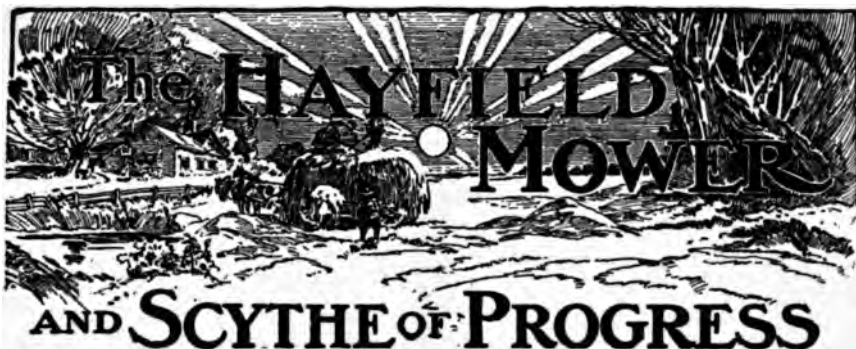
(To be continued in our next.)



Some men may doubt some other men's interpretation of God, but no real man ever doubts God.



A statesman is one who uses politics for his country's good. A politician is one who handles politics for his own benefit.



VOLUME ONE

NUMBER SEVEN

A citizen is a man; a politician isn't.



Don't do to-day what you can do better to-morrow.



Don't be an ass because your father was. One ass in a family is enough.



A tailor-made girl? She admits it. She doesn't hold God responsible for her deformities.



Being ahead of time may spoil a minute. Being behind time may waste a day.



The Hon. Honner Horner, of Centerville, is worth \$1,000,000, and that's all he is worth.

Your children are not yours. God simply let them come to earth by way of you. They have rights. Respect those rights or pay the penalty in eternity.



Why wouldn't it be a fine scheme for some of our big notoriety-seeking philanthropists to establish a Chair of Respectability at some of our colleges, something to teach our boys that there's a big difference between fun and riot and between pleasure and rowdyism. Nobody wants to see the undergraduates' strenuousness confined to the rocking-chair and to needlework, and everybody wants boys to be boys — they'll be men all too soon — but there's a wide gulf 'twixt wholesome antics and doing what criminals practice. Hoodlumism isn't an educational prerequisite, and the rowdy is a scoundrel and ought to be shut up, whether he wears blue, green, crimson, or yellow neckties, or is striped all over.

Dr. Wrightman, who for 50 years has labored harder than any rail-splitter discovering causes and cures for human ills, appeared at the Opera House, Tuesday evening. His subject was, "Healthy Homes and How to Make Them So," — something presumably of consequence to the lowest grade of Hayfield intelligence. We predicted a big house, but there weren't enough present to pay for the wear and tear of the gas burners. Judging by the looks of some Hayfielders, and the way they complain and swallow medicine because they're too blamed lazy to take care of themselves, mighty few of 'em know too much to learn some more.

Seven weeks ago the Middleboro Eleven fought the Hayfielders. Audience! Well! Both towns and the towns between were there. Stores closed; extra trains; every haycart in action; yellow and blue shirts, neckties, ribbons, ice-cream, and flags. There weren't enough people 'round the center to keep the worms from conventioning on the sidewalks. And what did they go to see? Something to do 'em any good? Something to elevate their minds and make 'em better fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, aunts, and citizens? Not much. The whole show was 22 bagged and padded youngsters, each one over-trained, jumping on each other — one part science and nine parts dog. Hayfield was bottom-side up. Nothing else was of any account. Talk about your peace, and education, and refinement, and loving one another, and

pushing progress, and hurrahing for the fellow who does something! None of those things are in it. Any kind of a fight's the thing that takes, even if the fighters do things which the police wouldn't allow in a barroom. Somehow, when we see all the fuss folks make about a fight, and hear all this rot talk about strenuousness, we don't feel as though the Wheel of Progress was likely to get a hot-box.

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Man must share Responsibility with God.

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Robert Bland is so good and so sympathetic that every time you see him you almost wish you had some trouble to tell him about.

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If you don't know how to do it, don't do it.

~~~~~

What's the good of this ever-lasting jealousy? Supposing Strawtown is 265 bigger than Hayfield, what's the use of scrapping? Not one of the 265 Strawtowners was taken from here, and if any Hayfielder wants to be Strawtown, let him. Strawtown is a smart village, and no discount at that. It's the best place for Strawtowners, and Hayfield's the best place for Hayfielders; so let's shake hands over the go-between marshes and swap good-will for good-will.

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The big preachers and the big papers are talking a lot about

Church Union. Somehow the big ones, not the little ones, have most of the seats in the Van of Progress. The little fellow, the cross-corner parson and the district Church trade-paper, are mostly afraid to show up what they've got. They don't dare let their piety loose, so they lock it up in their little denominational meeting-houses, and put a close-corporation guard over it. They needn't feel scared, for folks ain't flockin' after their brand of irreligion. Real Religionists don't carry a dead stock of anything. They want things of life, things they don't have to apologize for, that ain't too old and feeble to get out alone, not the chaff which is drying up in sectional store-houses. They're after the Real Thing, the Religion of Life, of Love, the Religion God made, not the adulterated stuff that some of us hoarded up fifty years ago and kept till it spoiled.

The Mower's for Church Union every time. The Author of Christianity never advocated anything else. The Lord, up-to-date, hasn't joined any Church in particular. There isn't a Church in Hayfield that's half filled half the time. There isn't a Hayfield minister getting a salary big enough to feed his mind. Most of 'em hustle for their pay, and a part of the money they get isn't the Lord's money, but comes from fairs and other schemes most as bad as bucket-shop doings.

There're enough Hayfielders to make a first-class Church and to hire a first-class minister, but they won't get together. They'd rather

starve it alone than feed at the bountiful table of unity, so they keep on struggling and wrangling and go a little ways forward and a big ways backward, accomplishing mighty little; and all because they're going to run their religion to suit themselves—mark you, their religion, not the Lord's; and the folks outside, with Religion in their hearts, and just longing for the right kind of a Church to help in and be helped in, are disgusted with the denominational babble, and sectional friction, and disputes and rows, and poor preaching, and they keep away, when the Church needs 'em and they need the Church, that is, the Religious Church.



The musical given at Mrs. Colonel Colonial's, Tuesday evening, was a success in every way except musically. Miss Mayflower gave an extremely original vocalization of "The Nightingale." Poor bird, how he must feel. Major Brake, the broken broker, rendered a rag-time lullaby. The Major is a success except in voice. Little Daisy Dyer, the child wonder, made us wish that children were born grown up. The Ladies' Mendelssohn Club, composed of Hill-Top buds and those who budded years ago, all but sang in an alarm of fire. Even the cats crawled away. Society musicals, with home talent, are genuine decomposers of harmony. They're unfortunately beyond the bane of criminal law.



The Lord needs no defense. Hayfield clergymen kindly take notice.



Carle Colic, our chronic despondent, has been poor so long that when prosperity comes he's bluer because he hasn't anything to be blue about.



Better be a man than a gentleman, but you can't very well, because to be a man is to be a gentleman, while being a gentleman may not be to be a man.



So long as even the least of us suffers, there's something wrong somewhere. Man must work out his own destiny. God will help, but God will not insult the Majesty of Man by doing Man's work. In the Great Dispensary there's a cure for every ill, but Man must do the compounding.

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| <p>Our Serial Story</p> <hr/> <p>About Me and Mine<br/>by Me</p> <hr/> <p>CHAPTER VI</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

In those primitive days of over a score and a half years ago, city journalism was but a step ahead of the country newspaper. The old cylinder press turned 'round and 'round in both places, the city machine beating the country by a few

more cylinders and feeders. The perfecting press was just beginning to begin, the stereotype was in its cradle, and the linotype hadn't arisen in the furthest future-reaching dream. Hand-setting was the only setting done, and the freshly set type in its turtle-back chase came between bed and platen.

Boston supported six daily more-or-less newspapers:—

The *Proclaimer*, which had just shaken off the dust of sensation, clothed itself in the deep, thick broad-cloth of journalistic dignity, and lodged in a brand new building of its own, with two floors of brain-boxes, two sets to a room, with tubes, bells, elevators, and higher salaries.

The *Earth*, a mighty frisky, lively, and never-still youngster, with circulation on the brain, a chronic disease which never left it. The *Earth* threw down the gauntlet, the *Proclaimer* picked it up, the others, the staid old papers, formed a ring, and the race for circulation was on to stay.

The *Ledger*, the legitimate Republican grandmother of all New England. It seldom smiled. It never laughed. It refused to make merry with its esteemed contemporaries. It was a journalistic journal, a recorder of fact, and a dispeller of fancy. It had twice as much bottom as top, and couldn't topple over. Like the *Proclaimer* and *Earth*, it came out both morning and evening, one edition in the morning, and a dozen or so in the evening, all houred half a day beyond issue.

The *Scriber*, printed with perfumed ink on ladies' cloth, and edited by ladies' men, the most profitable example of petticoated journalism within the circle of the wide, wide world. It was a magazine with tolerated news columns, a daily distributor of flanneled art, sterilized literature, and filtered music. It fairly radiated respectability. To read the *Scriber* was to be respectable, refined, literary, philanthropic, and Bostonese.

The *Publicitor*, a two-sheet poster, folded cross-wise, a business-built bulletin interspersed with news, editorials, and other varieties, with Reliability water-lined into its paper.

The *Stick*, a jolly, happy, smiling Democratic newspaper, which laughed at defeat, heartily slapped the victorious Republican on the back, and seemed to equally enjoy losing and winning.

The *Wanderer*, Boston's big blanket sheet and expounder of seriousness, of the size of a window-curtain, and entirely unmanageable on a breezy day. The *Wanderer* was conservative, of high moralistic principles, and it never stepped without its staked-out lines. Within its field it was respected and beloved. The children and grandchildren of its original subscriber read it with conviction, and solemnly filed it away with the Sacred Almanac. It was the only daily paper which Cape Cod Custom would permit to cross its frontier. Every Cape Cod family was assessed the *Wanderer's* subscription price, and had to have it anyway.

In the *Wanderer's* garrety editorial loft, I spun my first web of ink, and there I speedily began to learn to know less than I thought I did. Indeed, it was a quaint old place, this pasty and inky *Wanderer* rookery, with its bare floors, its tenty ceilings, and its box-stalls, where editors with pens and reporters with pencils sometimes thought as they wrote, but wrote, wrote, wrote.

On the same floor, a hundred compositors, with tan-colored hands, set the copper-faced type, from seven in the morning 'till six in the afternoon; and way down below the street, a big press, with six cylinders and six feeders, an engineer, and another fellow, turned out one side of six papers at each revolution.

My first job, I beg your pardon — assignment — was to report the 312th annual meeting of the Pre-historic Dames. Their wigwam was located half up the Beacon Street Hill, in one of those bowed-out front, unrelieved brick houses, with its contents of front-parlor, back-parlor, angular hall, one-turn stairway, basement dining-room and kitchen; four bedrooms to a floor for three floors, save one, where a tin tub in a wooden frame was open for inspection on Saturdays only.

I rang the bell. Some uniform looked at me. I boldly said:

"I'm the representative of the *Wanderer*."

It was six months before I got near enough to earth to call myself a reporter. The lackey's automatic finger on his automatic arm

pointed to an open door. I entered. The room was half filled with exclusively exclusive women, of assorted ages and sizes. To be a Dame, one must have descended from Something, I forget what, but I'm sure it was from Something, and that this Particular Something must have been a Something of Some Particular Sort. At any rate, there were only 566 Genuine Dames; all others were spurious, and didn't have in 'em the Something which Somebody put there unknown centuries ago.

Miss Annis Amquaint presided. She lived on a farm in shrubbery section of snobby Brookline, and there, with a neighbor a half a mile to the right of her, another a quarter of a mile to the left of her, two a mile in front of her, and three others three quarters of a mile behind her, she fed upon pedigreed meat and home-cured pork.

The Secretary, Mrs. Ben Broad, occupied two chairs. There was nothing artificial about her size. She was one of those over-fed and over-groomed bundles of fatty laziness always inhabiting the stockyards of society.

The other ladies, for there were no women present, truly represented Old Boston, Boston as she had been, to some extent was, and to less extent always will be. Some of 'em had money, some of 'em hadn't, but they were all Descendants. Not one of 'em had any record of personal attainment; not one of 'em had ever done anything by herself alone, or much of anything in connection with others;

each one was a delineation of the Something which Had Been.

There were essays on several useless subjects, all devoid of instruction, and positively interesting to nobody, each one written by some member, each one strictly self-made. When a man doesn't know how to write, he may hire it done; but a woman, never. When she would write, she writes. Coaxing a setting-hen off the nest is easy compared with tripping up the pen of a want-to-write woman.

I had been told that Beacon Hill Tone shunned publicity, and never wanted to see itself in print, so I didn't shorthand much of the stuff, just abstracted it, a paragraph or two for each.

I know better, now. Experience was just pouring into me. Don't like to see themselves in print! Jumping bodkins! What they say, and what they want, are separated with an ocean-wide gulf. Every one of 'em handed me her manuscript, and I printed it all, every word of it, for the *Wanderer* carried the type of all fadalties, and could set anything.

True the *Wanderer's* constituency couldn't understand half of what was said; neither did the writers of it; nor did anybody; but folks, Boston folks, liked it, reveled in it, clipped it, and went to sleep over it.

Oh, but the Dames hadn't cornered Boston's supply of Ancestral Toadyism. Boston was full of it, running over with it. Poke a hole anywhere and see it gush.

(To be continued in our next.)



VOLUME ONE

NUMBER EIGHT

Experience is Civilization's head-partner.



The battle of the mind doesn't make widows.



Better be conceited and know something than be humble in ignorance.



The teacher introduces the child to life. Honor the teacher, and see to it he knows his business.



An over-rich man never joins a Religious Church, and is never allowed to do so, but over-rich Churchmen are as common as pebbles on the beach. There're so many other kinds of Churches — irreligious Churches — that the over-rich man doesn't care to try to force himself into the really Religious ones. There're no over-rich Chris-

tians. What we call over-rich Christians are simply meeting-house hypocrites. An over-rich man is he who has more than he needs or more than he has a right to hold. If he be accumulating riches for a good purpose, he isn't a rich man in an objectionable sense. His pocket-book is simply a depository for a to-be-rightly-used accumulation. But even this kind of a man isn't always a benefit to the community or to the Church. His very munificence often becomes a charity, and prevents the community and the Church from taking a hearty amount of exercise. The establishment of a good institution injures nobody; the carrying out of a great educational scheme is of benefit to the world at large; but the indiscriminate giving of money to local Churches, or for local purposes, often works opposite to the intention. A Church with a thousand \$1,000 men will do ten times as much work and ten times as much good as a Church with one \$1,000,000 man. Progression never

accompanies extreme poverty or extreme riches. Mental activity is always between the extremes. The healthy man is neither poor nor rich. The town and the Church need the circulation of money, not the indiscriminate presentation of money. It isn't what we give in bulk, but how we give, that counts.



The true critic knows that others know something.



Until Christianity gets far enough into Civilization to force business to stop its wheels for one week-day a week, it is useless for folks who don't keep office hours and who don't go and come by the bell to rave at people using Sunday as they wouldn't use it if there was any other day of freedom. The minister, with his Off-Monday, isn't the fellow to criticise. He would better turn his wrath against the cause, not the result of cause.



The Wednesday Morning Club discussed Ibsen at their last meeting. Ibsen is good for the croup and diphtheria that are galloping around hereabouts. A discussion on how to take care of your sink-drain would do a blamed sight more good. Somehow, the ladies of the Wednesday morning Club, for few of 'em are women, succeed in taking up the most inopportune subjects. They fairly revel in what will do 'em the least amount of good.

Mrs. Gustave Gusher is wrong

when she says that woman is man's mental inferior. Nobody ever got together any real proof that there's any material difference between male and female intellect; but, howsomever, we guess Mrs. Gusher is right when she says that woman shows less of it than man does.

Woman's a houser; she stays indoors too much; she's the result of over-home preaching.

Nobody of sense claims that the home is the whole thing. Flour is the staff of life, but all staff is mighty dry eating.

The home shouldn't be a prison. It's a sleeping and resting center, a permanent rendezvous; and the moment it goes further, it becomes a jail. The right kind of homers are not at home all the time; they're out getting things to bring home. The beauty of home-life is in what it reflects, and in what it stands for. If it only reflects itself and only stands for itself, it's as deceiving as facing mirrors which carry you into the infinitesimal without moving you an inch.

Woman, that is, woman as she runs, spends her time at home or gadding; she hasn't any real definite plan; she's a haphazarder; she gets up, does her work, or slights it; loafs a bit, reads, fusses around; goes out every other day to nowhere in particular; and most likely all she sees of the world is the inside of the Church, and there the chances are she hears mush and skimmed-milk sermons or phonographic echoes of rattling bones.

Woman is a mile back of the times. She lives inside her own

yard. If she does the housework, feeds the family, and goes to Church, she feels that she has done it all. Part of the reason she doesn't go where she ought to is because there're not many places for her to go to.

Home is too sacred a place to be outraged. What is brought to the home, as well as what is in the home, counts.

Man, by circumstance, is trained to be superior to woman. He has to get out and hustle. Woman has to hustle indoors. She simply doesn't have a fair chance, partly because man doesn't give her a fair chance, but largely because she doesn't take the chance she can have if she wants it. Man simply has to take his chance, and he does. Woman doesn't have to, and doesn't.

## Book Reviews

"Hill's School History," by Franklin Field, A. S. S. Facts fried in biasine, words too swelled for a child to swallow. Just before doing it, Field ate a dictionary and washed it down with a can of soup-conceit.



"Under My Lamp and Before My Grate," by Walter Yale, A. M., Ph. D.

A smooth book, without a hump of discord in it. Dr. Yale filled himself full of rounded sentences,

polished generalities, and honey-bred sentiments, and smiled them into 360 pages. The book reads well. Pick it up any time, start in it anywhere, and it won't hurt you. It will soothe you. It is a literary salve, guaranteed to take the edge off of ambition. It will be praised by the reviewers who read as far as the back of the title page.



"The Knights of '62," by Mural. A historical novel, a mongrel, a bad dream, and a medley of dead marches. It consists of unpronounceable names, caught on a mildewed web. There are 473 characters, four head-heroes, 18 leading heroines, and the rest is made up of kings, queens, lords, nobles, gentry, and walking men and women. The brightest parts of the book are the more than 100 murders. Some of 'em are at wholesale, others are only retail slaughters. The reader inwardly cheers every time the knife falls. The historical part sweeps round like a coach whip in the hands of an undersized boy; occasionally it hits a historical spot. The whole affair is one of those booky, sordid, write-against-time productions—just heavy, only useless heaviness—written by one of those morbid, whose morbidity never had a house-cleaning. It will be relished by those who always read the last book out, ask no questions, and would read it backwards if tail-end-first were fashionable. These folks want bulk, and the historical novel gives it.

House-top charity doesn't start the choir of Heaven into action.



Parents, learn to govern yourselves before you try to govern your children.



The child begins to see life from the school-room, not from the home. Protect the schools.



So long as the sinews of material happiness are inheritable, Civilization will be this side of realization.



The system, not individual man, is to blame for almost all of our troubles. Man's individuality is at fault only in so far as he is a part of a faulty human system. Collectively, man is all to blame; individually his responsibility is limited.

## Our Serial Story

### About Me and Mine by Me

#### CHAPTER VII

In the eighteen hundred and seventies, Boston was more of a town and less of a city than she is to-day. In those old-fashioned times, Boston had a central Hill-Top Head, a Neck, and arms and legs sticking out from a business body of New England activity. Boston was ex-

panding. She was mothering suburban babies of her own, and looking for more. She had annexed blocks, and houses with yards, and cowless farms, and houseless fields, and barns, and hen-coops, without number. She didn't know it, but she was becoming Greater Boston.

With all her big family, Boston was still a town, the biggest and the greatest country-city in Christendom. Her people turned in at nine, and by special permit sat up a little later. Her theaters opened at half-past seven, with one metropolitan enough to hoist its curtain at a quarter-before eight; but none of them, nor any hall-show, nor any meeting-house function, began so late as eight; and eleven o'clock saw Boston padlocked for the night. The Boston of then had no midnight. All lights went out at eleven, and Boston slept in a feather-bed too soft for awakening till the Eastern sun flashed the eyelids open.

The old tail-piece City of Roxbury — which began as Roxbury, changed its name to Boston Highlands, and has since gone back to Roxbury — was a country annex to a country-city. There were five or six blocks in the whole district, and all the rest were houses with yards, intervening yards without any houses, and big long streets always shaded, a few avenues, numerous places, and hundreds of alleys marked, "This is a Private Way — Dangerous Passing."

Roxbury was christened from the rocks which grew on her premises.

Roxbury folks used to swap calls, didn't wait for introductions, and seemed to like each other.

There were neighbors in those days.

Every Roxbury anybody, be he rich or poor, or located somewhere in the middle, had a pew in Church, a seat at the lyceum, and rode on the opposition street-car line, a purely local institution of new and gaudily Scotch-plaided horse-cars.

For a whole year, I traveled for the *Wanderer*; went everywhere from Lowell on the North to Middleboro on the South, from Worcester on the West to Down the Harbor on the East. One day, I reported a Sunday School convention, the next a Masonic ball, straightened out a railroad tangle on the morrow, and wrote up a wedding on the day after. I went from high to low, and from low to high. I did everything from a two-liner to a half-pager. Because I did not allow ignorance to stand in my way, I was given assignments worthy of twice my age.

My desk abutted that of the Dramatic and Musical Editor.

How I envied that man. He had curls, hair on his face, glasses, and a plug hat. I was minus 'em all. He fairly clothed himself in free tickets. They stuck out all over him, tickets to everything from the opera to the circus.

I began by saying "Good morning," to him. He returned it at the start. Then I gave him the cigars I couldn't smoke. Day by day, word by word, cigar by cigar, I made him notice me, and I got tickets—bushels of 'em. In six

months I was his assistant. Think of it, Assistant Dramatic and Musical Editor, with the supreme right to write for tickets. My cup was full and spilling over. If there was anything else I wanted then, I didn't know it; I was teetotally satisfied.

In a year, father suggested that I chip into the home-hat. Five dollars a week, less car-fare and lunches, didn't encourage contribution. I changed my base from pen and ink glory to a paper with a pay-roll.

The *Commercial Poster*, my second business father, was a great paper, great in everything, not barring self-respect. It was a weekly black-board of commercial news, from rag-pickers' prices to Government bonds.

On the *Commercial Poster*, I began as regular collector, special solicitor, and occasional reporter. From nine to five o'clock I walked and talked. I became a Boston street pilot, and knew how to navigate her roads and channels better by instinct than by chart. I was familiar with the nearest course between two ports, the alleys and the under-passage-ways.

In my way, I was a success. If a man had money, I got it; if he didn't have money, I got his promise. Once in a while I landed an advertisement, and there was great rejoicing in the *Poster* office, for to its proprietor, the getting of a new advertisement was next to Godliness.

I made a record; the *Poster* raised my pay; two other papers wanted me; I auctioneered myself



off to the highest bidder—the old *Wanderer*. I went back with my head on top of me, my legs straight, my body erect, and my face radiating a smile of get-there-ness.

The gray-headed manager welcomed me with a cordial grasp of the hand.

"You're on the staff," said he, "with no regular duties. You're to knock 'round, write what occurs to you, help out the regulars when they're crowded, but you're your own boss, and the pay is \$20 net, expenses paid by the *Wanderer*."

I was manager of myself, to do what I pleased so long as what I pleased to do didn't displease the publisher. A better berth couldn't have been built to order. I swallowed experience in choking mouthfuls. In a year I learned more than any other job could have taught me in five. I began to be a man before my time. As a boy, I was a seasoned newspaper man, with a knowledge—spread thinly, perhaps—broad enough to box the journalistic compass, and to travel with reasonable safety from pole to pole. Responsibility fattened me, and hard work gave me muscle.

Of course, I was conceited. Why not? Isn't conceit a part of success? The conceitless man is afraid of his own self-respect, and either gives it away or hides it in cold-storage. Conceit is essential to rapid advancement; not over-conceit, but conceit in reasonable volume. The conceit of youth becomes the assurance of old age. If you're master of your conceit, you have back of you a slave of

unlimited assistance. If conceit is your master, you're doomed to failure.

I had conceit, just the right amount of it to make me work instead of hesitate, to boost me over the places in which self-respect might not have been aggressive enough or quick enough to have aided me. My conceit, happily mixed with enough self-respect and experience to work it and be worked by it, rubbed failure from out of my vocabulary, and kept me in the front rank of active endeavor.

Dear old conceit, the friend of my youth, why have you forsaken me? But has he? My friends say he hasn't, and my enemies say I house him still.

(To be continued in our next.)



Dyspepsia is as hard to cure as drunkenness. Over-eating is as intemperate as over-drinking. When temperance societies take in temperance in all things they'll accomplish ten times more. What leads to liquor? It's the spoiled egg that hatches the serpent.



When brains can use their hands, and hands can use their brains, there'll be a new earth with a garden on every street. All brain-work destroys itself in its own ferment. All hand-work labors in vain. The Hand and the Heart make the Team of Accomplishment.



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VOLUME ONE

NUMBER NINE

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The best advice some of us  
can give is, "Do as I don't."

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The less a man knows, the more
he thinks he knows.

~~~~~

Experience without theory is  
like an axle without grease.

~~~~~

The Wages of Righteousness are
never cut by Eternity's Paymaster.

~~~~~

We are at heart only as good or  
as bad as we would be under tempta-  
tion.

~~~~~

Read the daily paper, young
man. Read it daily. It isn't per-
fect, but it's better than you are.
You need it. Without it, you
wouldn't be livelier than a hitch-
ing-post.

Want to be better than you are?
Then you'll have something to live
for. The fellow who's as good as
he wants to be ain't worth his
fodder.

~~~~~

College-President Freeman, he  
of the fearless mouth, has tongue-  
lashed Labor against its grain, and  
Labor's striking back. Labor-Pres-  
ident Plane has sprung into the ring  
and is striking star blows. You see  
Plane has been there, has labored  
with labor, lived with it, and slept  
with it, and he's chuck full of facts  
— solid, real, hard-rolled facts.  
Freeman's a mighty smart man.  
He's the top-figure on the statue  
of education. Most likely nobody  
knows as much about teaching as  
he does. When he talks education,  
it's hard to get the full better of  
him; but when he gets outside the  
college fence, somehow he gets lost,  
and ain't always the match for  
hardened outsiders—the diggers  
and sweaters of Labor, case hard-  
ened and calloused. They've been

there, and they feel it as well as know it. It's a row between Know-So and Think-So, with Know-So a round ahead.

~~~~~

The Law of Average is safer to follow than the Rule of Exception.

~~~~~

Often, altogether too often, we're proud of what we ought to be ashamed of.

~~~~~

Forty-million dollars lost in two years in New York by biters at get-rich-quick hooks. The green-grassers don't all grow in Hayfield.

~~~~~

Is there any good reason why Hayfielders should furnish the telephone company with three months' capital by paying in advance for an unsatisfactory service? If the telephone company is in want, it should apply to our charitable bureau.

~~~~~

You can't make over the world with one-eyed reform any more than you can cure constitutional debility with local plasters. Sin's system needs physic, the kind that works up and down and sideways. Christianity hasn't any pet reform or fad. It stands for a general cleaning out of the bad, with no preferences, and a generous diet of all-around goodness.

Notoriety isn't prominence.

~~~~~

The Present is responsible for the Future.

~~~~~

Fashion's the devil's First-Assistant.

~~~~~

The fellow who objects to discipline needs it the most.

~~~~~

If what Is is Right, because it is Is, then there's no chance for the What-Might-Be.

~~~~~

We belong to 15 clubs and associations, and each one of 'em has an annual meeting. The only one we have to wear a dress suit to is the one we're ashamed of. It's the cheapest of the lot, and we would get out of it if its president wasn't our biggest advertiser.

~~~~~

We don't care if he belongs to the Church, and no matter if he's a good citizen and an affectionate husband who kisses his 20-year-old wife twice a day, if he's a killer-for-sport, he's a brute; not necessarily all brute, but some brute, anyway. The real, true, all-human man doesn't kill for fun.

The barking war dog never fights.



Jed Judd, the man who said that dress makes the man, is too thin to line the underside of nothing.



Unless the boy is habitually bad, and unless he ought to be in jail, with or without his parents, the hand of sensible love and co-operation is worth a thousand rods.



Old Matthew Means is another man with a cash-register heart, and there're others, lots of others, who are but counting-machines, and run by springs, not by blood. Touch 'em, shake 'em, push 'em, kick 'em, and they'll register money.



No matter what they cost, good roads are the most economical. A bad road costs twice as much as a good one, and the folks who maintain it haven't any respect for themselves. Civilization never travels over a miserable road-bed.



The book-worm seldom makes a good teacher; he may become a learned professor, and in a way be fitted to teach teachers; but he is not likely to be of any use as an all-around instructor. Only those who know how to teach should by law be allowed to teach.

We never gave away a million dollars for several good and sufficient reasons. The first reason relates to our never having a million dollars, and the other reasons will be furnished upon application. The other day, while playing a game of conversation with some of our post-office sages and all-day sitters, we lined up about as follows:

If you want to be a monument-builder, and if you're anxious to have your right hand and left hand go into partnership, and if you're stuck upon doing your alms before the most of men, the old sawed-out and kiln-dried regulation way will be good enough for you. Go ahead and saddle your libraries on a hundred towns for the tax payers to support; build some more college dormitories for rich men's sons to carouse in; or establish Chairs of Unapplied Christianity, biased sociology, or immoral ethics, with the occupants guaranteed to supply the kind of teaching that suits your hypocrisy.

All of these ways are tried and safe, and warranted to advertise you to the value of the last half cent, if you're easily fooled and don't know the difference between real appreciation and subsidized jolly. Admirers of your pocket-book will crowd 'round you, waiting for more. You'll be a cash hero, with your price marked in plain figures, where all save you will see it.

But there're paying ways of doing good, of distributing wealth, where you'll get back principal and interest, not by way of gaping

crowds, or through counting-rooms, or on the band-stand; but the kind of metal that doesn't outlaw, is good until used, and grows bigger as you use it.

The Populators of Heaven, and the Intelligence of Earth, size up a man, and size him up as he is; and the distributor for show only doesn't get any real credit here or elsewhere. His charity is a fool investment.

Well, after we'd given 'em a chance to swallow our food, we started in to offer some suggestions, right off the MOWER reel, as to how rich folks could drop some of the cash they can't use, for the real benefit of the community and themselves.

Queer, isn't it, that a man may show the greatest originality in getting his money; one holds up the public on the railroad; another burglarizes 'em through the sale of a great household necessity; and still another gets his hands into their pockets by cornering the food supply; and some make their pile by stealing the life from the poor and sick, by placing prohibitive prices upon coal or ice; but as soon as they begin to buy up the Lord, and to announce to the world through the medium of some public gift that they are ready to be good and to make restitution at lowest net rates, immediately they turn into the same path, and give in just the same way as other fellows like 'em did before 'em.

And say, you've got to give some of yourself, for the gift without the giver's no better than pouring water into a general rat hole.

SUGGESTION No. 1. Establish a fund to enable young men and women anxious for education — not a class scholarship, but a wider fund, where the only restrictions are a desire to study, an anxiety to work, an ambition to be a useful citizen, good moral character, and reasonable proof of capacity. The scholarship doesn't do this, because the scholarship can only be awarded to the victor at examinations, and many a better boy or girl, in examination, falls below the head. What the world needs is not scholars who go no farther than scholarship, but scholars who use their learning and distribute it for the benefit of all mankind. The memory-jogger can stand at the head of his class. Civilization depends upon brain activity, not upon brain absorption.

SUGGESTION No. 2. The giving of opportunity, for, at least, manual and moral education, to the children of the very poor. For a long time, we've been of the opinion that the children of to-day are somewhat likely to be the men and women of to-morrow, and you can't have good men and women, good citizens, good politics, and good government, without starting the children right; and no brand of Civilization is any good which isn't good to the poor. Don't leave too much for posterity; the more work you do to-day, the less work of its kind will have to be done to-morrow. The Future will have enough to do attending to Progression, without being bothered with reforming your legacy. Give the Future a good start. Don't

stop reforming your criminals, but shut down on taking bouquets to murderers and giving Thanksgiving dinners to degenerates. The best kind of criminal reform is to start in with youngsters before they have a chance to be bad. Take the twists out of the root and the trunk may grow straight. You can't get a good crop of corn without beginning with the seed, without good hoeing, and hard work; and human beings are much like corn; they ain't apt to bring forth a fat harvest if left to themselves to grow, any more than corn would.

SUGGESTION No. 3. Get together a fund for the maintenance of free visiting nurses for the very poor. They don't have proper care, and they can't if left to themselves. It's no use to talk about helping yourself, if you haven't got anything to help with; and the fellow who has something ought to contribute to the fellow who hasn't. It's mighty good economy to try to save the children, that are born wrong, and have to live wrong, and not to let 50 per cent. grow up handicapped by preventable disease and immoral environment, worthless to themselves, and a menace to society. The establishment of good health is one of the first principles of Civilization. The crooked kneed boy, and the emaciated girl, need physical care at the start, more than talks and tracts. Good health is one of the best starters to morality.

SUGGESTION No. 4. Establish a great big justice fund, and engage the whole or a part of the time of able attorneys to prosecute the

thieves, in Church and out, on the Boulevard and at the North End, who obtain money under false pretenses, and who often go beyond stealing, and in return for stolen money give the public the harmful and the poisonous, the things that undermine health. Spend a few million dollars attempting to fix over the laws, where they need fixing, so that honest judges, and most of 'em are honest, can easily jail thieves of every denomination; but your fund will have to be big, mighty big, because these respectable scalawags, these broad-cloth hypocrites, these well-up-in society liars, such folks as the makers of Painilgo, Surecurer, Curitall, will fight to the death, for lying and stealing to them means luxury and ease, and they'll fight for their "rights" more than they would fight for their homes, their wives, or their children. And while you're about it, lay aside a handful of money as a damage fund, for the poor and needy to draw from, when some heartless corporation won't pay its due, and falls back upon the techniques of the law.

SUGGESTION No. 5. Establish Chairs of Fathering and Mothering in all the Universities sensible enough to want 'em, and if you're shy of Universities, get up one of your own. Make a science of parentage. Pay some of our best physicians to devote their lives to the study of the subject. Hog-raising is reduced to a science; so also is chicken-raising; and horse-breeding has jumped into perfection. Why shouldn't man-raising have a chance? Making man better is the

noblest work of God or man. God is doing His best. It's pretty near time for man to help. Teach folks to begin at rock-bottom. The time to begin to raise a child is long before its birth; beginning a century ahead of birth is none too soon. The wonders of human reproduction are the head-wonders of the Universe, and discount all other creative branches. Make it so that science can exhaustively study this great subject. You can't devote your money to a nobler object. It stands next to the worship of God Almighty. It's co-partner with Christianity.

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The hat of the true woman is never in anybody's way. Ladies' bonnets frequently are.

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There isn't a fence on Fair Street. Good for Fair Streeters. What's the good, anyway, of yard fences where there ain't any cows or pigs? A fenceless street looks mighty sociable.

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Once in a while, most likely only once in a very great while, you'll find a real decent, respectable sort of fellow driving a bright red wagon or trying to steer a scarlet automobile, but you can bet shoes to shoestrings that the bright red vehicler is newly-rich or cheap-rich and is mighty afraid folks won't realize that he is a big gun; and they won't, for he isn't.

"Spare the child and lick the parent," is a mighty good motto to hang in the parental closet where the children can't see it.

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The man who teaches as a make-shift, and the woman who teaches while waiting for the coming man, are both menaces to society, and excusable only on the ground of necessity.

Our national policy, not the individual, is to blame. We can't get the right kind of teachers, as a whole, and we can't expect them to remain in the profession, unless we offer them more than we're now giving them.

We wouldn't take one mill from out of the coffers of the War Pension Bureau. The patriots who risked life for the Old Flag ought to be paid more, not less; but we would establish alongside that bureau a greater bureau of teachers' pensions, that the teacher, while he teaches, might teach with his heart, with all his mind, without one thought of the financial future.

We would raise the standard of teaching. We would make it hard for any one to become a teacher, but after he had passed through the gates, we would make him forever comfortable and happy, and would provide for him so long as he may live. We're doing this for our judges, that they may judge fairly. Why should we not do this for our teachers, that they may teach with all their heart and with all their might?

When there's a training school for office-holders, same as there's for soldiers and sailors, things may be run according to right and economy.

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What to do with leisure is a question concerning every Hayfielder and everybody else. Loafing isn't resting, and unused leisure is waste. Worn-out man needs change, not nothing to do.

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|----------------------------|
| Our Serial Story           |
| About Me and Mine<br>by Me |
| CHAPTER VIII               |

I'm mighty glad that I was born when I was. If I'd arrived later, I would have missed a lot.

The date of my birth was opportune; it gave me the chance to see Conventionalism at the apex height of its inglorious power, for before my day there were no Conventions for the Propagation of Convention, and Conventionalism wore no crown and carried no sword. But her eminence was short-lived. Hardly had she seated herself upon her transient throne, and felt that she was mistress of the world, with headquarters at Boston, when her subjects kicked, and part of them joined Progression's Army, and the war of brains against marrow was called to stay.

I ante-dated the beginning of this great fight. I was old enough to hear when its first cannon roared. The bulk of my work up to now was fought on the strenuous field of strife, with Progression gradually occupying the territory of its enemy.

New Boston turned against Old Boston. New ideas rose in a night and triumphantly marched by the sleeping homes of the unburied inhabitants, with horns blowing and lights flashing. The occupants awoke long enough to heave a sigh at their intruders, pull down their blinds, and then to crawl back in between their musty feather-beds to dream the same old dream their prehistoric fathers dreamed before them.

Modern Progress and I seemed to become of age together.

I was 21, a man in years, a man by law. I had a clear title to myself, owned without incumbrance the watch my father gave me, assumed management of my dog, and felt that my pay was all my own, the future in my keeping, myself the partner of myself, to think as I would, do as I wished, and succeed if I had in me the stuff success is made of.

That I may some day know half as much as I thought I knew, is the superlative height of my ambition. Thought couldn't think for more, tongue couldn't ask an increase.

I had never walked; I had always run; now I raced, raced with the world, and raced with myself.

Blessed conceit; thrice blessed ignorance; without you both I would have stumbled and have



fallen. You together pushed me and supported me; you bound my eyes, that I might not see the edge I was walking on; you aerated my brain with the gas of painlessness, that I might not feel the wear and tear of my journey, and know not when I bumped against the pricks of trade; you filled my ears with oil, to soothe the rattle of disaster. I plunged ahead and won, won, because not knowing defeat, I wasn't afraid of him. If I met him on the road, I knew not what he was, and knew not his power, and I rushed at him, and cut and slashed my way through him, magnifying my own strength, hurling myself through everything, dismayed at nothing, a rushing, burning, ever-moving lump of young ambition, fired with youthful fearlessness.

But I wasn't naked of sense. There was Cape Cod sand in my crop. My conceit was my energy, my ignorance my courage, and my sense steered.

Boston never appealed to me. Sometimes I felt more like a squatter than a settler. Bostonians were too contented, too self-satisfied, too superior to all the rest of the world, Cambridge excepted. There seemed to be more veneer than solid wood. Society was a Babel, each bunch of it with its own dear language, each lot of it a peculiar brand all its own sweet own. I wanted air, God's air; I wanted to get out from out of the stifling musk of exclusiveness into the boisterous winds of unconfined outdoors; I wanted to be free, to be able to untie my tongue and let it spin. There must be other worlds be-

sides Boston, not of the same order, not bearing the genuine trade-mark, but good of their kind, and different, very different, from the Hub of Self-Esteem.

I would leave Boston; I would plow a new field and raise a rougher harvest; I would go where myself, by itself, of itself, and for itself, stood for itself, and amounted to all itself could get and hold; I would be a good-sized man with other good-sized men, in some glorious place where men are reckoned for what they are, not for what their fathers, and their grandfathers, and their great-grandfathers, and their several times double grandfathers, had been, might have been, but very likely weren't what it was said they were. I would try a country-city, not a country-city like Boston, but a smaller country-city, more removed from other country-cities, populated by out-door people, workers and not shirkers, self-respecting folks who sleep when they sleep, don't oversleep, and work when they work.

Westward my star was shining, but not very far West, only to Muchtown, Muchtown, Iam County, the commercial center of Massachusetts' Far West.

There I expected to find more of what I wanted and less of what I didn't want—to discover Ideal's camping ground.

Alas, ignorance played me her meanest trick. I knew not then that Conservatism, and all the bad things Conservatism stands for, have more than one spawning place.

(To be continued in our next.)



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VOLUME ONE

NUMBER TEN

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Eternity is incomprehensible. When the laziest snail has carted every drop of water in all our oceans, and every grain of sand in all our lands, to the farthest away star, and brought it all back again, stopping for a century-rest at each planet on the way both ways, then will we see the first rays of the Sun-Rise of Eternity's Endless Day in the East of the Beginning.

This being the case, it is suggested that we don't cram ourselves with this world's foods, and drink so much of earthly water, that it will take half of the Everlasting to get our systems in shape to enjoy what's left of Eternity.



What is Lent? No matter just here what Lent really signifies — its true religious meaning — but what does it stand for in Hayfield, and in other places, to-day? Who observe it? Let's not single out isolated cases, but consider Lent-keeping as it is kept by the masses

or that part of the people who observe it or pretend to.

Lent is fashion's season of loafing. Society, not the Church, has ordained that fashion shall rest for 40 days. Society for purely selfish motives, hypocritically clothes itself in wrappers, and lazes 'round, and pretends that it does what it willingly does, that it might make religious sacrifice. No such thing. Lent-keepers, as they run, are religious blanks. The Lenten season to them is a delightful and much needed change. They sacrifice nothing. They simply rest and enjoy a different kind of dissipation. They shun the theater, the ball-room, and one or two other places. They rest and fix up their wardrobes for the devil's public return.

The devil is on hand during Lent the same as he is at any other time; but while Lent is in force, he stays indoors with the people, and after Lent he travels all about 'em. Lent-keepers take the last dance-step while the midnight bell is ringing,

and get ready to take the first after-Lent step the moment of Lent's departure. Their shallow brains have been told that some sort of religious observance is necessary.

Lent comes in at the most convenient time; society folks need a vacation; and as Lent has accommodated them, they accommodate Lent. What little religious thought they have about 'em is dragged to the front and advertised, but these advertisements never reach Heaven.

Lent-keeping is largely a fad and a farce — 40 special days when hypocrisy is king and depraved society is sleeping off its debauch.

Christians don't keep Lent. All days are God's days to them. They are joint owners of earth, and their stewardship is perpetual. They don't refuse to do in Lent what they do before and after Lent.

Very likely, Bishop Bigot will kick at what we've said. Let him. He is fasting and sacrificing at Hotel Grand, Warm Springs. Lent has loaned him lots of fun.



'Tis not so much how much you know; it's what you know about using what you know.



The March of Civilization would never halt if Conventionality wasn't in the way. At most, it but turns aside for all other obstacles. When Conventionality dies, Righteousness will Rule the Earth, and Hell will go out of business.

Failure may be a stepping-stone to better things, but it doesn't pay to put yourself out laying those stones.



At the County Minister's meeting at Grand Junction, yesterday, the afternoon session was devoted to the sacredness of the marital relations and the divorce evil. A resolution was introduced to the effect that the large increase in the number of divorces in the last few years was a menace to Christian Civilization. The Chair called upon the Church to enjoin its members not to re-marry any person who had been divorced, except the innocent party.

Not a word about not marrying folks unfit to marry; not a word about protecting Posterity; not a word about sanctifying the home by beginning before marriage.

Men, who pretend to be of God, men with Christian love in your hearts, for Christianity's sake turn your guns at the cause of unhappy homes, not at the result of the evil; aim at the would-marry couple; fire at first principles.

You, who tie the knot, are accessories to the divorce evil, and criminals before the Bar of Higher Justice!

Drop your ranting at divorce for a while, and strive to kill the evil in the shell; don't wait till it's full grown and beyond your jurisdiction! So long as you encourage indiscriminate marriage, and take its fees, divorce will flourish, and it's

well it does, for freedom by divorce is far more moral, far more Christian, than chained-together incompatibility.

The increase of divorce is Civilization's cry for the liberty of Morality, Morality's protest against immoral unions, and Nature's penalty for physical outrage.

Preach not against divorce, as you would not preach against freedom; preach with all your heart and with all your voice against immoral marriages, against marriages which insult God and Nature, and are responsible for half the evils, divorce and all, that modern immoral morality is heir to.

Divorce is only the result of evil, not evil in itself.

Get at the cause, and stay there.

## Our Serial Story

### About Me and Mine by Me

#### CHAPTER IX

Muchtown, the shiretown of about all there is of Massachusetts, west of the Connecticut River, contained in those days from 14,000 to 20,000 males and females, inclusive of the alleged aristocrats who condescendingly inhabited the sacred sections of South and East Streets.

According to the Muchtown bankers and druggists, Much-

town's population was bumping the 20,000 line; but take a Northville man's word for it, and the census' 14,000 was on the shrink.

Muchtown was beautiful. Nature in her happiest mood scooped a few square miles of flat fertility from amongst her unchopped hills, that man might conveniently sow and harvest, build his shelters, and live in an atmosphere reeking with healthfulness.

Muchtown was the queen-beauty town of America. There were others sheltered with nobler scenery, others more viewful, others more floral, others more picturesque, but none so comfortably beautiful, so naturally constructed for man's home-making.

Beautiful Muchtown, beautiful then, beautiful now, beautiful forever, beautiful with a beauty too wide, too deep for factory to blot or smoke to shadow.

Politically, Muchtown was too large for a town and too small for a city. The comforts of the one and the possibilities of the other refused to fraternize, and Muchtown grew on, a mongrel dwelling-place, always striving to properly locate herself, yet satisfied in her conceit, and unwilling to swap herself for any of the towns now civilized.

Muchtown was filled with views and air, comfortable houses, irregular blocks, shady streets, pretty fair gardens, competing stores, and quite a good deal of about everything, including the longest, widest, and deepest sewer of society in all creation.

Muchtown self-elected herself the nesting-ground of the deepest color aristocracy that the dye-pits of society could stain.

Before Muchtown's roped-off exclusiveness, Boston's Blue Blood paled, and New York's Four Hundred courtesied. Even London, in all her poppycockny, had no inner-circle so far in as Muchtown's innerness.

What matter, if some of Muchtown's swelldom were Forty-Niners, or jumped their bail in distant cities? What matter if some of 'em hadn't read beyond the Primer's title page, and were dead to all live language? Every one of 'em had a crest-in-oil, a coat-of-arms-medallion, and a family-record-in-type. And they all had money, tho' some of 'em had nothing else. Where did they get it? Let the long-stilled echo of the Past answer if it will, but it won't.

Muchtown's tone lived in big houses with yards. They had horses of better breeding than themselves, and servants who would have been more at home in the parlor than their enamelled mistresses. They rode in carriages. Some of 'em knew too much not to know that they didn't know enough to stride the saddle; but others didn't, and the steeds they hopped on blushed for their riders. The ladies, none of 'em were women, gave teas of the prevailing color; classical musicals, which were not understood or appreciated; and every one of 'em, both male and female, whatever their feudal differences, had three common clearing-houses — member-

ship in the Tuesday Morning Club, contributors to the Loan Art Exhibition, and patronesses to the House of Mercy.

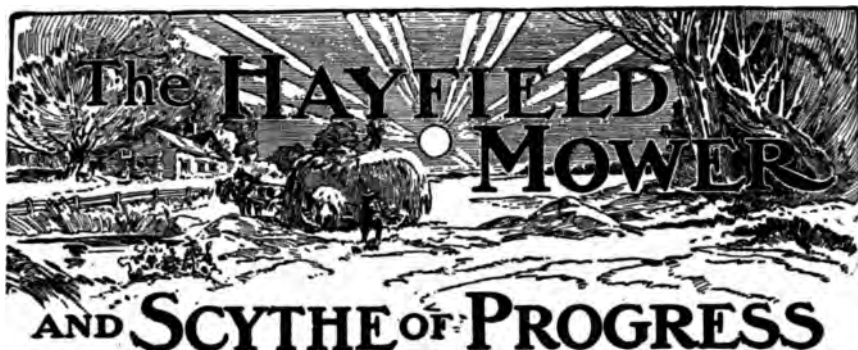
Between the resounding tone on the one side and the over-store dwellers on the other, came the people, the real Muchtown — the store-keepers, the farmers, the ex-farmers, the clerks, and the folks who in intelligence and sense outweighed the aristocrats six to one; and yet many of these people of brains, these live actors on Muchtown's every-day stage, aped the shadowy doings of Muchtown's Black Bloods, and danced like puppets to the twang of tone.

Why? Nobody knows. Did they have to? Certainly not. Muchtown numbered her decent people by thousands, her aristocrats by dozens; yet these few patent-leather shiners, knock-kneed and hardly more than quarter witted, were, by the people, grouped and pedestaled, and before 'em sense lost its savor and sat in the dust. Why?

(To be continued in our next.)



Get \$100,000,000, no matter how you get it. No man ever got anything like it honestly; but no matter, get it, and when you get it, repent. Repent publicly. Talk about it's being a sin to die rich. Call yourself any kind of a sinner. Give away a million a year, or any other sum you can't feel, as a peace offering to the people, but don't try any of that kind of a peace offering on your God.



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VOLUME ONE

NUMBER ELEVEN

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Brace up, girls, there are other things than clothes, and hats, and candy.

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The less a man knows the less he's ashamed of it. (Cornhill papers please copy.)

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Dishonesty pays, if you don't get caught and don't care a continental about your future.

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Fitz F. Finnigan, Esq., of the Boston Finway, is visiting his Hayfield cousins and incidentally impressing folks hereabouts with the money nobody knows how he got.

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A great big man, with a great big gun, out a-killing little birds, isn't a great big success away from his own estimation. He's a brute, some part of him, anyway, though the other parts may be clothed in snow-white virtue.

Is Denominationalism necessary to Present Church Liberty? It would seem so. The bulk of Money-Churchmen seldom go outside of their Denomination. The Baptists establish a Baptist School, or a Baptist mission, or a Baptist this or that; and the other Denominationalists do likewise. Occasionally a Christian arises, and gives where it will do the most good without a thought of Denomination. Denominationalism is the foe of Christianity, and any attempt to mate 'em produces a moral monstrosity. Christianity lives and flourishes in spite of her enemy, but she'd have a clearer road if our Denominational Rocks were rolled into dust.

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Professor Semblance spoke before the Y. M. C. A. members last evening. His subject was "The Strenuous Man." Among the many unmanly things he said, were:

"Foot-ball, my boys, is Civilization's noblest game. (Applause from the gallery.) It makes men manly (more gallery applause), brings out their character, makes them better able to fight life's battles. (Great applause.)

"There's some risk," continued he, "and serious accidents are not infrequent, but nevertheless the game is worth it. The conspicuous element of danger adds zest to the contest, develops the heroic, and all the better trains men to meet life's difficulties.

"Let foot-ball go on!" he shouted, amid hilarious cheers. "Let it be the National Game for manly boys and young men. Those who perish, or are maimed upon its field of battle, have suffered for a good cause. They are gladiatorial heroes, the few who sacrifice for the many." (Prolonged applause and unbounded enthusiasm.)

In the name of Civilization, in the name of Christianity, in the name of Decency, we protest! Professor Semblance is a factor of positive danger. He appeals to the gallery of men's heads, to brute passions, to all that has kept man nearer to earth than to Heaven. No exhibition of brute force is ennobling. It is, and has been, degrading. The Heart of Civilization never willingly pumps blood for animal battle. Any exercise of brute strength, save for protection, save to right a wrong or to punish an evil doer, is a relic of barbarism.

Exercise is another thing, altogether another thing. Exercise is the healthy development of the

labor-doing muscles of the body, that each part of the body and the mind may perform its functions to the best advantage. Any sport or game which does this is a noble one, and should be advocated.

We need to play as well as to work, but any sport or game carrying with it more than the minimum of danger, and requiring long-continued and over-taxing training, is brutal, Uncivilized, and Unchristian, and appeals to the baser side of man.

Professor Semblance's claim that the danger of the game develops the heroic is as far from the truth as noonday is from midnight. The dangers of foot-ball don't help make men out of its players; they help to make brutes of 'em. Bravery isn't akin to voluntary risk. The truly brave man never seeks danger; he goes where his duty lies; if danger be there, he meets it; he doesn't welcome it; he overcomes it if he can.



A new war breaks out; our President calls for troops; the risk is great. Do the recruits come wholly from our noblest and bravest men? No. Many come from the gutters and slums, semblances of men, who love the excitement of danger, members of that great restless crowd who never had a healthy spark of real courage in 'em. If to fight required the bavery of mind as well as the brute bravery of body, men couldn't be hired for a few dollars a day to risk their lives upon the battle-field, nor could they

be found to as willingly fight upon one side as the other.

It's a fact that a proportion, and not a small one either, of the rank and file of soldiers have little patriotism, and go into the army for the excitement of war. They are brave as the bull dog is brave; their bravery is that of flesh only; they are brave in an animal sense; they are reckless from choice, they take little thought of the morrow or of the Hereafter.

The truly brave man shuns danger, he never courts it, he doesn't run away from it, but he never runs after it.



Dignity's a good thing, when there's something back of it.



An article on dress and fashion is running the rounds of the "Patent Inside" press. It is headed like this:

"Lenten Styles."

And this is how the world of women celebrates Lent, a season representative of one of the holiest events in Christian History. What sacrilege! And yet, nobody protests, and she who protests not at wrong is a part of wrong. Arouse yourselves, you Church women, you who sit dozing in your pews, and shout with the voice of outraged Gabriels against the Rising of Life being subservient to the Uprising of the Bonnet.

Why whip the child for his parents' faults?



Look out for the fellow who says, "Seeing it's you, I'll call it a dollar less." Maybe you're paying a dollar more.



The foot-ball field teaches recklessness, not bravery, not manliness. It produces that brand of daredeviltry that is so often mistaken for courage. The foot-ball player overtrains; he gives valuable time to preparation; he wastes himself. By his exhibition of brute strength, he cultivates that spirit of recklessness that is one of the highest stumbling blocks in the way of Progress.

"Science in it," you say? "Yes," we answer, "but not enough science or skill to counteract the superabundance of brutality." There's no more science in foot-ball than there's in the prize-fight or in the bull-fight. The foot-ball contest accomplishes nothing but harm, and if it were not called respectable it would be discountenanced by society and forbidden by common law. True, we like to see it; we're not civilized yet; but that's no excuse for it. We like to see many things which are sapping the life out of life. Any exhibition which appeals largely to the brute side of man, and mostly to the passions, does harm, and is advocated only by the unthinking, by those who are willing to make sacrifice to their brutal pleasure or by those who care for it for revenue only.

The hunting season is on. Two tiny deer, one dead guide, and two wounded sportsmen passed through Hayfield yesterday.

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Better the boy should loaf at the club than on the street. It's easier to watch evil in organization than to control promiscuous degradation.

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Decent folks don't always look 'round corners when they talk, 'fraid someone will hear 'em, and they ain't obliged to pull down the blinds when they're home, either.

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Professor Fearless, one of our few all-men men, who always stands back of his mouth when he speaks, said among many other good things, at the Town Hall, Wednesday evening:

"The American college professor in many institutions is only a 'hired man in a cage.'

"In American colleges, founded by private individuals, the professors are not free to think and write as they please, but are controlled, to a large extent, by the opinions of the Board of Trustees.

"It is necessary that the professor be able to think and speak as he chooses, even though his ideas be contrary to the opinions of the Trustees. This liberty does not exist in many American universities, many of which are founded by private individuals."

It's not the fault of the professors; most professors are manly men, who chafe under interfer-

ence. But what can we do about it? Billionaires are after notoriety, and the college endowment offers the best terms for purchasing it. Colleges have to have money; billionaires have money; they swap a little of their cash for notoriety, and they make a bad bargain. Notoriety never helps a man, never gives him any real society or position. He's only a buyer, and as a buyer he's reckoned. Even those who get his money despise him. Position worth anything can't be had for cash.

Pretty soon the State will take hold of education, and the billionaire will have to trade elsewhere.

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Great is Style, greater than all the judges, the ministers, the reformers, and the moralists, who for ages have been opposed to sundry cruelties to birds and animals, including the wearing of song-bird feathers. But no use; they decorated the hats just the same. But Style called a halt, and all women halted. Maybe, sometime, when we're nearer civilized, the People will electrocute Style, and elect a Christian Ruler, but it won't do it till the Church casts her off, and refuses to recognize her as respectable.

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A Salvation Army Corps has struck Hayfield, and some of our kiln-dried Churchmen are going 'round with upset noses. They don't like the noise. It stirs up their conscience mud and makes 'em bilious. The Mower's for ac-

tivity, even if it's noisy. Better have too much noise and something doing, than eternal quiet and nothing else. If we're going to reckon the good of a thing by the good it does, the show the Salvationists give will discount the Easter Service of Bonnets. The lazy Churchman loves to sleep in the soothing quiet of irreligious respectability. He isn't in favor of anything that moves. Yesterday suits him a blamed sight better than to-morrow. There isn't enough to him to keep him abreast of to-day. The only thing he does is to push time backwards, and he doesn't do that with any vim.

## Our Serial Story

### About Me and Mine by Me

#### CHAPTER X

Muchtown wasn't a literary center; it wasn't an educational center; it wasn't a historical center; it wasn't a center of anything save of its business, its county, and its own home-made brand of artificial society.

But in the hollow of the minds of some of the people, Muchtown was paved with literary moss, weighty with learning, and entirely surrounded with mountains of history. Within its hill-lined borders, lying rumor claimed

everything from foundries of literature to artists' paint-works.

I lived there two years, and the only great author I ever saw jumped from his train to grab a depot-dipper of water, and the only canvas hung rested upon the poles of the "Greatest Show on Earth."

Maybe a few men of letters had mailed their letters at the Muchtown post-office. Tradition says that a great poet once sat upon a Muchtown staircase, and there, in the old-fashioned front hall gloom, he let an old clock tick his rhyme and rhythm. The old clock is there; it's everywhere; I've seen 50 of it, 50 originals and onlies; yes, I've seen 'em make 'em to sell to the city-shrewd Summer boarders who're no match for country smartness.

No country-city on this great vast earth had so much of the appearance of literature, art, science, history, and other educational things, as Muchtown had, with so little collateral. So long as Muchtown could fool herself into thinking she was what she wanted to be, she didn't worry about what she really wasn't. Muchtown fooled only herself, but her folly was her narcotic, and she slept the peaceful sleep of self-attained ignorance.

Muchtown was a big business center; there's no discount to that. Her well-kept stores supplied miles upon miles of storeless districts.

Muchtowners, as a rule, bought their meat and pins at their local stores, and their dresses, furniture, other fixings, and rum, in New

York and Boston, Springfield and Albany, often paying a premium for out-of-town purchases.

But Muchtown's suburbs, Muchtown loved to have suburbs, were faithful to Muchtown, and Muchtown did a big business, blanketed only on the North by Northville, on the East by Springfield, on the West by Albany, and on the South by nothing save the Muchtown side of New York.

Muchtown's business street, christened North Street, because it ran that way, had a semi-metropolitan appearance. Barring a Church, both sides of the street, from the park to the bridge, were lined with continuous blocks, brick mostly, hardly two alike, and certainly no two alike or of the same height coming together. One or two of the stores had up-stairs to them, but most of the second floors were filled with offices with stoves, or used as tenements for folks who couldn't afford houses.

North Street was so wide, that the town fathers once seriously considered establishing a line of ferry boats to carry folks across during the muddy season. North Street's mud discounted all mud; it was more than real mud; it was muddy mud of the muddiest mud, black, sticky, and deep, so deep that it's a wonder many a child wasn't drowned in it. Folks crossed it at the several fords, which had flag-stones underneath, way down below the sight of man.

Muchtown had a half dozen wholesale houses, but most of the stores were retail affairs, and there wasn't a real department-store in

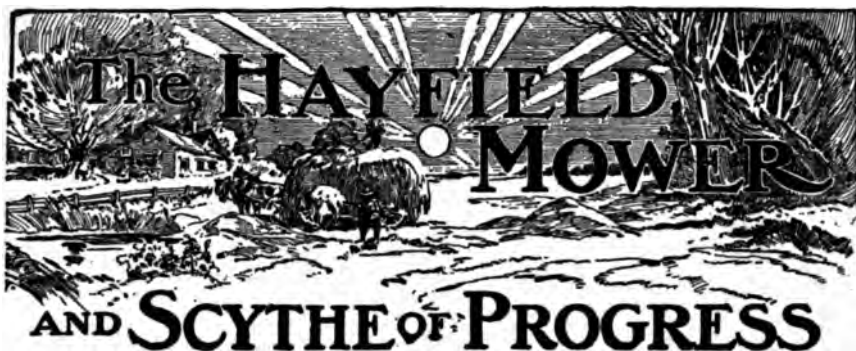
the lot. Each Muchtown merchant stuck to his last; he didn't branch out beyond his regular lines. The shoe-stores sold shoes, the dry-good stores kept dry goods, and some of the coal houses wouldn't sell wood. In a business way, Muchtown had a place for everything, and each thing was in its place. Trade didn't wander.

Muchtown's merchants were progressive, and as enterprising as circumstances permitted. As a rule, they neither cut each other nor their prices. They were a pretty square sort of men, each, to some extent, attending to his own business, and permitting others to do likewise. But there was no real business fraternity. The tradesmen knew each other, and their families swapped calls; but the business men didn't get together, didn't organize, didn't have any live club or association, and the Board of Trade was a farce.

Muchtown truly lacked fraternity. Its society was cliquey, its business was homogeneous only in so far as it stayed on the same street; the Muchtown pastor preached from his own pulpit and confined his exchanges to other towns; there were few clubs and societies, and mighty little of anything which brings men together and helps to propagate the Brotherhood of Man.

But Muchtown was satisfied with herself, and too self-contained, and too lazy, and too altogether self-conceited to become ambitious, where the noise of ambition disturbed her dozing Conventionality.

(To be continued in our next.)



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VOLUME ONE

NUMBER TWELVE

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To-morrow is the reincarnation of to-day. The roads of Heaven begin where the roads of the World leave off.



If God had wanted corset-formed females, he'd have made 'em so in the first place. The woman with a corset insults her Architect.



Who buy the five-dollar dinners? Mostly the fellows who can't afford 'em. Folks with enough cash to know what it is, don't eat money.



President Talker, of our feather-bed college, that great campus of golden-shod loafers, was over in Tannerville, yesterday, speaking before the Workingmen's League. Among lots of other things he said:

"Nobody was ever injured or hindered by working as many hours as his physical strength could endure."

If President Talker's right, let's shut up our libraries and our recreation grounds, and let there be no more walking in the Park or inhaling of garden perfumes. Kill the Legislators who restricted the working hours of women and children, and keep the factories open day and night.

President Talker was down South, the other day. He fed at three banquets a week. He has a horse and a bicycle. He preaches the Doctrine of Out-doors to his patent-leather undergraduates.

President Talker is off, just plain off, even if he does know more 'n six ordinary men about some affairs. It's quite the thing for the fellow with two bath-rooms, connecting parlors, a cook, a table-girl, and a fat salary to prescribe long working hours for other folks.



One half the optimists are too blame lazy to be pessimists. The optimist has an easy job.

The Rev. Dr. Snobman, of Specieville, came to town, Sunday, to pilot young Gotlot's Bible class. The Doctor and Gotlot were college chums and have knocked 'round a bit together.

The subject was "No Difference Before God."

Among lots of other things in complete harmony with the idea of young Gotlot, the Doctor said:

"If it could happen that all men became equals in the possession of this world's goods, the condition of all would not be improved. It would only be a matter of time before some would have more than others and naturally become leaders. Such a thing as equality in this respect would be impossible, and is based purely upon sentimentality. We all know how disagreeable it would be."

Did you ever notice how fellows on the wrong side of the argument often refer to the other side's ideas as "sentiment?"

Continuing, the Doctor, always keeping in mind his moneyed friend, remarked:

"As far as the world is concerned all men cannot be equal, but they are equal in the eyes of God, and salvation is open to them all, regardless of their condition."

Who says this? A puppet pulpit, who hops when you hit him with a cent, who laughs when you tickle him with the end of a bill, who is but the wiggling flier-end of the tail of a bonded kite. He blasphemes. He, standing in the middle of the Church, dares take upon himself the wisdom of the Creator. If man be equal in the sight of

God, he should be equal in the sight of Man, and to say that he never will be is to insult Man, to insult Man's Intelligence, to insult Progression, to insult Civilization, to insult Man's Maker. The Rev. Dr. Snobman sets his policy against the Ruler of the Universe.

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Folks who live right don't have to prepare to die.

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Everybody says that John Smooth's a mighty good fellow.

"What has John ever done?" we asked, the other day.

"Done nothing wrong," replied somebody.

"Ever did anything good?" we questioned.

Hesitation, more hesitation, nothing but hesitation.

"You mean he has never been in jail," said we.

Not understood.

There's lots of fellows like John Smooth, who sit 'round in the sunshine and don't growl when it rains. They're silver-lining-cloud-hangers-on, who crawl away from trouble and sleep in peace. They're all right for population-builders, and each one of 'em counts one in the census, but nowhere else. They're too lazy to see more than one way. Ask 'em about anything good, and they'll say it's good; ask 'em about anything bad, and they won't say it's bad. You can't trust 'em, and you can't depend upon 'em, and they do harm by being in the way.

If you can't be sure, be as sure as you can.



There must be a lot of uncivilized economy about, when a single warship costs as much as Harvard's 97 buildings. American balance must be out of plumb to allow a pound of war to cost more than a ton of peace.



If the boy is father of the man, why not in the name of the King of Fairness give the real father an occasional right to use his wisdom? Young wisdom may be frisky, but old wisdom may be too dry to spout.



The Hill-Top Literary Club has just been organized. The preamble of its constitution and by-laws dedicates it to literature and to the fine arts. Section 1, of Article 2, reads, "At the evening meetings no one shall be admitted except in evening dress."

One can easily imagine the quality of literature and the inartisticness of the art served at its assemblies.



The animal shooters had a ball last night. The crowd was made up of the upper crust of the bon-ton, whatever that may be, male and female braves who follow the dogs. They buy a little innocent fox, turn him loose, hire a dozen or two hounds to chase him, and red-coated and red-waisted, horse-back

on behind. Some jump hurdles, but most of 'em ride leisurely, talk about other things, and pretend to be hunters. Of course, the fox gets killed, and being there at the butchering time is called "In at the death," and those smart enough to get there are mighty proud of it. Savages hunt real game for eating purposes. Civilized folks murder animals for fun.



There's as big a difference between Christians and Churchians as there's 'twixt the tideful ocean of tireless activity and the cooped-up dead sea of stagnation.



Success without work! That's why the swindler can sell his gold bricks and mine-less mining stocks. That's why folks swallow patent medicines. They're too lazy to make an effort to get well. They'd rather lie on their backs and take liquid activity by the spoonful. That's why the get-rich-quick scheme has such an army of followers who work harder getting nothing than they would getting something. That's why some folks go to Church and let Church attendance take the place of Christian labor. That's why Civilization is constantly given leave to withdraw. Who's to blame? All of us. You, Mr. Churchman, who puts form and dogmatic belief before Christian activity; you, Mr. Parent, who jars the youthful mind out of plumb by your ignorance of about everything you ought to know; you, Mr. One-Eyed Reformer, who

sees the world through the shadow of your bigotry; you, Mr. Businessman, who makes money the chief end of everything; you, Mr. Minister, who sells Truth to Expediency; and you, Mr. Everybody, who acts as though the Golden Rule was meant for your neighbors.



"Better freeze, my brethren," said Rev. Dr. Goodman, of Center Falls, "than keep warm with hell's fuel in our furnace," and all his people shouted, "Amen!"

You see Sim Skinner offered to give 'em ten tons of coal. We all know Sim. He never earned, and never had, an honest dollar in his life. After stealing for 60 years, he's trying to settle with the Lord and the public for 10 cents on the dollar. Brother Goodman and his flock have Christian backbone. That Church is a real Church, not a society swapping-place with show-windows.



Our hustling hostler, Hostus Wagoner, is trying to stir up horse-show sentiment. No use; there ain't clothes enough in Hayfield to make a horse-show pay.



The child has a right to decent parentage. If Society and the Church won't give him his rights, Christianity will with the help of the Law. It's only a question of time before children will be born right, reared right, and given their rights.

Professor Humanus isn't opposed to foot-ball; he's against brutality in any form; he doesn't believe in advertising a college with a bloody poster. If the college can't move without a foot-ball team to drag it, he's in favor of letting it turn its buildings into factories. Foot-ball, played by decent people in a decent way, is a noble game, and good exercise, but foot-ball, as fought by the present undergraduates, is a riot of rowdies. The college foot-ball game, witnessed by its thousands of spectators, pollutes the water of education. The real college doesn't need a foot-ball team to boom it.



Judge a man by his business and you may judge him right. The sanctimonious Churchman, clothed in Sunday piety, may be a gambler and thief; the affectionate husband at home may be a brute in his office; the father, who loves his children and gives them the best, may be a slave-driver in his store and a scoundrel in his business. The honest man in business, the good man in trade, is always good at home, and the dishonest man often is. The man with honest pocket-book is honest through and through. By their Church you may not know them; by their homes you may know them not; but go into their business, and there you find the inside-man, what he is and what he is not. If Church and fraternal order committees, who pass on candidates, looked into a man's business, and black-balled dishonesty, the membership rolls would be rolls of honor.

Maybe the fellow you think is wrong, honestly thinks he's right. Get together, and thrash out the right.

### Quester and Answerer

READY WORKER writes:—"I can do most anything from sawing wood to playing the piano. Have driven the stage and sold groceries. What would you advise me to do for a living?"

ANSWER:—What you can do best, and stick to it. Don't be a jackass of all trades.

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MABEL MAIDEN wants to know who write patent medicine testimonials.

ANSWER:—Net fools, fools, and semi-fools.

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Mr. LONELY complains that nobody noticed him at the Middle Street Church because he was shabbily dressed, and he blames Religion for it.

ANSWER:—Religion didn't snub you. Where there isn't any Religion there isn't any welcome. Religion never kept its hands in its pockets or turned the cold shoulder on anybody. You simply went to the Church of the Dangerous Imitation.

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LANGUID writes:—"I'm all run down. What would you advise me to take?"

ANSWER:—Take a trip to a good doctor.

Our Serial Story

About Me and Mine by Me

CHAPTER XI

Muchtown was a Church town; mind you, I don't say Christian town. Everybody went to Church. Not to go was to lose caste here Below. There were many Churches of many kinds, all denominational head-quarters, some rich in money, some financially poor, some wealthy in doing and in trying to do.

The Iam Church faced the park. It was a big hollow pile of cold stone, with shadowy windows, a high pulpit at one end, and slanting-back, regulation pews, all facing one way—an orthodox ice-box, where the sins of its congregation were kept in cold-storage. Here a seven-thousand-dollar minister ministered to his constituents, and occasionally assured the Lord, in behalf of his central pew-holders, that the congregation were still His friends.

Not far away was a little low building, the Sunday home of the highest Church in Muchtown, save one, whose congregation was satisfied to number as its own the money its wealthy neighbor condescendingly permitted to worship with it.

Cat-cornered across the street, the White Steeple of the White Church pointed Heavenward, and

within its walls a warm-hearted man, with a sun for a soul, preached a warm religion. A Christian in the pulpit faced a Christian audience, not a set of rigid pew-prayers, but men and women who carried the Golden Rule with 'em, and didn't wrap it in asbestos and store it in a Sunday vault. The White Church was a Church, a Church too Christian to be denominational, and it wouldn't have been denominational if denominationalism hadn't in those days been an annex member of the Trinity.

There were two other large meeting-houses, one on the main street 'twixt the stores, where an active-brained preacher presented his convictions, afraid of neither denominational fire nor water, a man as well as a minister, a fearless man, a man in the full bloom of his manly strength, a giant in Muchtown, with a strength far and beyond the water-power of his Church.

Down a side street, the strenuous religionists filled the big auditorium, where folks could see and hear, read their hymns in the bright light of out-doors, unscreened and unblanketed by head-lined glass angels of a different appearance. Its pastor, a quiet, well-read man, preached to a responsive people, and did more good than showed on the records.

But there was another Church, called a Colored Church, yet the whitest Church in Muchtown. Its congregation worshipped in a little pinched-up building, on a way-back street, and over it presided the Head-Christian and Best-Expound-

er-of-Christianity in Muchtown. The Rev. Mr. Black was the whitest man in town, the mental and moral superior to ninety-nine and nine tenths per cent. of the Muchtown folks who patronized him. He was all man. Not an ounce of him fawned, or toadied, or cringed to the Golden Calf. He stood upon his own feet, straightened his body to its majestic height, and lived and talked Christianity. I can see him now, dear old Parson Black, with basket in hand, carrying his food from store to home, a prince among the men who knew him not, because their littleness couldn't see his greatness. Some of the high-collared preachers and long-coated bishops, his superiors on earth, may, by and by, sweep the aisles and dust the streets of the Great Church of Above, where this Good Man, shining in the white light of God-given love, with a sacrifice-earned crown of many jewels upon his head, will conduct the Grand Orchestra of Eternal Hallelujah.

Beautiful Muchtown, beautiful in what God made, the mother-town of the hills, the business oasis in the forest grandeur of hill and valley; Muchtown, my adopted home, the birth-place of my independence, from your towering hills the Rocks of Experience fell upon me and remoulded me into a full-fledged man.

(To be continued in our next.)



You can't legislate goodness into men.



VOLUME ONE

NUMBER THIRTEEN

Godliness, Cleanliness, Progressiveness — Civilization's Trinity.

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Don't blame rum for the downfall of the chap who would have been a failure sober.

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We beg leave to inform our esteemed fellow citizen, Ex-Congressman Ward, that the Hub of the Universe has been removed from out of his front yard.

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The gate-receipts of the last intercollegiate game exceeded \$50,000. The box-office takings at the recent lecture on "The Duty of the Parent," by our greatest family doctor, were less than \$60. We don't wonder that some reformers are seriously considering the expediency of no longer attempting to teach human brutes the Ethics of Civilization.

As you're rooted, so will you grow.

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Keep the boy in school as long as you can. A day in school now is worth a week by and by.

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Even the girls behind the counter resent being called ladies. Slowly, but surely, the grand old name of "woman" is returning to prominence.

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Where is the minister bold enough and Christian enough to refuse the Sacrament to those who place the Rising of the Bonnet before the Rising of the Redeemer?

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We've mighty little sympathy for the drunkard, but we've as much respect for him as for the wife who drives her husband to drink with bad cooking, dirty house-keeping, and a cheerless sitting-room.

If all the folks minded their own business, there'd be mighty little doing, and things would mostly stop short. The man with a heart in him ain't keeping inside his own fence.



Our Hill-Top fashionable hall was full of gentlemen dressed like gentlemen and ladies dressed like ladies. There was to be ice-cream, cake, and an animal talk by an animal man. With the help of a stereopticon, the lecturer gave some very interesting facts and theories concerning the life and character of animals, and he especially dwelt upon the great strides made in crossing and breeding animals, especially horses and dogs. The discourse was truly scientific, yet popular in its presentation, and the society audience, against its will, received compulsory instruction.

At the conclusion of the Professor's remarks, an eminent out-of-town physician and scientist asked permission to speak. As he was known by reputation to every Hayfielder, and as his father was the president of a great financial institution, and the family members of city society, permission was readily granted. The Doctor, in a conversational and entertaining manner, and yet at the same time with the utmost impressiveness, attempted to interest the audience in the breeding of human children, and his argument, undoubtedly intentionally on his part, closely followed the lines laid down by

the Professor who preceded him. If what the Doctor said was immodest and out of place, what the Professor said was equally immodest and equally out of place. What the Professor said about our pets, our horses and our dogs, the Doctor said about our children. Every lady left the hall. Nine out of every ten of them were mothers. No women left, because there were no women in the hall. Truth never shocks a woman.



Think while you work. The ox works unthinkingly, and the ox is the same to-day as he was when he began to be an ox.



The Rev. Dr. Copley Square, the man of the immaculate cloth, is one of the great pulpit forces of irreligious Boston. The very rich flatter him, and the very poor worship him. He is popular with the two ends of society, because he knuckles to the rich and patronizes the poor. The middle people, the thinkers, and the folks who do the real work of the world have no use for him. He cares nothing for 'em. He knows he's no better than they are, and they know it, too. His delightful sedative sermons tickle the ribs of the rich and impress the poor. He is one of the great class of kid-gloved ministers who makes a business of preaching and know how to collect earthly dividends.

Our highly respected and prompt bill-paying, esteemed citizen, Ex-Selectman Ben Bright, has just returned from a two weeks' visit to the Port of Culture, otherwise known as Boston, Massachusetts. While there he took in about everything, including one of those regular top-notch swell shows, which they always hold at 8:30 P. M. in Back Bay Hall.

Ben paid two dollars for his seat, and he says he liked what the audience allowed him to see and hear of the show.

According to the papers, only swells were there, except a few no-accounts, who didn't come in their carriages, because they hadn't any. Ben's seat was right in the middle of the circle of tone; all about him were clothes with ladies and gentlemen in 'em, smelling bottles, and collapsible hats.

"I'm right in it," says Ben to himself, "a-rubbin' up 'gainst Boston's swell'dum, the kind o' real thing that reads 'Brownin'' in the mornin' and sets the pace for the rest of the world to trot."

Ben has seen about everything 'cept Boston culture on show. He's taken in the New York Bowery and the Chicago "Sides."

"I'll tell you," says Ben, emphatically, "for good order and good behavin' give me the Bowery to Boston's Back Bay. At the cheap theaters most o' the racket's on the stage. But in this swell place folks whispered all 'round me, and chewed candy, and shuffled, an' twisted, just as though no show was goin' on; and just after the most solemn part, when the

head-star was bein' buried, and close to the end, when the whole crowd of stage folks was handin' 'round chunks of sorrow, most o' the women put on their hats, an' the men reached for theirs, an' with the noise, and the talkin', an' the wigglin', nobody could hear or see nothin'. I paid for my ticket, and I wanted my two dollars' worth, but I couldn't get more than half o' it, an' nothin' of the finish, on 'count of the rowdyism of culture and the antics of swell'dum, which just robbed me of my fun, and spoiled what I'd paid for.

"Seems to me," continued Ben, "that when a feller pays for a show, and the audience spoil it for him, they hain't quite so good as common thieves, 'cause the regular thief is brave 'nough to take chances, while them robbers of culture are just cowardly kinds of sneaks who durstn't do things that folks are arrested for. If I was runnin' Boston, bet your life I'd have a Bowery policeman at all of them swell shows to yell 'shut-up' and club 'em if they didn't."



Most of the members of the Hayfield Research Club are too narrow to walk on a broad sidewalk.



Few teachers receive from the parent half the co-operation and support they deserve. Many a parent, at home, in wilfulness, conceit, or ignorance, counteracts the work of the school.

The Hon. Had. Hadley is our candidate for the next Legislature. Had's been there four times, and he knows to-day as much as he did four years ago. Had. isn't much of an orator as oratory goes, and there's no eagle-flap to him, but he's got more horse-sense to the square-inch than the fellow who wants to take his job away from him has to the square-foot. He's a safe man. He's with the Republicans in tariff reform, and he backs up the Democrats in their reform of the tariff. Besides, Had's a stayer and get-therer. He isn't a seat-setter or a wall-sticker. He's a mover-on with a move on. Better have the Had. we've had than experiment with unknowns and the over-seeking office-holders.



The Hon. Dwight W. Dwindle owns two herds of cows. Part of 'em have the cow distemper. The law says they must be shot, shot right away. The Hon. Dwight W. Dwindle proposes to defend his cattle with a shot-gun, and the unthinking people are applauding his assumed nerve and independence. The Hon. Dwight W. Dwindle is the latest broken-out member of that rapidly growing society of "respectable" law-breakers. There's no independence about him. He is just an ignorant, arrogant, puffed-up, decomposing branch of a once healthy family tree. He's a traitor, and decent folks should cross the street when they see him coming. Law-breakers in high places are the worst criminals of all.

Ain't we most civilized enough to give our great discoverers and humanitarians a parade, same as we do our big fighters and powder-burners? All the "Braves of Progress" don't wear gold lace.

## Our Serial Story

### About Me and Mine by Me

#### CHAPTER XII

I was only a just-passed boy in years, but a man in experience, and a veteran in self-confidence and self-conceit. I feared nothing; I dared to tackle anything; I always had, and I hadn't been downed, either because I never had fought against more than my match, or because that mysterious something, for want of a better title, called luck, had always watched over me. As I didn't know myself, I placed no limit upon my capacity, and started in to do what I wanted to, be it under, over, or at the plane of my ability.

To this day, I have never satisfied myself as to whether or not my rapid rise was beneficial or otherwise. Perhaps a longer while in the traces would have in the end made me a better driver; then, equally, perhaps, my early assumption of responsibility may have given me a boosting-start sufficient

to carry me further into my work than I could in the same time have traveled as a slower and more careful pacer. At any rate, I had the cash, not enough of it, but as much as I thought I needed — money earned by the sweat of my pen; and I had, or thought I had, the experience and the ability to start and maintain a daily paper of my own.

Looking backward upon myself, in those, my days of immaturity, my now better set modesty doesn't object to my feeling that I certainly had the assurance and the energy for success-making; and truly, assurance and energy, sometimes with only fair direction, win out on many a field of strife, where too much discretion, lacking assurance and energy, falls to rise no more.

I was a high-pressure boiler, with a forced draft. I screwed down my safety-valve, hung a cap over the gauge, and started the *Muchtown Evening Journeyer*, the first, and for a long time the only, daily newspaper in Massachusetts' Far West.

My first intention was to buy an interest in one of Muchtown's staid old papers, which were profitably running by the water which had past, and with it as a basis, launch a daily edition.

But somehow, my annexation plans failed to connect. The post-office editor of one of the papers, and the book-store editor of the other, and I, didn't, or couldn't, get together. I was too rapid for them, or they were too slow for me.

In the hour of my perplexity, a ravenous wolf in fashionable clothes appeared unto me. He had one of those confidential, purring, please-may-I-do-you-a-favor voices, which can sell mine-less mining stock and squeeze dollars out of sense. He was a politician, he had a candidate. The county papers, with exceptional unanimity, were opposed to the election of his man. Something must be done, and I was the handy something. I had a few thousand dollars, and he knew it. He wasn't a thief, as manly thieves go; he wouldn't rob a till, or burst a bank, or do anything the arm of law is after; but he'd take another man's money, to serve another man's purpose, if that another man was his employer.

"Don't connect with the old fogies," said he, "they're our unburied dead. Start yourself, in the full bloom of your youthhood, a daily paper of your own, the first daily in the Western West of Massachusetts. What honor! What glory! You'll go down into history as the nation's youngest and brightest journalist! etc., etc., etc., etc."

I bit at the bait. I swallowed hook and line. "The bloom of my youthhood" caught me. Instead of doing what any boy or man of half sense would have done — buy a dead weekly to base a live daily — I deposited my few thousand dollars in the Muchtown bank, ordered type, press, and engine, and had the empty honor of giving Muchtown what she wanted, but wasn't ready for, and

was certainly unwilling to properly support — a daily newspaper.

I plunged into the local journalistic sea without boat, raft, or line. It was swim or drown. I swam, and I'm swimming yet; but there are still upon me the scars of storm from the angry waters which unmercifully dashed me against whole shores of rocks and scraped me upon the shoaly sands.

In September, 1880, in the height of the Garfield-Hancock campaign, the *Muchtown Evening Journeyer* pulled its flag to the masthead and fired the first daily newspaper gun ever heard in Massachusetts' Great West.

My printing press had the usual opening fit, the engine balked, and the ink was stubborn, but I got my paper out, got it out all over the town, and spread it into the towns North, South, East, and West of me.

The *Muchtown Evening Journeyer* fell flat, so flat that I could hardly see it for flatness. Everybody was disappointed. Expectation expected a paper as big as the New York dailies, and as full of daily locals as the weekly locals of both the weekly papers put together, with news of the whole world complete in detail.

The *Muchtown Evening Journeyer* was simply twice as good as Muchtown had a right to demand, contained every day more news than either of the weeklies carried for the week, and more general news, and twice as much local news, as any daily newspaper carried in any town twice as big as Muchtown was.

But what of it? What if the *Muchtown Evening Journeyer* was the best of its kind? Muchtown's Tone adjusted its glasses, glanced at it, and hitched up its nose. Possibility couldn't produce the paper Muchtown wanted. The business men kicked at the rates. They wanted to pay a daily for advertising the same per week as they paid a weekly.

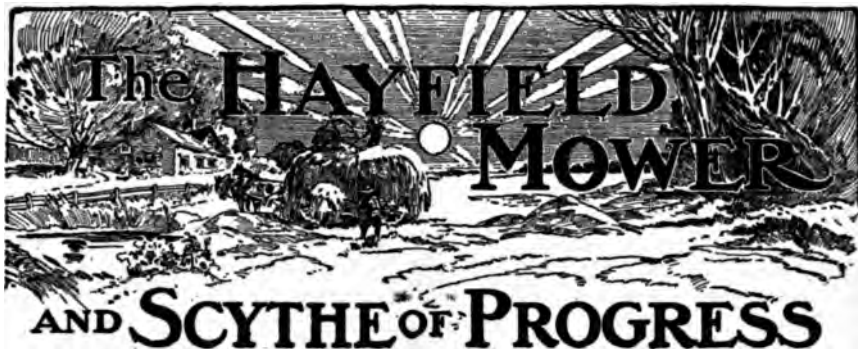
"But we come out six times a week," I said. They couldn't see it that way. A week was a week to them.

Of course, the *Journeyer* got advertising; push and energy will get anything. I had the energy, and my advertising man had the push. Gradually people began to realize that the *Journeyer* was as good as its support, and everybody seemed to be reading it.

With the tide running my way, I made a dash which startled my people and squelched my enemies. I enlarged the *Journeyer*. Before it was five weeks old, I actually added four columns.

Muchtown awoke with a start. She rubbed her eyes, and bought the *Journeyer*. Dear old people, how I fooled 'em. True, I added four columns, one to a page, but I didn't increase the reading matter an inch. Not another compositor did I hire, nor did I set an extra line of type. I simply filled up those added columns with half-dead advertisements. But the *Journeyer* looked big, and in Muchtown, quantity was ahead of quality. They wanted bigness, and I gave it to 'em.

(To be continued in our next.)



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VOLUME ONE

NUMBER FOURTEEN

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You can't always tell a great man by his modesty.



The Hayfield town-meeting orator is like a teakettle without a cover.



A conservative is a wall-flower specimen of humanity too cowardly to be on the firing line.



At the Wednesday reception of the Twenty-First Century Club it was noticed that the brightest women wore the plainest clothes.



The Imitation of Virtue is about the only thing that gets its reward on the hustle in this world. The Real Thing has to wait. Listen to the hurraing applause thrown at the villain-chasing hero in the over-boiled melodrama! And it's genu-

ine, too. Man's all right, inside. If it wasn't for the outside, the environment, he'd be ten times better, for he'd be himself. It doesn't cost anything to back stage virtue. The audience-heart, for the time being, controls its pivot and may swing at its own good will. But in the cold world of false fact, it's hard to be good, and it costs money and the butter-side of living to stand pat for Right; so we don't encourage Virtue in the open, and we refuse the glad-hand to Goodness. When man doesn't have to pay an exorbitant tax for doing what his inner self, his real-self, wants to, what he does then will be a mighty sight different from what he does now.



The Hon. Burt Best, of Hayfield, never hits the side of the nail. When he strikes, he comes down squarely onto the head. Day before yesterday, in his speech before the Senate, he said: "The business world is largely responsible for the



corrupt state of government affairs, and it should be the body that cleans up the odious matter."

This is mighty good proof that Best isn't in the employ of some corporation or commercial combination.

We hear a lot about Legislative corruption. What's the cause of it? Are our officials dishonest? Most of 'em may be. Part of 'em surely are. Why are they dishonest? Partly because they get the chance. If they didn't get the chance most of 'em might be fairly respectable. The rank and file of Legislators ain't gunning for steals. They would rather be honest. If money is shoved into their palms, it sticks there. If bribers were not so numerous, there wouldn't be so many bribe-takers. If temptation wasn't always on dress parade, there wouldn't be so many looking at it. The fellow most to blame isn't the Legislator who falls, but the one who fell deeper to make him fall. The bribe-giver is twice as bad as the bribe-taker. The bribe-taker has the excuse of temptation—perhaps of need. The bribe-giver is a plain, deliberate, premeditated scoundrel. The shyster lawyer-agent of bribers, with his soul steeping in sin and his hands calloused with dirty money, is bad enough, but he isn't a hypocrite, and he isn't half as rotten as the kid-gloved, white-necktied, diamond-studded merchant, seated in his leather furnished office, high up in business prominence and social standing, who makes his extra money by bribing the fellow who is short

enough to sell his vote for the bread of comfort.

Business is the breeding bed of Legislative corruption. Business at heart respects no law. Business with business is first, last, and all the time. For business' sake, consciences are cauterized, souls sold, integrity driven through the cash paved-streets of bribery, that it may worship business' only god—money.

For business, Progress is made to wait. To Business Education is chained. Before business, the Church is prostrated.

The Christian reformer needn't go to Africa, or to Asia, or to the North End, or to the South End. Let him camp on Market Street, or on Stock Square, or on Merchants Row, and, armed with the Light of Heaven and the Drums of Hell, wage war on business—business the head-devil in the Pit of Corruption.

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If young Jones wants satisfaction, let him telephone us. We have plenty of it in stock ready for rapid delivery.

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The cover of the "College Number," of a great national weekly, is ornamented with a picture of a rowdy looking undergraduate with bull dog and pipe. If this represents the college man, it's time respectability was added to the curriculum. There's no reason why the inmates of our higher institutions of learning should be idealized as

bums and rowdies, unless the majority of 'em are, and if they are, weed 'em out, drive 'em out, and make refinement, or decency anyway, an entering qualification. But the majority ain't rude or noisy and don't ape the Bowery. Most undergraduates are young men who go to college for learning's sake. The dude, the rowdy, the law-breaking youngster, are happily in the big minority, except in a few of our universities where manliness is discouraged and physical strenuousness placed ahead of mental activity. The college man, more than all other men, should be a man.



Poets are public-heart-stirrers; they get the world out of its everyday self, and lift it into what it would be if the world's pocket-book and the world's heart changed places.



A man wants a shirt. He doesn't beat around the shirt-counter. He walks right up to it.

"Say," he says, "let's see what you've got in shirts."

Now a woman's shirt is just as much a shirt, and it covers the same part of her anatomy, but she doesn't holler "shirt," when she wants one. Oh, no! She says "vest" or something else which doesn't come anywhere near describing it. Why? No reason, except the reason that labels a woman's leg a limb. This kind of modesty gives immodesty a great big send-off.

Let's be fair. Honor to whom honor is due. Brother Jones, last Sunday, contributed \$500 of his late father's money to help spread our imperfect Civilization over Heathen India. Young Jones hasn't earned a cent since old Jones died. After he got his father's money, he bought a new house, a boat, a half dozen horses, and a dozen lounges. Then he gave his whole attention to loafing. Giving \$500 of the money that was thrown at him, and that he couldn't use, ain't any more philanthropy than letting a dog lap up the overflow of your well.

The Mower records in this way: "The late John Jones, per young Jones, has just contributed \$500, etc."



Business in its pure and unadulterated state, in itself alone, unmixed with anything else, is outside of the Gates of Civilization. In it isn't one grain of character or of progression building. It's wholly a negative quality. The business man of only business is alone in his selfishness; friendless on earth, with no good-will to float him into the Beyond. Business has neither heart nor conscience, tear nor sob, smile nor laughter; it gives neither fame on earth nor glory in Heaven. Only just so far as it is a means to an end should it receive recognition. The absorbed business man is headless without his office. Business is all he knows of, thinks of, talks of, the substance of all his action. If business is his God, he

has no room for other gods. In his office, in his wareroom, in his factory, business is all-supreme, but outside of his mart of action he shrinks below the level of nothing. What good is he in emergency? He doesn't know how to knot a rope or to throw it. He knows nothing of science, or of art, or of anything save buying and selling. He is absolutely devoid of every creative tendency or ability. He can make nothing. All he can do is to buy what progress makes for less than he sells it for. He contributes nothing to the world of science, of character, of higher movement. He's unknown outside of his office, and is buried in an obscure grave. He is forgotten as soon as he is known, and is known only to be forgotten. In the Hall of Fame is never found the statue of the man who never got out of business.



It's all nonsense for rich folks to harangue about the stimulating force of poverty in character-building. It hasn't any, and they know it. Poor races are always weak. Too much income gives fatty degeneration. Too little produces emaciation. In the forced over-hustle for bread there's little opportunity for intellectual betterment. Shakespeare couldn't have dug clams for a living, at present prices, and have written never-to-be-forgotten dramas. The over-work of poverty's necessity doesn't give the brain a progressive chance.

What we want is more, not less Religion — Christlike Religion, direct from Headquarters without the pollution of ignorant jobbers.



Don't lie to your Sunday School class. If you don't understand all the Bible, say so like a man. There's enough left to keep you busy.



The Centerville fire department is better than ours. What's the good of belittling it? Mud throwing by our fire laddies won't keep our apparatus clean. We can't just blame the underwriters for offering to lower our rates if we'll discharge our firemen.

## Our Serial Story

### About Me and Mine by Me

CHAPTER XIII

In '80's days paper was six cents a pound, half real rag; and we wet down our paper and jammed it into a sheet-covered rubber-blanket, so the blind could read it by fingering its back.

There was but one Associated Press, the closest corporation on earth, with full membership, and telegrams came to me at a cent a word.

Plates were unknown, save for stories, farming news, and for "How to Cure a Grease Spot." Type in those days sang its glorious song of

"Click, click, click

"Of the type in the stick."

Now, alas, it's the

"Drop, drop, drop

"Of the brass in the slot."

The *Journeyer* had new type, all new; new stands, new cases, new stones, and a new press which could be coaxed to 1200 an hour.

I had a press-room, a mailing-room, an office, a city editor's room, and a carpeted and wall-papered inner-sanctum, where under sunlight or lamplight I wrote the words which burned me more than my readers.

Editor, publisher, and owner of the *Journeyer*! All mine, from the little paper-rolling mailing-machine to the stoves. Great was I, greater than I've ever been since, great in the full feeling of my greatness. I could say what I pleased, and I did, altogether too much.

Muchtown was shocked. Untied life, going it alone, unchaperoned and unconfined, was something she had never seen save on circus day. I was on the local newspaper top, and from my eminence, I twirled the fingers of my daredeviltry, and defied that part of the earth which came within the *Journeyer's* field of circulation.

Nothing phased me. With stylographic pen, I tackled, with equal agility, any question from Muchtown fences to Egyptian borders. Politics, religion, society, courts,

business, news, all in all, fell under my pen-ax. I threw ink like water, fearing nobody, afraid of nothing, and absolutely independent in all things save politics, for my father was a Republican, his father was a Republican, I was a Republican, and the *Journeyer* was Republican.

But I wasn't afraid of politics, nor did Republicanism scare me. I was a conscientious political duty-doer; Republican without knowing why. When I learned more, I didn't become a Democrat, but I got to voting for men, not for party, giving the Grand Old Party the preference when it deserved it.

I was editor-in-chief, publisher, and general manager. My duties covered every department save sweeping the office and making the fires. I wrote, or stole, two columns of editorial a day; composed the dramatic and musical stuff; attended the conventions, funerals, and parties; edited, or clipped, a good part of the general news; and selected all of the miscellany.

My associate editor in name, but book-keeper in practice, was much my senior in age and my junior in experience and ambition. He smoked all of the time, and gave the balance to making out bills, to paying the men, and to wielding the biggest pair of shears in Muchtown. He was one of those calm, collected fellows, who unruffledly meet all things, and he was as contented on little pay as he would have been on more. So long as he could spend all he had he was happy, and he was happy all of the time.

My city editor, I called him that to please him, scoured the town from morn to night. He got into all the lanes and crevices. His nose for news kept him on the continuous scent; and he got it all, every bit of it, the very good, good, very bad, and bad. The *Journeyer* never was scooped. Nothing happened, and nothing could happen, away from this man's penetration. He wrote like a Mississippi steamboat, with hams and cotton for fuel; he never slept; his pencil never cooled.

My suburban reporters: Jumping cats! How the people stared when I dubbed them that! Suburban reporters! Muchtown was proud, and so were her suburbs. They were a medley of men and women, drug clerks, teachers, ministers, horse-shoers, and boys; but they got the news.

The county was mine, and my collectors took what belonged to me. One in particular was a racer. His long hair never got in his way, and his frayed pantaloons didn't keep him out of anywhere. Where anything was, he was.

And not a cent did these reporters cost the *Journeyer*. They worked for a free copy of the paper, free tickets, and free glory.

My two foremen, the chief and his assistant, were a good deal better men than I paid for, but they liked me, five dollars a week's worth, and worked for \$15 and \$12, respectively. As a perquisite they played captain and shortstop on the *Journeyer's* base-ball team, the strongest batters and the liveliest fielders in all the county.

My cousin was my advertising man. He called himself business manager. His leading ability consisted of not being like me. John was a gentleman. He wore wide trousers, high collars, had three whole suits, two overcoats, a cane, and boarded at Muchtown's swell-est hotel, actually paying \$8 each and every week for a room with steam heat, some upholstered chairs, and a bath on the next floor.

John impressed people. His natural style surrounded him, protected him, and got business for him. He didn't ask for advertisements; he accepted 'em. He gave folks a chance to advertise, and they embraced the opportunity.

After I elected Garfield, President — well, I'll tell you about it in the next chapter.

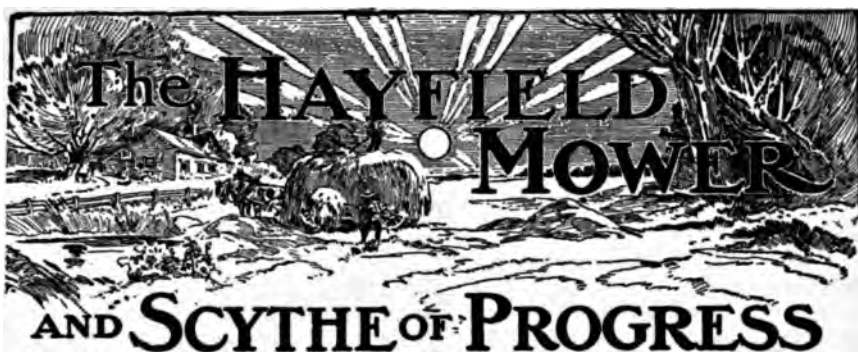
(To be continued in our next.)



Work your land; don't let your land work you.



An hundred thinkers grow gray a-thinking; an hundred discoverers grow old a-discovering; a financier comes along, grabs the theories and the finds, hires folks to straighten 'em out, and rides in his automobile while the poor fellows of ideas eat mush and water by the roadside. The men who do brain-work get the crust-crumbs which fall from the commercial sponge cake. Brains are poor collaterals to raise money on.



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VOLUME ONE

NUMBER FIFTEEN

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The poor always pay retail prices. Discounts are for those who don't need 'em.



Don't worry, Deacon, Religion isn't going to the bow-wows. If your Church attendance is falling off, it isn't the fault of Religion. Your Church is to blame.



Many a smart man cuts his own throat with the edge of his self-conceit. He so covers himself with it that nobody sees beneath his outer garments.



"Things hain't right, but let's make the best of 'em," said old Al Well at town-meeting. Al is a passive member of the biggest clan in the world—the Society for the Prevention of Progress. The old saw, "Making the best of it," was one of the devil's original productions, and he has been shrewd enough to tack it up on every fence and plaster it on every dead wall.

Here's a copy of a letter we wrote to Rev. Dr. Smart, of the First Church of Crosstown.

"Dear Brother: Don't defend God as though He had no friends. He needs no defense. Don't try to justify His actions. He's justification personified. Don't worry about God's business. He's capable of managing his own affairs. Attend to your own business."



Where you are is the best place to stay until you know where to move to.



Ex-Representative Steere, the famous college foot-ball player, came into the House late in the session, and was given an ovation as he was shown to the Speaker's dais.

Think of it! ye men of statesmanship, ye pushers of progress, ye folks who think that Nature rightly located brains on the top end of man.

Dr. Healingh, the great surgeon, visited the Legislature a while ago. He stood in the gallery. Not a hand clap! Not a ripple of applause! You see the Doctor had only succeeded in alleviating suffering.

George Bell, the eminent philanthropist, has also been there. Did he get an ovation? No. Why should they applaud one whose only virtue is in doing good?

Professor Peace, who has done more than 10 legislatures in settling difficulties, didn't get a hand.

Steere was the strongest bull on the college team, the most over-trained man in the lot. It is indeed appropriate that our law-makers, the chosen representatives of the people, should welcome this great gladiator with rounds of cheers. The kind of stuff we make our representatives of seldom admires anything above the mouth.

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The angelic bride at the altar often becomes the Amazon at the halter.

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The papers are fairly boiling over the "magnificent generosity" of Mrs. Dougher, daughter of the late railroad wrecker and all-around gambler, and wife of Dandy Dougher, the metropolitan man-about-town. We quote from the reports:

"Two hundred little ones from the New York City Mission went to bed tired but happy, last night,

after the entertainment at Snobman's Hall, yesterday afternoon, at which Mrs. Dougher was hostess. It has been Mrs. Dougher's custom to give the poor children of the East Side an entertainment at Christmas time, but last Christmas she and Mr. Dougher were at Monte Carlo, and the entertainment had to be abandoned for a time. Mrs. Dougher then decided she would gather her little friends about her at Easter, and yesterday afternoon the Madison Avenue cars carried 200 children to Snobman's Hall, where Mrs. and Mr. Dougher waited to receive them. At about 4 o'clock the children enjoyed a most bountiful collation consisting of the delicacies of the season. After asking a blessing, the Rev. Dr. Caterer, of the Church of the Sacred Cash, spoke to the children at some length, and highly eulogized Mrs. and Mr. Dougher for their magnificent self-sacrificing benevolence."

With the widow's mite passage pinned onto our editorial wall, let us analyze this "magnificent self-sacrificing benevolence." Mr. and Mrs. Dougher's "generosity" cost 'em about \$500. Together they're worth about \$50,000,000, which neither of 'em ever earned or contributed in any way to its accumulation. It was left 'em by men who would have taken every cent with 'em if they could have checked it through. The annual income of the pair exceeds \$1,000,000, or about \$3,000 a day. It appears, then, that this benevolence cost Mr. and Mrs. Dougher less than 17 per cent. of their daily income, and gave 'em

something to pleasantly occupy their time. Mrs. Dougher did no actual work save pour lemonade and look on. The Dougher servants did all the laboring. For \$500 of inherited money, Mrs. Dougher, and her matrimonial encumbrance, received advertising, which at cash rates, would have cost over \$30,000.

There's Mercy Meadow, who lives right here in Hayfield. She's the sick-room angel. She not more than half lives in her leaky little cottage down by the mill-pond. Nobody ever left her a dollar. Nobody ever gave her a cent. She works in the mill from early morning to late afternoon, and Sundays, holidays, evenings, and part of her nights she visits sick-rooms, soothing the pillow of suffering, giving up her rest, sacrificing society, eating the plainest food, and doing good all the time. If a girl is sick at the mill, Mercy tries to do her work for her; if a poor woman's baby is ailing, Mercy rocks the child while its mother sleeps; no time for study, no time for reading, no time for amusement, no time even for Church, for Mercy is doing mercy save when she's earning her frugal fare, and no paper save the Mower has ever spoken of her, and no clergyman has ever asked a blessing over her food, and no sermon has ever given her mention.

There's going to be a shaking up by and by, and maybe its coming isn't so far off, either. Thinking folks, and folks who want to be fair, will pretty soon begin to scrape the rust off Equality's

Scales, and oil the bearings. Then Mercy Meadow on one side of the balance will over-weigh all the Doughers and their hangers-on, the sham philanthropists, and goody-gooders for revenue only.

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Take sense and medicine in proper doses.

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You can't civilize the fellow who doesn't care.

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Maybe in the Hereafter's Work-yard earth-bosses and the over-rich will do the work their workers did for them on earth.

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One half of the men in bad places are too soft to be hard. They are the kind of brainless devils who chuck waiter girls under the chin and spoon with cashiers.

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Men are no less self-sacrificing than are women. There's no real mental difference between the male and female mind. Environment and conditions may produce an apparent distinction. The majority of men are encumbered, that is, they've others to support. The majority of women are free, consequently, a few hundred dollars a year will give the unattached woman as much comfort as two or

three times that amount could present to the rank and file of men. Man makes a worldly sacrifice if he chooses duty's calling instead of the calling of comfort. Woman makes less sacrifice. Woman can afford to work cheaper than can man under present conditions. Woman, then, not because she is better fitted to teach than is man, but because of the present state of society, takes up teaching and furnishes the vast majority of our instructors, and the reason for so many poor, mildewed, dried-up, and cranky teachers is because the encouragement offered isn't sufficient to make the profession one to be eagerly sought for. Too many teachers make a job of teaching.



Hayfield's folks who cork up their houses nights, and tell the fresh night air to keep out, ought to have been present at the formation of the atmosphere, and seen to it that air was made according to their formula of conceit. "Night air is poisonous," granny says. What are you going to breathe nights, 'cept night air? If it's poisonous, lets have it fresh poison.



Not one over-loaded capitalist and notoriety-seeker in a hundred knows how to give away what he doesn't want. He gets notoriety, that's all. If he'd use half the shrewdness he worked when he was stealing or otherwise getting his wealth, he might become prom-

inent and collect a respectable-sized percentage of the credit he's paying for. But then, what can you expect of the kind of timber billionaires are made of? If they'd been cut out of clean, clear stuff, they wouldn't have been billionaires.

People ain't altogether fools. They've a pretty well-honed blade of discrimination about 'em. They know that the rank and file of library-builders are just monument-mongers, and that most college-endowers are self-advertisers. They haven't any objection to library-giving and college-endowing, but they don't take any stock in the billionaire fellows who do it. 'Cause why? 'Cause they know that they're trying to buy salvation at cut rates, and public applause at a discount. There ain't any bargain counters Up Above, and some day these money-mongers will have to pay up cent upon cent, and the cashier won't be any Church or library committeeman ready to make favorable prices, and there won't be any whitewash handy, either. The mention these men buy isn't worth the price; and the seller of notoriety, whether he be a Churchman or a college president, or on the Hayfield monument committee, is as bad as the buyer of it.

Dirty money never built a clean house.



Why will a woman pay 98 cents for 50-cent goods quicker than she will buy dollar goods at an even dollar?

The more brains under the hat, the less jewels hanging to the clothes.

~~~~~

The natural born fool isn't to blame for his folly. How about your foolishness?

~~~~~

The MOWER isn't in favor of Sunday fishing, or of Sunday ball, or of other Sunday games, but it would ten times rather see the Churchman's cook playing Sunday ball out-doors than breaking the Sabbath over a hell-hot Sunday range, and it would vote for Sunday fishing quicker than it would license Sunday driving, even if the Sunday carriages sometimes carried lazy Churchmen to meeting. If it's bad to play on Sunday, its infinitely worse to make others work on Sunday, except to do the work of necessity; but about 80 per cent. of Sunday work or Sunday action hasn't any necessity in it. The Churchman, in his pew, with his coachman waiting outside for him, and his servants sweating over a Sunday dinner, is a bigger sinner than the week-day housed-up clerk on the Sunday ball-field.

Let the Church look in the glass.

Quester and Answerer

SWEET BRIER writes:— "Enclosed is my latest poem. What shall I do with it?"

ANSWER:— Burn it, and preserve the ashes in remembrance of a good thing well done.

MISS GEORGIANNA wants a good prescription for the skin.

ANSWER:— Soap and water taken before breakfast.

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INNOCENCE asks:— "Why don't the Christian pastors of billionaire Churches preach against the sin of wealth?"

ANSWER:— Christian ministers don't preach in billionaire Churches.

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ADOLPHUS wants to know what one has to know to edit a newspaper.

ANSWER:— Nothing. If any fool couldn't do it, there wouldn't be so many fools doing it.

Our Serial Story

About Me and Mine by Me

CHAPTER XIV

I inherited two contagious diseases in their most violent form — Congregationalism and Republicanism, or, to put it more broadly, Denominationalism and Partisanship. I couldn't help it. To have fought against it, had I then realized my slavery, couldn't easily or quickly have led me out of bondage. My shackles must either wear off, rust off, or be broken off by a shock.

My forebears were god-fathers

and god-mothers at the birth of Congregationalism, and had never practiced at rocking any other cradle. They were, besides, Denominatives of the narrowest cut; all, save father, who was Conventionality's outcast. They read the staid old *Congregationalist* in its days of uncompromising glue-ivity to its party's rigid dictatorialness, and accepted no religious thought or precept unstamped with its approval. Politically, they were dyed in the Republican pot, and supported those principles, which the Grand Old Party, then hardly out of its crib, and its predecessors, believed in, or at any rate advocated. They were Republican Congregationalists, or Congregational Republicans, fruits of the early planting of denominational partisanship.

The *Journeyer* was Republican, Republican from margin to center. Membership in the Republican Party, according to the *Journeyer*, passed a man into Bliss without an examination. It spoke of the Democrats in a low, hushed, shocked voice, as though they were beyond the pale of respectability and irresponsible for their sins of ignorance.

The *Journeyer* pitied the Democrats with the condescension of that superior sympathy which Great and Good Men outpour for the fallen tribes or colonies of perverts. To be a Republican was to be exalted, even if one combined horse-stealing with his party loyalty.

To be a Democrat was to be next to forever lost, and the *Journeyer* labored with him, beseech-

ing him to forsake his evil and enter the proper fold before the tolling of the midnight hour.

Six weeks with the *Journeyer*, in Muchtown, knocked more nonsense out of me, and more sense into me, than ever backed and filled over my bigoted scuppers. My hardened stubbornness was crushed into pliability. I actually went into council with myself, and gave myself, my real self, a hearing. I was beating my way amongst the rocks of life, and everytime I hit a ragged edge I bled conceit.

Weak and shattered, I went out into the free air and breathed in panting breaths the unadulterated oxygen of Truth, and, then, for the first time, I saw the Flag of Freedom wave for all, learned that man on earth can be no higher than a citizen, and that the Citizenship of Man is as undenominational as the Fellowship of Heaven.

I, and my *Journeyer*, started in to follow the Great White Light, which shone above Party fences and Denominational forests.

The *Journeyer* became non-partisan, and its circulation doubled; so did its advertising, and grieving Republicans shared its reading with happy Democrats.

The *Journeyer* was a success, a come-to-stay institution, and, with the everlasting hills, jealously guarded the Hub of Massachusetts' Far West.

It paid the *Journeyer* and me to be good, and we were as good as our advertisers allowed and our subscribers permitted.

(To be continued in our next.)



VOLUME ONE

NUMBER SIXTEEN

If half our "ladies" swapped places with their ladies' maids there'd be more beauty and sense inside the opera cloaks.



We hear a big lot about the snob-bishness of the newly rich. Often it's so, conspicuously so, but there're snobs outside of their lines. Look at some of the Fifth Avenuers. They've always had money, and yet most of 'em have some of the marks of the snob, and half of 'em are all snob. A snob doesn't need money to make him a snob; want-to-have-money will do just as well. A snob's a snob, rich or poor. We've heard of snobs with redeeming features, but we never saw 'em.



Is the boycott right? Hayfield is divided in opinion according to individual interest. The wage-earner backs it for his clan. The employer condemns it when practiced by the employee, but keeps

mighty quiet about doing the same thing himself. Neither side has full right to kick against the other, for both parties are boycotters, each up-holding the wrong-doings of its side.

We hear more about the laborers' boycott, because the workingman courts publicity, and the wrong he does, as well as his good, gets into the papers. The employers' boycotting, or black-listing, is done behind closed doors, and the public seldom gets more than a suspicion of it.

Labor proclaims its actions from the house-top. Capital plans and acts at its banquet table, and does its unfairness behind mahogany doors. The one does its right or wrong in open air, the other schemes behind the screen. The Brotherhood of Man is often forgotten by both, more often by Capital than by Labor. Capital is more to blame, because Capital has better opportunity for enlightenment, and to Capital one must look for the solution of the disturbing question.

It's pretty near time for moralists and other ists, and for financial missionaries, and other missionaries, to let up on hungry Labor, and to devote their entreaties to over-fed Capital. The employer, more than the employee, needs conversion. Just so with most of our reformers; they'd rather carry piety to the breadless, than turn the Light of Truth into the Darkness of High Places. Capital has a duty to perform — a duty to itself and to Civilization, and it's no use to ask Labor to behave, until Capital sets an example. Capital's clothes need to be put to soak in a disinfecting ocean.

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Don't get mad; stop and think a minute; perhaps the other fellow told the truth.

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When the world gets civilized, we'll have an International Navy under an International Board of Control. The power of the world will be vested in an International House of Arbitration, with full power to call out the International Navy.

Suppose England and America are in a row. Both sides will have to appear before the House of Arbitration, and every one of the civilized nations is pledged to sustain the decision. If one of the contestants kicks, the Chairman of the Board becomes Commander-in-Chief of the International Navy, and sends the vessels where they'll do the most good.

"Get ready," he says, then "Fire," if it must be; but it never will be "must be," for no civilized nation, when cool, will put its head on the block.

In civilized days, brains, not blood, will be spilled, and there will be no widows and orphans, no moans and groans, no battles of force. Brains will meet brains and thrash out the right, and all the guns and powder in the world will line up, ever ready to back the verdict of intellect.

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Don't rush Time; give Time time; but not too much time; just help Time along; push it a lot; but don't jerk it.

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Judging from the number of quacks, charlatans, astrologers, hand-layers-on, second-sighters, and other fraud-curists practicing in Boston, the Modern Athens is becoming the Hub of Superstition and Ignorance.

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The other day we read our boy's history. Perhaps by and by we'll be civilized enough to ask our historians to put something besides war into history. The schoolboy, wallowing in historical blood, taught to worship fighters, and committing to memory pages of human carnage, isn't naturally fitted to grasp the higher principles of life, or to learn the things worth knowing.

High collars and high intellect don't often have the same neck.

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The mileage ticket and the free pass are for those who can afford to pay full fare.

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Grown folks don't need to believe in doctors if they don't want to. Let 'em take sassafras for consumption if they don't know any better. Let 'em stick plasters on their backs for corns if they think they'll do any good. Let 'em physic with moonshine for biliousness if grandmother used to do it. Let them be any kind of a fool to their heart's content. But the fathers and mothers who doctor their helpless children with their folly when there's a good physician in sight ought to have to stand up for their meals for the rest of their natural lives.

## Our Serial Story

### About Me and Mine by Me

CHAPTER XV

The *Muchtown Evening Journeyer*, of last Saturday, was printed in Republican crimson and reeked in partisanship.

The *Journeyer*, of the following Monday, was independent of Party and untrammelled by Policy. At one shake it had shaken itself free of all encumbrances and had be-

come a newspaper for the people, untied to Politics and as free as unbreathed air.

Muchtown rubbed her eyes, gave 'em another rub, rubbed 'em again, stared, and blinked. Independence, in her rounds, had never before stopped off at Muchtown. They had to be introduced.

The *Muchtown Weekly Bird* had never roosted off the Republican perch, and the *Muchtown Moon* was Democratic to its center.

Muchtown's most mossy inhabitant had never seen nor heard of a non-partisan paper, and it was currently believed that partisanship was as essential as ink to the publication of a newspaper.

The Great-Springfield-Monarch-of-Central-Massachusetts, a newspaper of international reputation, was not independent, except to be independent of its name, which billed it to the opposite of what it was.

An independent newspaper! The impossible was occurring. Muchtown, after her surprise, settled down to like it, and boasted of her unique possession.

The independent *Journeyer* sprang into favor. It was what the people wanted, but had not known they wanted.

"Muchtown first, the world afterwards," was the *Journeyer's* motto.

A new reporter was added, and the town was raked for news, and none got away. My men haunted the depot, way-laid the stranger, and interviewed the minister, the lawyer, the banker, the baker, men, women, children, and everybody.

The *Journeyer* was a mirror on a pivot; it reflected all, yet it outraged no rule of decency, pried into no heart secrets, and stirred no mud that it might be muddier.

Muchtown's Tone sneered at it, and read it; Muchtown's business patronized it; Muchtown's real people were its friends.

The *Journeyer* was fair; it had neither water to carry nor ax to grind; it told the legitimate news, without prejudice to position or lack of position. If the tradesman's wife did anything worth chronicling, she got it; and no less did the society bud and aristocrat; on the *Journeyer's* pages they sat side by side; in its columns, all men were equal. The *Journeyer's* news was all news, unbought and uninfluenced by free-passes, May Fair ice-cream, or charity-cigars.

Life in Muchtown was pretty lively at times, rather boisterous, but never rowdyish, save the few plain drunks on West Street and the frequent home-paralysis of the Tone.

On the surface, at least, Muchtown people were reasonably respectable. They let loose away from home.

The Academy of Music ran two shows a week, sometimes three, never four. They went from a lecture on "Heads" to an exhibition of legs, and I'm bound to say that in the race for favor, legs won.

Occasionally a good show and a good audience got together, but mighty seldom. Generally, the better the entertainment, the smaller the attendance.

Muchtown was a circus town; a circus, be it ever so little, would stir it to its inner depths. Muchtown went circus mad. On circus day, East Street, and South Street, and all the side streets got together, and drank out of the same pink lemonade bucket.

Pity every day wasn't circus day.

Nothing else could bring Muchtown out, all out, out in common. The Tone was there; her Tuesday Morning Club meeting was cancelled; her Loan Art Exhibition was closed; the inmates of her House of Mercy were notified to postpone their dying or convalescence and wait 'till the show was over. Only the candy stores and restaurants did business. Muchtown actually forgot that she was different from other places, forgot her exclusiveness, and the "Old Clock on the Stairs" ran down.

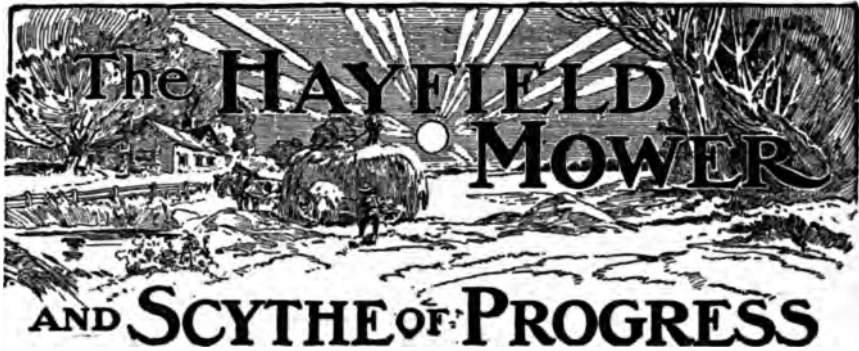
(To be continued in our next.)



Don't expect folks to know less than you do to do as you do.



Our esteemed brother, the editor of the *Grasston Gazette*, is dead wrong when he says that all politicians are scoundrels. We're reasonably sure that there's an occasional honest politician. Take Colonel Cole, for instance; he's as honest now as he was before the Government appointed him. Taking office doesn't necessarily mean that a man must lose his entire integrity.



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VOLUME ONE

NUMBER SEVENTEEN

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The MOWER will pay \$15 to any Hayfield woman who will give one single reason, or half a reason, for wearing long skirts, except "because other folks do."



If a knowledge of citizenship were a voting requirement, all Hayfield's voting would take 20 minutes, and Centerfield voters would get through in half that time.



The MOWER isn't in favor of Sunday ball or of Sunday golf, but until the Deacon's cook stops her Sunday hustle for dinner, the Churchman's coachman discontinues Sunday driving, the minister substitutes his legs for the Sunday trolley, and the Sunday School teacher refuses to dress for meeting, the less said about other Sunday desecration the better. The fat Churchman, at his Sunday spread, had better shake the earth off his own clothes before he brushes the dirt off the other fellow's garments.

J. Plumful Lott is a Financial Finisher and a Captain of Cash. He jingles his millions and other people's millions in the hollow of his hands, and the bank squeaks when he thumbs his balance. Some money-aper asked him to knock together rules of success-making. He did, and there they are:

Rule No. 1 reads: "Be honest and straightforward."

Good stuff, altogether too good to come from a man like Lott. Was Lott always honest? Did anybody ever accuse him of being continuously straightforward? Didn't he play the bank at Monte Carlo? Was it ever recorded that he ever won at a straight game of honest business? Was honesty ever his policy except for a bluff on Sundays?

Rule No. 2: "Don't get a job through influence. No true success is built on the influence of others. Depend upon yourself."

Don't use influence? Why not let influence do you a favor if it



wants to? Don't chase after it and don't chase it away. Use it for what it is really worth. Depend upon yourself. Who does? Who can? The strength of man is in the brotherhood of man. Alone, he falls. Too many folks depend upon themselves altogether too much. J. Plumful Lott didn't. He had help, and so did every man who ever got anywhere. They're altogether too many self-made men, and too much talk about depending upon one's self alone.

Rule No. 3: "Do what you are employed to do better than anyone else employed to do it can do it. Promotion will surely follow."

Simple decomposing rot. How, under the light of 14 suns, can anybody do better than anybody else if he's alongside a fellow who can do better than he can do? Your best may be somebody else's poorest. "Promotion will surely follow." A lie, and Lott ought to know it. Promotion doesn't always follow faithfulness or the doing of one's best. Faithfulness may be true as steel and accomplish nothing in a business way. In business, results count, and the faithful fellow who can't get the required results isn't in it.

Rule No. 4: "Be interested in what you are doing and don't watch the clock for quitting time. Be too absorbed in your work to know what time of day it is."

Some sense in this, but the fellow who doesn't keep track of time isn't a success. Ignorance of time isn't a virtue.

Rule No. 5: "A college educa-

tion isn't necessary for a successful business career."

But a college education won't hurt.

Rule No. 6: "Work."

J. Plumful Lott ought to have enlarged upon this, and to have put it, "Work, and work others, but don't let others work you."

Success rules like these generally do a great big lot of harm. They are often based upon ignorance or upon purely dishonest or financial experience. They give the boy a wrong impression of life, start him in the wrong direction, and encourage him in the idolatry of gold worship.

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A vote of thanks is due the Widow Wright. She keeps her hens at home.

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Our disobliging railroad has put on an extra train for its own accommodation.

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Lit Little, the Emporium's \$12 a week counter-jumper, has just returned from New York. While there, he visited the great Topter Hotel, and paid \$12.75 for a plate of soup, a bowl of style, and other things served à la carte. Lit thought he was feeding with the nabobs. He wasn't by 75 per cent. Foolish diners are the fool sons of the rich or the aping sons of the poor. Substantial men don't care for golden ceilings and two waiters to a chair.

Don't fool yourself by thinking that disorder is a mark of genius. There may and may not be brains in the long-haired head. Long hair has nothing to do with it. The eccentric man is more or less a fool. If he's wiser than he is foolish, he's a success. If he's more foolish than he's wise, he's a failure.



In old-fashioned times, an old-fashioned man, in an old-fashioned way, cast upon an old-fashioned people the old-fashioned maxim that "If one takes care of the cents the dollars will take care of themselves."

This reads well, sounds well, looks well, but isn't well at all. He who takes care of the cents that the dollars may take care of themselves has in him a streak of meanness. No one can be mean and highly successful. The too liberal man fails. The too mean man is a failure at the start. Because a man gives a big proportion of his time to the management of insignificant details, watching the million holes through which expenditure may run, and is successful in a way, doesn't prove that he who neglects the little things that he may the better take care of the great things, will be a failure. Cents are parts of the dollar. Dollars are not parts of the cent. The successful man in business, or out of it, is he who gives the best care to that which contributes the most to his success, to that which aids him to do his full duty. He doesn't ignore details; he doesn't forget

great things; he takes care of no one thing that others may take care of themselves; he takes care of all he can take care of, neither more nor less, neither wasting his time over-caring for one thing, nor neglecting his duty by under-caring for another. He takes care of both the dollars and the cents.



Some Hayfielders ought to take their consciences out once in a while for exercise.



The argumentative fool, who doesn't agree with you, always seems to be too weak to make bare-bone soup.



Socialism, and lots of other isms, are all right or 'most all right. Trouble is with the fellows who preach 'em. The rank and file, we mean; the chaps with more hair than brains, who think that combless locks, egg-fringed vests, and wilted collars stand for genius, who make a fad of everything, good or bad, and who over-claim for everything they think they believe in. The outside world, which doesn't know what the thing is, anyway, sizes it up by those who stump for it. If socialism, prohibition, and lots of other things ever expect to get a pull, they'd better begin right off to get rid of the rank and file of their hangers-on, who kill a thing by backing it.

Resting isn't loafing. The loafer never rests.



Say, did you ever hear the baby talk back the kind of baby rot its Pa and Ma, assisted by other Pas and Mas and their accessories, throw at him day by day? The baby has some sense.

Our Serial Story
About Me and Mine by Me
CHAPTER XVI

Major Cannard and family lived in Muchtown's longest, widest, and tallest house, at the junction of two fashionable avenues. The Mansion, as it was called, was as large as a hotel, and furnished better than most palaces. Major Cannard wasn't all fool, for Nature had mixed sense with his ignorance. He knew how to make money, he had made money, he was making money, and with his knowledge of money-making came a something sufficient to tell him to hire done what he couldn't do himself.

The Major had himself pretty well in hand; to an extent he knew his limitations. He was master of himself. He was all he wanted to be. Perhaps he could have been more had his ambition turned in

other directions, but a fellow with a different ambition than the ambition the Major had wouldn't have had the Major's ambition. The Major was on the right side of himself. He knew no want which money couldn't supply, because he didn't want the things money couldn't buy.

It was the Major's ambition to own the best and biggest house in Muchtown. He knew nothing about a home, and he cared nothing about a home. His home, the only home he knew, was his house, and the kind of a house he wanted was the kind that out-housed all other local houses.

Major Cannard was Muchtown's richest business man, although his business was not in Muchtown. Three or four others may have had more money than the Major had, handed down money, money which they did nothing to get, and consequently did not know how to use, but Major Cannard had worked for his money, and undoubtedly a part of it was obtained honestly, and all of it, according to the Major's code of morals, came legitimately.

The Major was a man of the world, and this world was all the world he had or thought of, and he proposed to get all this world would give, and he did.

The Major wasn't a hypocrite. Good or bad as he was, he was on the outside what he was on the inside. He hadn't any education, and he knew it. He hadn't any trained refinement, and he was aware of that also. The Major understood the Major, and knew how to manipulate the Major to what the Major

called the Major's best advantage.

When Major Cannard wanted a palace, he didn't start in to build one after his own ideas, because he hadn't any, and he knew it. Right here the Major's horse-sense came into play. A well-paid architect planned and superintended its construction; a landscape gardener laid out its grounds; an expert furnishing artist selected the furniture, the bric-a-brac, the paintings, the decorations, and everything else of importance, and all of them harmoniously, artistically, and beautifully blended; and their totality seemed to produce the home of refinement, education, and the highest grade of taste. The Major's palace, inside and outside, was a monument of what hired brains can do when backed by the money of ignorance.

Major Cannard did not interfere.

"Say," said he to his architect, artist, and furnisher, "I'm goin' to have the best thing there is in Muchtown; sumpin' to knock 'em all out; and I want everythin' there be worth a havin'; all them filigrees and such that ought ter be in it, set eatin'-room shelves, corners with jimcracks in 'em, floors to skate on, and don't you forget nothin'; but say, I don't want none of your over-done business; want things to look slick just as they ought ter have to be; harmoniously like, that's it, to look as though I knowed how to do it myself. See?"

And they saw, and it was done. The Major's ignorance was not the kind of ignorance easily fooled. He was paying for a specified number

of square feet of refinement, and he knew how to get full measure.

In trade, Major Cannard could squeeze water out of kiln-dried straw, and woe betide him who dared to resent his dictation; but in society he knuckled down, willingly paid the entrance fee, and took the seat his check called for. He wanted to be a society man, so he started in to buy position, and he got it, got it in Muchtown. The seats in Muchtown's Hall of Tone were for sale, and most of the front ones were occupied by fellows, not unlike the Major, save that few of them had his sense and crude honesty.

Major Cannard made a hit. He paid the price for being free and easy, for never restraining himself, and he bought a permit to say what he wanted to, to dress as it suited him, and to do as he pleased. What if his manners were those of the hostler? What if he wore the same clothes in both stable and parlor? His ways were his own ways, and his tongue said what he thought and felt.

There was something about Major Cannard, a strength of will rather than of character, and an aggressiveness, that carried him the way he wanted to go, pushed him ahead of others, and never let him fall more than temporarily from the top. Muchtown opened her arms to Major Cannard, and Muchtown's society voted him her champion. The Major suited Muchtown, and Muchtown suited the Major.

Major Cannard's wife was one of those jelly-made waddlers, fat-

tened on fudge and fashion. Mrs. Cannard knew ten per cent. less than nothing. An idea in her head was like an emetic on a seasick stomach. But she was the wife of Major Cannard. Did I say she knew nothing? Let me retract a little. She knew she was Major Cannard's wife, and that knowledge was the sum total of her intellectuality. Maids washed her, and dressed her, and undressed her. She just held still while they lifted her or rolled her into place. When she sat down, she sat down all over, and where she sat she sat until unseated. Her poodle was ashamed of her, and her servants turned their faces when they passed. She was a great lump of fatty degeneration, with an alimentary canal and a spinal marrow, a good-for-nothing-no-good.

Major Cannard, with all his trading shrewdness, knew nothing about buying wives. He took the first comer, and never thought enough about her to know that she didn't please him.

Major and Mrs. Cannard had three sons. One of the boys was plain fool; there wasn't anything eccentric about his folly; he was just a fool.

The other two Cannard boys differed from the common rowdy in that they were well dressed; from the bar-room loafer in that they got drunk at home. They were representatives of Muchtown's Smart Set. They worked not, neither did they work others; they were too lazy to earn or to steal; you found 'em neither on the tennis field nor on the road; they were too indolent to play, to swell to work, and

horse-driving was too much for their faded intellects. Occasionally they played pool, but never billiards, for billiards is a scientific game. They spent most of their time doing nothing and drinking something. Their mother wasn't to blame, for they never had a mother. Really, I doubt if Mrs. Cannard knew whether she had two boys or three, although she was undoubtedly present at their birth. As for the Major, himself, he didn't bother about boys; he gave all three an allowance, and when he paid 'em, he felt that he had finished his duty.

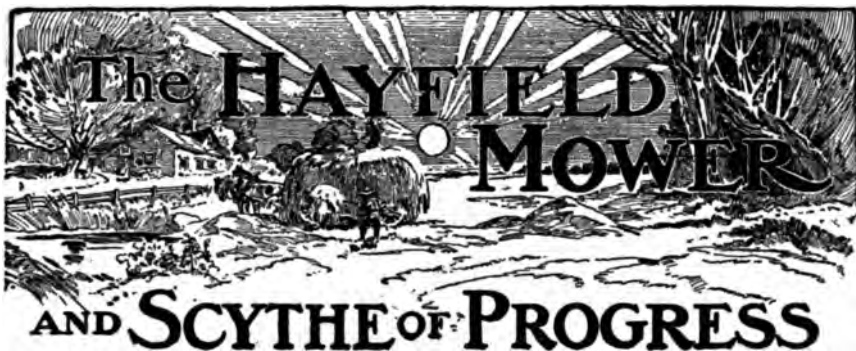
The Cannards kept a dozen servants, beating Muchtown's single family record by three.

Naturally, or rather, artificially, the Cannard mansion was the headquarters of Muchtown's blue-blooded society. Here there was room enough, servants enough, accommodations enough, liquor enough, and money enough to suit all comers.

Major Cannard's private ball-room would accommodate Muchtown's Bon-Ton. His dining-room was spacious enough for a banquet, and his music-room was not below the dimensions of a small opera house.

Major Cannard was above Muchtown competition. With hard cash he bought recognition, and he held the receipt. The other Muchtown society men, and their families, fought among themselves, one on top to-day, another on top to-morrow, with the Major always on the tip-top.

(To be continued in our next.)



VOLUME ONE

NUMBER EIGHTEEN

There's altogether too much restfulness in respectability.



The short skirt is Fashion's first attempt at Civilization.



Society does one thing well, it orders the Society Mother to transfer the care of her children into the keeping of the hired nurse, who more likely than not knows something.



Much money, with its accompanying holder, is a menace to any Church attempting to carry and distribute Religion. The endowed Church may be a success, provided its endower keeps away or minds his own business, and doesn't pose as a look-at-me boss of the whole concern; but the Church of the Living God is the Church owned and managed by

its people as a whole, subject to no financial obligation to anybody.

An over-rich man in a Church is a mighty bad thing for the Church, and an equally bad thing for the community. First, because the over-rich man isn't a Christian and has no business to be a Church member; second, because a man who isn't a Christian can't give as a Christian; third, because the over-rich man sets up a golden god for the rank and file in Church and out to worship; fourth, because the over-rich man is a conspicuous monument of wholly worldly success, a monument which has no right to be set up in any park or in any Church; fifth, the over-rich man's money, if conspicuously given, and it seldom is given any other way, stultifies ambition and effort on the part of others. There are no over-rich men in our Religious Churches. In the Book of Manhood, their names are never written. The man of character, even if he be a big business man, is above business. He does busi-

THE HAYFIELD MOWER

ness, and does business well. Business isn't all the world to him. He isn't a business man in an exclusive sense. He's a captain of business, one who knows how to do business without being under the command of business.

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Ten thousand men are discussing the question of Government Ownership of Utilities. Good, let the number increase till it takes in every man and woman. Let the Government run all it can run better than the individual can, and by "better" we mean better for the people. The fellow who's running a Utility isn't just the one to decide that Commercial Individualism is better than Commercial Co-operation.

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Until man becomes civilized, he will be part brute and more or less man, and the brute part won't sleep. No matter how big a man he may be, he can't altogether get rid of his brutal instincts. The best he can do is to subdue 'em. Some men, big and little, show their native brutality by refusing to recreate without killing something. As man gets more man into him, he wants to kill less, and he doesn't hanker after contests of brute strength. So long as our leaders engage in the hunt, our papers keep printing stories of gaming and war, our school histories are red-lined with battle, our children are armed with fire-arms, and exhibitions of animal strength are encouraged, Civilization will

have a tough job getting in her work.

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There were no collar-buttons in Job's days.

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A vaudeville show is where you alternately applaud and pity the fellows on the stage.

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The teacher should be recognized more than he is. He should be publicly lifted onto a higher plane. He should be given greater opportunity to perfect himself. Every effort should be made by Nation, State, City, and Town to bar from the ranks those who are unfitted to impart knowledge. Both the teachers and scholars should be protected.

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Professor Search, of Centerville, and President of the State Board of Health, breakfasted at a workingman's cottage the other day. By stealth he managed to secrete a little of each plate offered. Here's the bill-of-fare:

Sausage — This sausage was colored with a coal tar red dye to give it a fresh appearance. It was also adulterated with flaked corn grits and salicylic acid.

Apple Butter — This contained a coal tar dye, a good proportion of glucose, and salicylic acid.

Butter — This was colored with annatto.

Bread — This was poorly baked and contained malt extract.

Coffee — This was artificially glazed and colored to cover imperfections of the grains.

Potatoes — The only normal article on the table.

No wonder the workingman drinks. What an opportunity for the liquid reformers to labor on dry land!



Banker Bent's wife is planning the Major's new Hill-Top residence. Mrs. Bent never studied architecture, never planned anything, not even a "whiff from the woods" pillow-cover, and the Major can afford to hire a first-rate architect. We anticipate the result. Doors will slam against doors; windows will come in corners; closets will open from where bureaus ought to stand; the dining-room will be too small, and the sitting-room will be too large; the chimney will be just wrong for fire-places; the halls will wind round the rooms; and — well, no matter, Major Bent's house won't be any worse than lots of others right here and near here. An architect is the cheapest thing you can have about when you're house-building.



Polygamy is wrong; no Christian, nor moralist, nor respectable citizen is in favor of it. No polygamist ought to be in Congress; his place is in jail; but polygamy isn't the only sin perpetually practiced by Congressmen. Bad as it is, it isn't half as bad as bribery and the perjury that goes with it, for every Congressman who doesn't do his duty is a liar and a perjurer. He swore to be true to his Flag and

to what his Flag waves for, and when he isn't, he is the worst kind of a criminal, because he is a public criminal, a liar, a thief, a scoundrel, and a perjurer. Down with the polygamists; but our moralists and reformers will do well not to confine their onslaughts to this one sin — a great sin, because all sin is great — but a lesser sin compared with many other sins which are eating the life out of our Government.

Our Serial Story

About Me and Mine by Me

CHAPTER XVII

The Bluine Club, an exclusive mixture of Muchtown upper-crusts, was giving a "Selectine," in Major Cannard's music hall, for the benefit of the prevailing charity.

The tickets, each hand-painted and enclosed in a red leather cover, were six dollars net, and obtainable only by written application properly endorsed by some member of the Club.

Not for charity's sake, but for society's sake or for curiosity's sake, all the Toners were present, and many of the Apers who have no higher ambition than to occupy adjoining seats and to flutter when a Bluine smiles upon 'em.

This mixed musical was Muchtown's society sweller for the memorial season of '80-'81.

The committee, headed by Major Cannard's executive energy and common sense, had eschewed alleged local talent and had engaged famous out-of-town artists.

The stage part of the show was a huge success, an artistic success, a popular success, at times altogether too artistic and too classical to be appreciated by the audience, who were on more intimate terms with His Highness, "Captain Jinks," than with Chopin, Mozart, or Handel, and whose real tastes ran closer to a vaudeville monologue than to a musical slice from Mendelssohn.

Fortunately, the artists had intuitively sized-up their hearers, and the programme, while apparently classical, was not devoid of jiggy numbers, skilfully disguised and ingeniously sandwiched between the heavy stuff, and the performers took big liberties with the score, interloping many a bar of jingle, and lightening up the sober tones so that at times it seemed as though the Old Masters were on a jamboree.

The skirted part of the audience were over-dressed to the naked point of under-dress, and every man wore a waiter's uniform. Incidentally they followed the gilt-edged programme, and occasionally listened to the music, laughed or giggled at inopportune times, and sat rigid when an under-current of stringed inspiration was at its flood. They came to see each other and to be seen, and the entertainment part was hardly more than an excuse for assembling.

The Honorable Franklin Frank-

fort, Muchtown's polite politician, sat behind Josh Jotter, Esquire, the mill-manipulator. The Honorable Franklin came in late. He tried to find the running place on his programme, and his eyes settled on a composition by Handel about to be performed by a famous Boston musician.

"Say," he said, grasping Josh, Esquire, by the shoulder, "Has Handel sung yet?"

"No," was the reply, "but he's a-goin' to pretty soon."

And the Honorable Franklin Frankfort and Josh Jotter, Esquire, were by no means alone in their ignorance of music and of things musical.

Three months afterwards, the Grand Treasurer, his Assistant Grand, and their Associates, with the help of three Grand Auditors, figured out a surplus of 97 cents over and above expenses, and a great charity was relieved.

(To be continued in our next.)



Minding your own business is a mighty poor recommendation to citizenship.



The most inane words of type or pen are the dialogue quotations at the bottom of theatrical posters.



Hayfield has a pretty good sort of a library, and doesn't propose to match ten thousand dollar bills with any self-monument seeker.



VOLUME ONE

NUMBER NINETEEN

There hasn't been an automobile run-over since Judge Fair started to fine the poor and jail the rich.



The editor of our greatest religious paper, which at times approaches Christianity, in writing to our leading woman's journal — the grandest home periodical in the world — makes these astounding remarks:

"To dress intelligently and attractively, so far as one's means will permit, is just as much a part of a rational and well-rounded life as to be truthful and honest. We owe to those who live with us the courtesy of being well-dressed."

These are the words of a moral authority, a man who stoops from the top to reach the people, and he says 'em in a paper which is saturated with sense and morality. Can he mean what he writes? It seems incredible. Taste in dress is one of the niceties of life, but can it be reckoned as a necessity?

Has it a right to sit beside Truth and Honesty? If so, let us sell the back pages of our Bibles to dry goods stores and modistes, let dress be a part of our moral code, and well-dressed women be stained into Church windows. Tastefulness in dress is not to be forgotten, but don't put it on the front seat, and don't let it help drive the Van of Christianity.



"I feel 20 years younger!" exclaimed old Tom Tongue, the stable-keeper and horse-swapper, who thought he had been ailing for the last dozen years.

"Did Doc. Wellman fix you up?" inquired one of the listeners.

"Doc. Wellman be ——!" cried the renovated hostler. "No more doctors for me."

"What cured yer?" somebody asked.

"Doctor Bill's Renovator fetched me."

"Sho!"

"Did it? Look at me. For nigh on to 12 year I've never had a day when I wasn't sufferin', and I couldn't sleep, and I couldn't walk without groanin'. I took six bottles, and look at me. I'm a tee-totally well man."

"Pshaw," remarked a little fellow on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Say, Tom," quizzed he, "was yer real sick 'fore?"

"Jumpin' colts!" yelled Tom, "do yer mean to tell me I wasn't?"

"Course not," said the interrogator.

"Then what did yer mean?" demanded Tom.

"Well, I've known yer most on to 30 year, and you've always had somethin' the matter with yer; least, yer said yer had; and yer know Doc. Wellman told yer a year ago last June that there wasn't a weller man in Hayfield, and all the matter wid yer was yer thinkin' so. So Doctor Bill's Renovator cured yer, did it?"

"It did," shouted Tom, "Now look-a-here, see this," and he pulled out a Crosstown paper. On the first page was a picture that would have looked like Tom if he'd been six times as good looking as he is, and underneath was printed in big type the testimony of the "Hon. Thomas Tongue, the famous stockman of Hayfield."

Tom never had anything but dyspeptic, underfed nags that never had to be hitched to anything 'cept to keep 'em from falling down. Then came a reproduction of a letter supposed to have been written by Tom.

"Did yer write that?" asked a bystander.

"Sure," replied Tom.

"Gosh!" ejaculated somebody, "You must have eat a dictionary for breakfast."

Half of the people in town are patent medicine toppers. Here's a chance for the Blue-ribbon folks to get in some fine work. Tom feels better. Why? Because he's getting the first effects of alcohol. "Doctor Bill's Renovator," according to the chemists, and they ought to know, is made of mighty poor whiskey, with cheap physic as a chaser. As there never was anything the matter with Tom, almost any kind of concoction will make him feel better, but when you add whiskey to the mind cure and put in physic as a side, something has got to be doing. Tom relishes his medicine. As he never had any of the troubles that go on the label, the whiskey and physic don't have a tough job chasing away what he never had. Tom'd better go to some grog-shop and get better stuff for less money. In a month or so the bracing effect will wear off, then the taker goes to bed, lets the alcohol work its way out of his system, tries another kind of medicine, braces up again, and so on, in the end paying ten times as much as a good doctor would charge, and all the time getting the liquor taste.

Whiskey or no whiskey, patent medicine taking is mighty risky business. The label on the bottle can't diagnose. What's good for one may be no 'count for another. The bottle hasn't any judgment. The swallowing of patent medicines is

one of the greatest signs of degeneration. Folks who take 'em for the most part represent the derelicts of sense. If they had any, they wouldn't be so foolish. Does it seem reasonable that a concoction of carelessly gathered herbs, cheap alcohol, physic, and other stuff, mixed up in a factory vat, bottled like beer, and sold promiscuously, will do what the thousands upon thousands of skilful American doctors can't handle? Hardly any of these medicines have any medicinal quality whatever, and the few which do are questionable, because the taker doesn't know whether or not the combination is adapted to him. The testimonials are generally genuine, but read 'em carefully. Most of 'em that sound big are by some brother, or cousin, or far-removed relative of some great man, not the great man himself, and the occasional signers of reputation may have been fooled by the alcohol and write their testimonials under the stimulus of liquor. If the patent medicine taker could see his medicine made, he wouldn't take it.

Patent medicine works are mostly bottling establishments. Some herbs, some coloring matter, some physic, and some alcohol, are put into barrels, piped to run into a common vat, bottled, labeled, and sent out to fool people. Nearly all the good of the patent medicine is in its label. Soak it off, you patent medicine taker, stew it in syrup, add a little poor whiskey or rum, a pinch or two of rhubarb, or any other kind of physic, and

you may get the same thing and save money. Patent medicines are made for fools, and fools take 'em. Wise folks, never.

A crusade against patent medicines would be the greatest temperance movement in the world; but it won't come off for a while, because a big part of the prohibitionists are patent medicine toppers.

No medicine is fit to take without a doctor's advice, and wise people employ a physician. A fool doctor is safer than a bottle of patent medicine. Go to any reliable druggist, take him by the hand, and say with all the earnestness you have or can borrow, "My friend, would you, on your honor, advise me to take this patent medicine?" See him color up, hesitate, pull himself together, and then answer with a manly "No!"

It will be easy to compile a directory of fools, for all the canvasser will have to do is to look over the patent medicine mail and copy the addresses from the letters written in confidence, opened by girls, sorted in barrels, and jobbed out, the value of each letter being reckoned by the amount of folly in it.



Hard-boiled facts count. With facts and figures on our side, and syrupy sentiment on the other, the Mower's with the F's. Dr. Bright, the expert on practical therapeutics, has some booming bombs up his sleeve. He's been diving into the Star County health report.

Two years ago, 2,305 children

under five years of age, out of a population of 255,664, died. Last year, with a population of 100,000 more, there were only 1,570 deaths among very small children. The mortality was halved. What did it? Health Commissioner Sole gives two reasons. First, the inauguration of a rigid inspection of the milk supply; second, the distribution of circulars of information on the care of infants to every family in which a birth has been reported.

Doctor Sole says that a continuous and marked decrease of infant mortality dates from the time these circulars were first distributed.

Think of it. Dwell upon it, you Hayfield sentimentalists, who believe that unaided maternal instinct is safe to trust.

Love, maternal or otherwise, is never intentionally ignorant. Love is akin to progression. Love breeds knowledge. Love never sits still. Love never does what grandmother did just because she did it. Love doesn't make lonesome mistakes. When it errs it intelligently blunders. Love learns all it can. The ignorance of general parentage isn't parental love at all. It's parental instinct. Animal instinct is reasonably safe, for that's all the animal has, and Nature kindly endows his instincts with caution. Human instinct is little better than superstition, and it's the riskiest of human possessions. If human instinct were safe, man would have no use for free agency, and he would as soon follow the cow to water, and half the time miss the water.

A captain of industry, a czar of 10,000 men, an army of workers hived together like hogs in pens, calloused shoulder to calloused shoulder, worn arm to worn arm, horny hand to horny hand. Not that they might unitedly wage the War of Flag or the Strife for Principle, but that they might win for their owner the brutal fight of might against right—which the world calls business. Business better be in better business.



Why wouldn't it be a good idea to have the public schools teach newspaper reading? The teacher might read a synopsis of the real news of the day, and the children be encouraged to keep posted upon current events of importance. The Newspaper is the Engine of the Train of Progress. To know how to read a newspaper may be more essential than to know how to analyze a flower, or to decline a foreign verb. A few minutes a day would suffice. There are few homes without newspapers, and the work, regulated in the school, would be realized in the home.



Capital, labor, oil, and water won't mix till you shake 'em up together, work 'em side by side, neither on top nor at the bottom; and they'll never get there till folks get better, not better in spots, but better all over, clean all through both ways. Societies for the knocking of sense into people are worth all the reform pets and prohibition

fads in creation. Common sense is the best medicine for the cure of all human ills. Sensible folks don't fight. They do right most of the time, and want to do right all of the time. It's pretty near time for decent people to brace up and hand 'round some of their good things. Most of our goodness is bottled up and kept in cold-storage. When all the good in the world gets into circulation, 'twill be mighty hard to pass the bad.

Our Serial Story

About Me and Mine by Me

CHAPTER XVIII

I'm saying goodbye to Muchtown. In two short weeks, I'm to leave her hill-walled valleys, her tree-covered avenues, her one street of irregular blocks, her syrupy society, and her common people whom I loved as brothers. They smiled me a welcome, and they would sob me a farewell.

A syndicate of capitalists, who knew how to run a newspaper because they never had anything to do with one, wanted an organ for they knew not what. They were dissatisfied with the *Journeyer*. It wasn't tony enough for 'em; they wanted more pages, deeper and thicker editorials, and other things which contribute to the few and not to the many. They didn't

know what they wanted, but what they didn't know they wanted they thought they wanted. They proposed to establish in Muchtown, a great inter-metropolitan journal, a partisan newspaper, with no advertisements on the first page, and a Gothic typed motto at the head of the editorial column. They wanted something big, and as a matter of fact bigness was about the only idea they had in the matter, beyond that it must be a red-line Republican sheet dedicated to its party's god.

Of course, these would-be journalists, these ink-spillers in embryo, these men with a party, with or without a principle, these type-and-ink heroics, didn't approach me like men. They hired a political lawyer, a fellow with more tricks than law in him, to throw out a line baited with stealth. I'd been under water before, and I knew the shape of a hook, and I didn't bite. Then they sent two doctors, a boot-maker, a cloth manufacturer, an iron founder, and a school teacher, to tell me that the *Journeyer* was losing its hold, and sooner or later must travel the road so many new newspapers had hobbled along before. I politely, but firmly, told my biased advisers to let my business alone and attend to their own.

For a while quiet was on Muchtown's river of journalism, and there appeared to be no indication of a launch. But the uprising had not fallen. After a while the cashier of my bank called upon me, and sympathetically informed me that the *Journeyer* couldn't borrow any more money without putting up a

different kind of collateral from what it had heretofore advanced. I quietly informed this great financier, who looked bigger than his job, and whose independence consisted of being dependent upon his biggest depositors, that the *Journeyer* was seriously considering a change of banks, and that his kind and disinterested call had facilitated the matter. Instantly he fell upon himself, expostulated, and humbly offered me better terms than his bank had any right to give me. But it was too late. The *Journeyer* had been insulted and was in a retaliative mood. The next day, all the *Journeyer's* money, and the balances of ten of Pittsfield's leading merchants, were formally transferred to the rival bank.

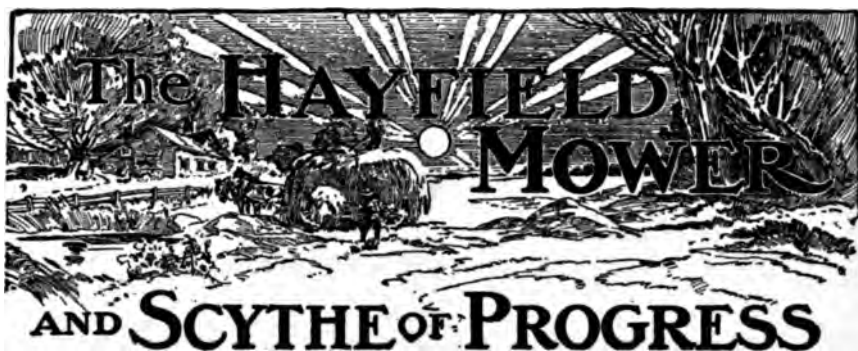
Then those great capitalists threw down their masks and came up to the business line. They actually called upon me, and made me a fair and square business offer, an offer for more than the *Journeyer* was worth to me or to them. I loved the *Journeyer*; it was my first born; it seemed to be a part of myself; but the *Journeyer* had its price, and its price was offered, and like a sensible man, I sold it.

The *Journeyer's* buyers formed a corporation, with a president, a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer, a board of 25 directors, a business manager, an assistant business manager, an advertising manager, two advertising solicitors, an editor-in-chief, a managing editor, a city editor, three outside editorial writers, five reporters, and sixteen paid out-of-town correspondents. They bought

a new press, guaranteed to print more *Journeyers* in an hour than the whole town of Muchtown, and its suburbs, would purchase in a week; and they put in a new dress of type; and they enlarged their paper from four pages, 28 columns, to eight pages, 48 columns. They had a literary department, and an original story every day, and three columns of telegraphic news at a cent a word.

The actual cost of running the *Journeyer* was over six times more than its entire receipts. The editor-in-chief had just escaped from college, had two degrees and a head full of education. He was one of the 27 editors of the *College Bladder*, had actually written on an average a stick-full of matter a week, and was filled to the head-top with lack of experience, expansive conceit, and explosive enthusiasm. The managing editor was an extrudgist. The city editor was an imported article, who had never been to Muchtown, and knew nothing about it. The reporters were all college men, chums of the editor-in-chief, and each of them had written at least six essays. There wasn't a practical newspaper man in the lot, and for three months the *Journeyer* was a sort of unhappy cross between a magazine and a newspaper. Then the capitalists sold it to a practical newspaper man, a graduate of a printing office, for half the money paid me for it, and the *Journeyer* is still running, making money, and is as good a paper as Muchtown has a right to enjoy.

(To be continued in our next.)



VOLUME ONE

NUMBER TWENTY

Folks who expect the Mower to furnish free booming for all the new movements, are reminded that editing a newspaper is as much a business as selling groceries or raising hens. Puffing everything, from fairs to politicians, won't buy coal.



The Rev. Robert Befair, pastor of Centerville's big Church on the Hill, is a mighty good example of practical piety. He's all the time doing things which please the Christians and offend the Churchers. Religion to him is a tangible commodity—something to hold, feel, and see. He's always on the right side of everything, and you always know that he's there. When anything is up, he's up to it, right alongside of it. He isn't one of those fellows who'd rather pray than work, 'cause you can lie abed praying. Don't think he doesn't pray, for he does, and his prayers count; they're real prayers, prayed

by a real man, who doesn't want the Lord to do it all, and who is willing to help the Lord to help him.

Sunday before last, Parson Befair preached a sermon on "Consideration," and he was loaded for it. He didn't use bird-shot or miss fire either. He had something to say, as usual, and said it right out, no reservations, no rebates for the center pews.

"My friends," said he, "in the considerations of life the Church should lead. No other institution has more right, more responsibility, or more opportunity. The Church is altogether too often beaten in the open race of progress. God is civilized, and the Church supposed to represent Him should be in the van movement. Little things—not little things, for there is no such thing as a little thing—but what we call little things—count mightily in the balance of living."

Then he indulged in a conspicuous pause, and like a flash he cried:

"Women, remove your hats!"

Another pause, then softly:

"The ladies may keep theirs on."

The silence was oppressive. Slowly many hands reached upwards, and for the first time in the history of the Church, folks could see as well as hear.

Did all remove their head encumbrances? Oh, no; everywhere you find folks who'd rather go to hell in style than to Heaven in comfort. Fully a dozen didn't make a move; they just sat there, stared, and kept their hats on. Ten of the dozen were from Muché Circle, Centerville's aristocratic district, the pasture of snobs. They were ladies.

"Very well," remarked the pastor, after he had noticed the opposition, "I said ladies might wear their bonnets, and I see that they're doing so."

But there was a row afterwards. Several of the folks who removed their hats didn't like it, and told their pastor so; but it didn't phase him.

"The Church isn't going to be behind the theater, in consideration," said he, and he added emphatically, "I'm going to preach to a hatless audience or I don't preach."

That settled it. Decent people were in the majority, and decency won as it always does when it has a leader.

Yesterday, Mrs. Knickerbocker Kinks called upon the Rev. Robert Befair.

"Mr. Befair," she said with flashing eyes, "I protest."

"I'll file your protest, madam," replied the minister, blandly.

"I shall wear my bonnet in Church," she almost screamed.

"You shall not," said the clergyman with unmistakable firmness.

"Then I warn you," she cried, "that I shall withdraw from your Church."

"Madam," he said, quietly, "I should be much pleased to record your absence."

"What!"

Mr. Befair made no reply.

Mrs. Kinks drew herself together with a snap.

"Let me remind you," she said with what she thought was well-bred emphasis, "that my husband and myself are the largest contributors to the support of your Church. If we leave, we'll carry with us a dozen of the most influential families."

"Stop!" said the pastor, with that calm positiveness that always calls a halt.

Mrs. Kinks quieted down.

"Mrs. Kinks," said he, "I want you, and your influential families, to distinctly understand that our Church would receive with much pleasure the announcement of your and their withdrawal. For myself, I should hail with delight the absence of the class you represent, a class which is an injury to every Church it attaches itself to. Let me assure you that it will give me pleasure to assist you and your friends in consummating your determination. I sincerely trust that you will not reconsider and remain with us."

Mrs. Kinks was going to explode.

"Say it outside," said Mr. Befair, as he politely opened the door and ushered the snob-lady into the street.

Good for the Rev. Robert Befair. The sooner the Church realizes it isn't a saloon for style, or a club for snobs, or an asylum for patronage, the quicker it will find its pews filling up with a congregation of people who use their heads when they worship the God of Wisdom.

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Hayfield's a great place for the weak, sick, and weary. Come out here, convalescents, and listen to the quiet.

## Our Serial Story

### About Me and Mine by Me

#### CHAPTER XIX

With twice as much money as I had when I entered Muchtown, and with every cent of it in cash, in the bank, subject to check, I cast about for a new location.

I had carefully recorded the mistakes of my first independent venture, and I had separated them into their component parts, that I might the more closely study them, and the more perfectly learn of them.

I left Muchtown twice the man I was when I came there, fortified with a judicious number of blunders and of successful achieve-

ments, both kinds of results happily blended to my best advantage. To some extent, at any rate, to a much greater extent than before, I had discovered what not to do and how not to do it.

A year in the mill of experience, between its hardened stones, had pressed out of me many of my foolishnesses, and had crushed me into much more successful shape.

I was calloused by experience, trained by hard exercise in life's gymnasium, and into me was beginning to run a stream of clearer sense, which dissolved my clots of conceit and rounded them into lumps of self-respect and self-reliance.

I was beginning to know myself, to know what I could do, to know what I couldn't do, not fully, tho', for I had much to learn; but I realized that I had much to learn, and that realization began to put me into proper balance.

My self-conceit did not all disappear, enough remained to give me the self-confidence and courage necessary at this life point; but I had my worst parts under some control, and the best of me was getting the best of my worst, although at times it did not seem to make rapid progress.

Where to go was the question. The world was longer and wider and broader to me then. Outside the boundaries of my native State was wilderness and intellectual chaos. The Muchtown pricks hadn't bled me of my Bay State overweening State-conceit. Even then, sore at my dashes against Massachusetts rocks, I regarded

my State as the State of all that was representative of the highest civilization. It took another battle with New England conceited conservatism to inform me that the State of my birth was only one among the American many, with a score of others as healthy, as vigorous, as modern, as progressive, as enlightened, as civilized, and some more so.

In the pride of my ignorance, I deigned not to consider any city or town outside of Massachusetts, for no other place could be worthy of me, worthy of my inheritance, worthy of my ability, and worthy of my conceit.

The rushing city of Northville, Muchtown's only acknowledged rival, or rather, Muchtown's greatest enemy, for Muchtown officially admitted no rival, shook opportunity in my face, but I brushed it away. In those days, Northville was smaller than Muchtown. I wouldn't descend. I reckoned a town by the number of its people, not by the enterprise of its citizens.

Great Barreltown spread out its possibilities, and bade me welcome. Great Barreltown! Bah, too small by ten thousand.

Both my eyes rested upon Springfield, the biggest city of its size in America. I went there. I put up at the best hotel; I hired a horse; I wore a new suit; I talked with Springfield and allowed Springfield to talk with me. The Great American Newspaper didn't even nod to me, but there was something in its silence which seemed to suggest the probability of that kind of war

which both mutilates and kills, the war of ignorance. Wisely, I did not sound my battle cry. Even then discretion wasn't an unused part of me. I had some sense, and knew somewhat how to use it. I would let Springfield live without me, flourish without me, and she did.

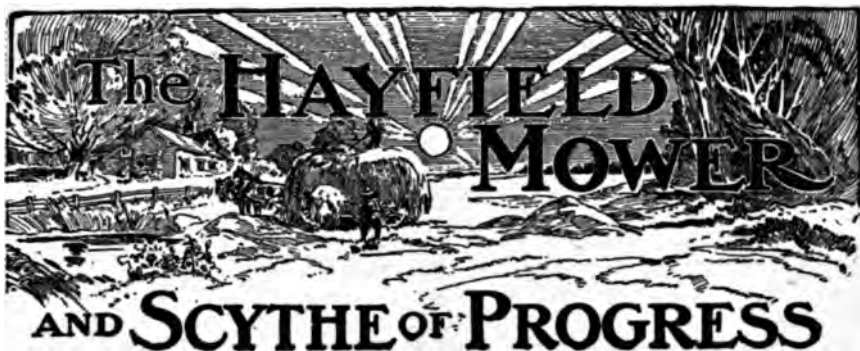
Of course, there was Boston, my old home-city. But no, I'd not return to the fields of my first battles. Even then, I realized that Boston was larger than I was, and that many times my bank account would be too small to buy or to establish anything worth while, and especially worth my while.

Not unnaturally, I stopped off at Centergrade. I'd been there before, and walked up its Front Street, so called because it wasn't in front of anything in particular; and the street which it led into, rightly called Main Street, because it was the main street.

I knew nothing of Centergrade, outside of a few speaking acquaintances; I had never spent a night there, save one at its hotel; and a hotel, and especially a Centergrade hotel, is no part of its town and has no local interest.

Because I knew nothing of Centergrade, save my street-eye view of it, Centergrade impressed me. Externally it seemed to be a city of homes, of home-business, a rendezvous of home-pride, a geographical center of local patriotism, good-will and fraternity. I was too pleased with the outside to probe the inside. I accepted appearances, and went to Centergrade.

(To be continued in our next.)



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VOLUME ONE

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE

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You can't inherit education.

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Help Nature, don't boss her.

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The optimist has an easy time of it—he smiles while others work.

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If you've no friends at home, you haven't any anywhere else.

~~~~~

If you don't destroy the bad, you can't get a clean rock-bottom foundation to build the good upon. Destruction is the first law of progressive accomplishment.

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The quiet fellow in the corner may not be thinking. Perhaps he doesn't know enough to think, and would be darned glad to talk if he had anything to talk about. Silence isn't a sure sign of wisdom, nor talking a forerunner of brains.

Twenty-five killed and 50 injured. The engineer to blame, of course. Arrest him. Shut him up for manslaughter. The poor devil is responsible. He hasn't any friends. No matter if the weather was too thick for him to see the signals. No matter if he was worrying about the mortgage his poor pay couldn't lift. No matter if he was tired out from over-work, and had to put splinters in his eyes to keep 'em open. He was on the engine when the train went down. He fell, injured, burned, and scalded, suffering the tortures of a physical hell. Good enough for him! He's only a workman. It's a good deal easier to malign him, and to shut him up if he lives, than it is to jail the fellows really at fault.

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We sent out our reporter last week to interview the Claw-Hammer squad, those greater or less dudes, who find a bob-tailed coat or an open front jacket necessary

to the digestion of after-six-o'clock-food. Our reporter put it to 'em this way:

"Why do you wear evening dress?"

"I wear evening dress," said Major Muster, "because I like to freshen up after the work of the day."

"Do you strip to the skin, take a rub down, and put on fresh underclothes?"

"Oh, no," replied the Major, "I just change my outer garments."

The Major calls that freshening up.

The next feller interviewed was a counter-jumper. He said he put on evening dress because the others did. Good for him. He told the truth. Not one of the interviewed spoke about comfort. Most of 'em did it because they wanted to, and those who wanted to wanted to because others wanted to. There doesn't appear to be one single, isolated, lonesome, all-by-itself, sensible reason for dining in the head-waiter's costume. It's the style; that's enough for most people; but somehow, the brainy folks are getting sick of this sort of useless nonsense, and half the folks at the really big dinners come dressed for comfort. The snob has to dress, because folks might not discover that he is a snob if he didn't, and as snob-bishness is all there is to him, he would be nothing if he wasn't snobbish; but real sensible people do about as they please, follow style to an extent, but not to an uncomfortable extent, and they wear evening dress just about as

little as they can, for they know that the bob-tail coat doesn't stand for anything, has no significance, is worn by cheap people more than by real people, and is more likely to be the uniform of the snob than the dress of sense.



If Amos Asser had his way, Hayfield would just be getting her feet on the outside boundary of Dark-Age enlightenment. Amos believes in one educational book—the almanac; one policy—save, even if you lose; one God—money; one desire—to keep, never to give. And Amos isn't lonesome; there're lots like him.



Something must be wrong somewhere when any fellow who has made a hit at law, business, politics, or anything else, can be Secretary of War or Secretary of the Navy, and without knowing a single thing he is doing, be Business-Manager-in-Chief of the field-hardened soldier and sea-beaten sailor, who know more about warring to the square inch than Mr. Secretary does to the square foot, and that is 144 to 1.

It ain't right to put a crack lawyer, a big-soapmaker, or somebody else without any practical practice, in charge of the technical things of Government.

Experience is just as necessary as air.

Let the Secretaries advise the President, if the President can stand it, but make 'em keep their

fingers off things they don't know about.

The Head-General and Top-most-Admiral ought to run things according to experience and knowledge, subject to law, of course, but not interfered with by kid-gloved civilians, who can't load a gun or steer a jolly boat. Think of a big, gray-haired general, or an admiral, filled to the hatch with trained experience, taking orders from a fellow in a bob-tailed suit, who never smelt powder and knows more about boxing champagne than boxing a compass.

If the fellow who knows — who knows because he learned to know, ain't going to be allowed to do the commanding, what's the good of knowing anything about what you're going to do?



For the most part, the Four Hundred consist of papier-mache males and females.



The school teachers are becoming Unionists. Good for the school-marms and school-masters. The more union and co-operation the better. Heaven favors organization and sets the example. Even organized bad is safer than sin running loose. Organization multiplies effectiveness. By all means let intelligence unionize, co-operate, and systematically expand. Individuality isn't worth much by itself. It's like a pool without an outlet; no life to it. It's the scum

of capital and the riff-raff of labor that make all the trouble. The better part of capital and labor never refuse to shake hands and talk matters over. It's only when they're both ignorant, or one is ignorant, that there's no settlement. Universal intelligence-spreading is worth more than all your petty reforms put together. Prohibition antagonizes; intelligent co-operation encourages. Let all the reformers flock into the confederation of labor, and boom general gumption and good-will for everybody.



A great man is never afraid to say, "I don't know."



Keep moving; inactivity is the breathing place of sin.



The world's getting better — much better. Religion is sinking deeper than it ever did into the general soul. Things seem to look worse, because the active forces of Christianity are arousing folks, stirring 'em up, making 'em see Truth; and they're stripping the hypocritical garments off of Sham and Imitation, till the black side of life, which used to be curtained off, is right out in the day-light, with Truth's Sun shining on it. We're getting down to rock-bottom. Empty Churches don't mean religious dyspepsia. Re-

ligion never was healthier. Folks are after religion. They go to the Church first for it, and if they don't find it, they hunt for it somewhere else. The Church never had so good a chance to do business.

## Our Serial Story

### About Me and Mine by Me

#### CHAPTER XX

Centergrade, Center County, Massachusetts, is self-billed "The Navel of the Commonwealth." It isn't anywhere near the middle of the State. It may be a part of the left lung of Massachusetts, but the "Navel of the Old Bay State." Never!

Centergrade by Nature, and in no other way, is elevated several hundred feet above the sea of modesty, and rests betwixt 17 hills and their accompanying valleys.

In my Centergrade days, 60,000 people ate, slept, gossiped, and fought within her zig-zag borders, and Centergrade was growing in population, and in the business that population brings—rapidly growing commercially, but in no other way.

The head-manufacturer of self-satisfaction and puritanical bigotry once received an order for many millions of tons of absolutely pure, super-concentrated conceit of the brand of respectable cussedness. For a year he refused all other

orders, and his infernal chemists and back-biting hellishers worked over-time to fill the commission. The entire product was consigned to Centergrade, arrived there under seal, was opened in cold-storage, and equably distributed among her inhabitants. The worst makes of Massachusetts conservatism were boiled, baked, and fried, till few soothing drops of liberality remained. The result, thoroughly seasoned and kiln-dried, became the principal constituent in the composition of Centergrade's microscopic welcome to the stranger who walked in his sleep long enough to irresponsibly cross her barbed-wire boundaries.

All the dry bones, all the omission faults, all the bad, and none of the good, of New England conservatism and exclusiveness seemed to meet in Centergrade, and to stay there.

Centergrade was representative of mossy old-fashionedness, lifeless conservatism, superlative hog-gishness, and intensified conceit—hamlets of houses, and of meeting-houses, where the "other fellow" was preached at and the stranger was lucky to get hold of two pinched fingers of frozen welcome. Centergrade's irreligiousness, which she hypocritically labeled religion, was "me first, and you afterwards, and no matter about the afterwards." On her Church mats, above her Church chancels, over her family board, hung one motto: "God bless you, damn you."

Centergrade was satisfied to have

God do all the good-doing, and she let God do it all. Her piety consisted of nodding nods of approval to the Creator. In her own little pot she steeped her daily tea from the dregs of the dimmest past, and woe be to him who dared drop a new leaf into her bitter brewing.

Save in more business, in more people, in more shelters to house her inhabitants, and in a few unavoidable, like street-cars, Centergrade progressed at the rate of one half a jot per decade.

Centergrade was a great big over-grown town in kilts. Here the moss and rust of arrogance and educated ignorance played the niggardly game of social riot, with no winners, and with losers taking turns at tieing.

Centergrade was a cheat; she seemed to be all she wasn't. Her beautiful residences, her shaded streets, her garden parks, her business, her meeting-houses, her people's clothes, fooled the stranger, and fooled me.

Centergrade had all the outside ear-marks of a delightful compromise between unhealthy cosmopolitanism and tiresome rurality. She seemed the ideal home-town. Upon her face beamed the perpetual smile of apparent welcome, and back of that smile, that hypocritical grin, was not a drop of red blood — no heart, not even a perishing ray of kindly light.

Centergrade's heart was as nerveless as an iron pump, and her good-will was as shallow as a painted smile.

Sufficient unto herself was Centergrade sufficiency. The dust of

her pride blinded her eyes, and she tumbled over her conceit. Each of her families lived in its own self-built or leased feudality, and there he and his wallowed in self-satisfaction, connected with their fellows by water-pipe and sewer, grocery clerk and butcher boy. There was no fraternity and no good-will in circulation, patriotism was nine parts conceitedness, and brotherly love ninety-nine per cent. alloy.

Centergrade's imposing steeples, on imposing foundations, pointed a way Centergrade wasn't going. Her home-houses were but headquarters for the spawning of selfishness and for what selfishness stands for.

All Centergrade played at the game of gossip, played it by day and played it by night, and her gossiping grounds were never vacant, for each player followed close to the one before him, and in continuity, each, with its viperous stick, kept the ball of trouble in constant motion.

Centergrade was in civil war, neighbor against neighbor, street against street, store against store, Church against Church, an everlasting battle of petty jealousy and self-fighting.

Such was Centergrade, my second adopted home.

Filled with a willingness to help others, as I would have others to help me, I entered Centergrade's gates, with great expectations, and with a heart glowing with natural warmth; and there, standing in Centergrade's center, I waited for the hand of welcome. It came



not. Willing, in the effervescence of my youthfulness, to go more than half way, yes, to go all the way, I reached out both my hands, and as I spun 'em round I struck at Centergrade's stones and bones with not life enough in 'em to even creep towards you.

I called myself together, and held a session with myself; then I adjourned, and met again, and then again; I reconsidered, and reconsidered my reconsiderations. I loved the world then, loved it as a child loves flowers, and as a child I grasped its pricks hunting for its roses. I love the world now; I shall always love it, for God made it, and the world, made by God, and perverted by man, and growing better or worse as you see it, must reach its God-given perfection even though the mills of its refining may grind for centuries more.

It was unanimously voted that as Centergrade knew not the feeling of the open hand she should feel the clenched fist; but I would not strike her with bare knuckles; it would be the velvety fist, but the fist just the same. My money was in Centergrade; put there for the mutual benefit of Centergrade and myself; Centergrade had fooled me, by deceit, by misrepresentation; she had brought me within her borders; she had robbed me; by force Centergrade should return to me my own, and I would take experience for interest.

The working out of my life's work, the beginning of the realization of my ambitions, were, by necessity, postponed. Until I got my

money back, for the money was mine, and I needed it, it would be a matter of business, of business as cold-blooded as was Centergrade's chivalry. I had invested in her frozen banks, and I would draw against my deposit until the last mill had left her miserly coffers.

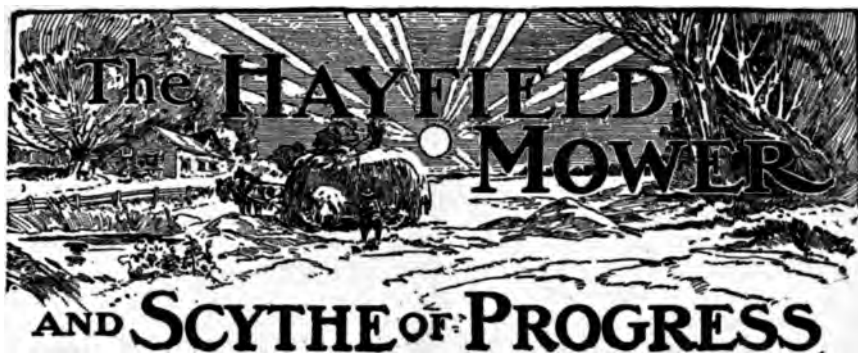
I gave Centergrade what she wanted, not what she needed — a social paper, which pleased her because it disgusted me.

The *Lamp* burned for Centergrade and for nobody else. It illuminated her conceit, it praised her ignorance, it flattered her society. The *Lamp* shed not one ray of intellectual light. It was filled with namby-pamby editorials, wishy-washy news, thin-air stories, and literary poppycock. It had 48 pages, was printed upon heavy paper from brand new type. It was like the modiste's creation, all outside. Centergrade was proud of it, and Centergrade bought it, and read it, and clipped from it, and mailed it to her neighbors.

From every standpoint, save that of intrinsic merit, the *Lamp* was a gigantic success. Every Wednesday I leaned out of my editorial window and laughed at Centergrade. She was paying me for making an ass of myself for her pleasure. The more asinine the *Lamp* was, the more she liked it, and the more she read it, and the more she patronized it.

Tell me what the people read, and I will tell you what they are. If you would know Centergrade, see her in the rays of the *Lamp*.

(To be continued in our next.)



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VOLUME ONE

NUMBER TWENTY-TWO

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Killing time is suicide.

~~~~~

Don't shine by your shoes only.

~~~~~

A town is known by the quality  
of its roads.

~~~~~

The goodness of the untempted
is as flat as eggs without salt.

~~~~~

There never was a Godless man.  
Godless folks aren't men.

~~~~~

The educated ass doesn't know
as much as the plain ass who
doesn't know anything.

~~~~~

The kid-gloved dude of skim-  
milk refinement has no business  
to despise the butcher at his  
father's roast-beef dinner.

A day or two ago, having an  
extra four hours on hand, we put  
on our long distance glasses,  
mounted the highest hill here-  
abouts, and cast a glance into the  
future. There, seated at plenti-  
ful tables, were authors and  
writers, and outside their doors  
were no saw-horses, wood-piles,  
and other things with which brains  
earn its living. In those glorious  
days Intellect appeared to be self-  
supporting.

~~~~~

In a prominent educational jour-
nal appears this advertisement:

"Wanted at Once

"Teachers for rural and graded
schools; \$8 a week and upwards.
Also two teachers for the South,
\$400."

Shame! Eight dollars a week
for teaching our boys and girls,
for giving them the first view of
life and strife! Ten thousand
times shame. The MOWER's for
economy, true economy; but eight

dollars a week for teachers isn't economy; it's blamed meanness.

"Can't afford to pay more," somebody says. You can't afford not to. The community, too poor to employ over-eight-dollar-a-week teachers, ought to have its boundaries flagged to keep people from moving in. The State has no business to allow teachers to work for eight dollars a week, and it's the State's business to help her poorer districts. Eight dollars a week! God save the boys and girls.



He's as shallow as a lithographic mill-pond.



Our greatest living statesman, the equipoise of whose ability is recognized by the intelligence of both Parties, was taking a journey. His wife and little ones were with him. In beauty of womanliness, in clean-cut sense, in all that goes to make a woman all-woman, the wife of this great man has been the admiration of the world. The children behaved; no loud talking, no jumping, no uneasiness save the irrepressible buoyancy of healthy childhood. The maid was dressed like a woman; no apron, no badge of servitude. The master helped her up the car steps, and the mistress smiled whenever she spoke to her. The servant of greatness is never a slave. They traveled in the regular coach, and sat partly apart for want of room. The

whole outfit represented common sense, high-art culture, and delightful naturalness.

To the rear of the train was hitched a private car, for the exclusive use of a man whose bigness was confined to his conceit and to his money. He would not expose his sacred family to next-seat contact with the common people — his superiors. He would buy forced exclusiveness by the circular foot, and swell in it.

The statesman's wife had one maid for four children; the swell man's wife had one for each pimpled kid, and they were aproned and capped, that the insipid, homely, lantern-jawed mistress might not be mistaken for one of the bright and sensible looking servants.

Real greatness wasn't afraid of being one of the people. Shoddyism never takes chances. It walls itself away from the public, and the public is to be congratulated.

It was further noticed that the statesman's family didn't turn over the car seats, but used what belonged to 'em — one seat apiece.



You can hide away from the world, but you can't run away from your conscience.



PAPA: — "Willie, you must never tell a lie."

WILLIE: — "I'd be lonesome at home if I didn't."

When women want to vote, all the men in Christendom will be as bubbles on the sea of opposition.



The Boston Galaxy of International Artists—that's the way they are billed—presented "Hearts Astray," last evening. The theater was packed with all kinds of audience, our folks from the Hill, our Half-wayers, and a big crowd of Meadowers. We don't have a Hayfield medley very often since the Hill-Toppers ran an imaginary fence 'round their domains and stuck up "Keep off the earth" signs.

"Hearts Astray" is a medley-drama of the seventh or eighth water. In the cast were six males; seven females; 13 pistols; four Winchesters; three bloodhounds; one saw-mill, with extra large buzz-saw; three dens of thieves; one horse (billed \$1,000, worth 40 cents); one snow and sleet blizzard; two thunder storms; one rapid transit moon which did six hours' business in 14 minutes; four bowie-knives; one rag baby of the "Me child, me child, who will save me child" brand.

The first act opened with the usual asinine conversation between two servants. No one heard what they said, and no matter. Hayfield society is always late, and nobody hereabouts is allowed to hear the opening lines. Then the star villain came in. He said—; no matter what he said; he said everything he shouldn't have said. Right in the middle of his lines the

head-hero rode in on horseback, and yelled some things that you don't often hear in Sunday School. He and the star villain had a fight, and before it had a chance to be a draw, the leading lady, with a thousand dollars' worth of second-hand, mildewed, fixed-over clothes, chasséd in and separated them.

In the second act, two men are killed, and the killing goes on until only one boss-hero, his head-girl, and one dog are left.

Just before the last curtain was about to drop, when the ladies and gentlemen were beginning to hustle into their rubbers and clothes, and there was more acting going on in the pit than on the stage, Claude, that's the handle-name of the fellow who loves the head-girl, said, loud enough for us to hear over the din:

"My precious, dear, darling, lovely bundle of saccharine, at last we're together, alone in this great big world, alone, alone, with none to step between us, for all have gone before us, gone to that bourne from which no traveler returns."

"Why don't you join the procession?" yelled a gallery god, and whack, the curtain pole struck the stage.

The acting was different from anything we've seen here or elsewhere. The company must have seen better times. It couldn't have seen worse. It was made of stage sweepings, the dust of art, and the refuse of the drama. The play itself had not a single thing in it, 'cept the end, worth writing on paper. It was too weak to hold up its own scenery. The acting would

have been worse than the play, if the play hadn't passed the line of competition. And, yet, the folks liked it, applauded, sobbed, and cried. Why? We'll tell you. Rotten as was its dialogue, exaggerated as were its lines, bum as were its actors, red-wickedness was up against pale-virtue, and wickedness got its deserts, and got 'em quick. Justice hustled. In a crude way things turned out as we wanted 'em to, not according to the way they do in real life, but about as they should do.

As affairs seem to be going now-a-days, it looks as though we're not likely to see virtue getting its reward, except the semblance of it on the stage. Something's the matter somewhere.

Quester and Answerer

A YOUNG MARRIED MAN asks: — "Why don't five-year-old-married people treat each other with the same consideration they did before marriage?"

ANSWER: — Simply because they're mismated. Before marriage they thought they loved each other, and the thought, while it lasted, appeared to be the same as the fact. Afterwards they knew they didn't. Perhaps they don't admit it, even to themselves; but it's so just the same. That's all there's to it; any other explanation is misleading, spurious, or the sediment of sentiment. Lovers before marriage are lovers after it. Folks who ought to be married,

united by heart and nature, get along as well after marriage as before. The only difference is in favor of after-marriage. We don't mean to say that they don't quarrel once in a while, because the best of friends occasionally spat, but being married hasn't anything to do with it. It's only when they've no business to get married anyway, that there's any dangerous difference in feeling or action. Very likely your mother won't agree with the Mower, and if she does, the chances are she won't admit it. So much the worse for your mother. If she knows how to think, and thinks, she'll recognize this homely truth.



Advice isn't always cheap. Sometimes it's a mighty expensive luxury.



Maybe Major Mudge's dude son will get sense — he's over-stocked with no-good goods. But if we bet on him, we'll put up everything to nothing that "Dudie" will never amount to enough to record. It's a scorching shame that so many brainy fathers have so many brainless children. Somehow brains don't seem to spread as they used to. Often the bigger the man, the bigger fool for a son. Perhaps our great men can't mix brains and sense in successful proportion. There's no excuse for a dude, and the dude's father ought to be taxed for keeping him.

Let your blood circulate.



Don't blame the dog; he may know more than his master.

Our Serial Story

About Me and Mine by Me

CHAPTER XXI

Everything about the *Lamp* was dedicated to the great middle stratum of society, or, rather, what is called society, to the betwixes and the betweenes, the unblooded, the apers, the copiers, the want-to-be-ers, the folks striving for what they'll never arrive at, the people that some folks call fools, others call snobs, but called sensibles by nobody. This class, or grade, comprise 100 per cent. of Centergrade's population, barring not exceeding 17 genuine blue-blooders, the working people, and some real folks sandwiched in between.

The *Lamp* didn't shine for all; it shone for most all of Centergrade, because most all of Centergrade, so much of Centergrade that generally speaking one might have said all of Centergrade, were representative of the undesirable elements of what is known as alleged respectability.

The *Lamp* began right — right for Centergrade. It settled in Centergrade's swellest building — two flights up, take the mahogany lined elevator.

The business office and cash-drawer occupied 700 square feet of hardwood floor, cherry roll-top desks, and counters, with rugs and silver plated water-cooler.

The editorial room was a dream in pink — silk curtains, pedestal lamps, upholstered sofas and divans, potted plants, and a manuscript shute. It looked like the reception room of a 23rd Street manicure. It broke the sanctum furnishing record.

The composing room was carpeted, the stands and cases were enameled, the imposing stones rested on gilt-edged stanchions, the benzine was in a cut-glass barber's bottle with hand-painted sides. Beside the foreman's copy-stand, stood an onyx tabled flower-pot, daily filled with scent-slinging flowers.

Adjoining the office was the *Lamp's* reception room, entirely distinct from the business department. Here a maid-in-blue, white-capped, pretty enough to suit the men and obliging enough to please the women (I beg your pardon, ladies, because there are few women in Centergrade), took your hat, poured lemonade for you, handed you a free copy of the *Lamp*, and waited on you in every way ingenuity and training could suggest. Copies of the Great Masters rested upon a rosewood table, and I never saw them do anything save rest there; but they gave a literary atmosphere and brought literature nearer to the callers than it ever came before. The furnishings were boisterously magnificent. Perhaps Mr. Spen-

cer wouldn't approve of "boisterously," but Mr. Spencer didn't live in Centergrade, and he had never visited the *Lamp's* reception parlor. There was over-doneness in every corner. In the center was a fountain lamp, a sort of indoor lighthouse, shooting up from the center of a gold-fishy lake, and from out of its miniature windows marbled angels let perfumed moisture slide between their outstretched fingers. The lamp at the top was always lighted, and a shifting shade kept "Welcome" ever going 'round and 'round. There was a cloak-room, a lavatory, and a free checking-box. Here the *Lamp* did for money what it pretended to do for love.

The whole affair, from type-case to parlor, was clear and sheer poppy-cock, fancy fixings to appeal to the vagaries of fashionable folly. The reception room idea caught instantly. Its brand of shoddiness just tickled Centergrade's palate. As it wasn't really any good, it appeared to be mighty good.

I had a board of 20 editors—one under pay, 19 purely honorary.

My paid editor was a genius. He knew Centergrade from the Lake to her most outside fence. He was born in Centergrade, lived in Centergrade, and knew no other city before Centergrade. He held his finger on the local pulse, and felt the beatings of what was supposed to be the Centergrade heart. He was as well acquainted with Jones as he was with Smith, and he knew to half a dot why Jones didn't like Smith, and why Smith hated Jones.

He carried in convenient storage, ready for immediate use, the correct initials of every man, woman, and child in Centergrade, and he could recall the full names of half of their antecedents. He was an all-around fellow, and could write on music as easily and as rapidly as he could turn out locals. His experience included the drama, art, literature, science, ministers' meetings, Church fairs, caucuses, parties, festivals, funerals, and marriages, and he always spelled the names correctly. He had but one fault, a terrible disease, for which there is no antidote, toxine, serum, or cure, save rope, gun, or electric chair—he wrote poetry, and he's writing it yet, sometimes under protection, more often on the firing line. Barring this out, he was the best writer in Centergrade. He did the pen and ink work, while I schemed and planned circulation onslaughts and other paper-builders. The combination was a winner. The *Lamp* didn't flicker, it shone for profit.

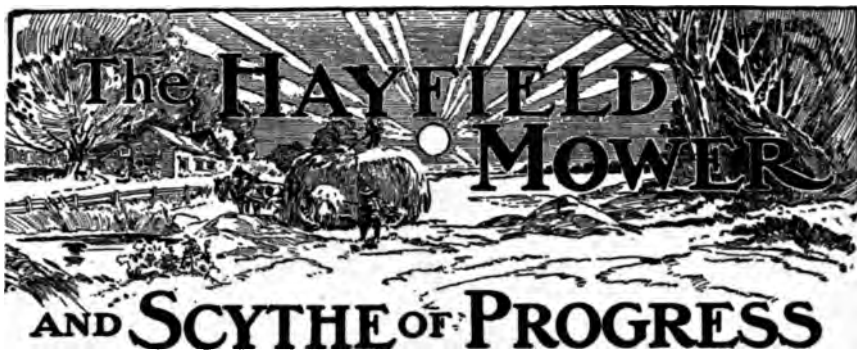
(To be continued in our next.)



Don't want for more than you can get.



To read Miss Smiley's article in a current magazine is like taking a drink of nothing out of nothing. Miss Smiley is to be congratulated upon covering 14 pages with sentences too thin to hold an idea.



VOLUME ONE

NUMBER TWENTY-THREE

You can't have too high a grade
of instructors.



The Christian laborers in a
Christian factory never strike.



We always feel sorry for the
folks who don't agree with us.



It doesn't cost anything to say
"Good morning," even if it's rain-
ing.



If clothes made the man, the
tailor would be the greatest work
of Creation.



What have you done? Don't beg
the question. What have you
done? If you don't know, there's
something the matter with you.

The Glorified Down-Here may
not be the Glorified Up-There.



Love and Gumption make the
team of Successful Get-There.



The lazy man is a fool; he works
harder doing nothing than busy
folks do keeping busy.



"Papa, do ladies wear trains in
the street?"

Yes, my son, but women don't."



One hundred and fifty legisla-
tors at \$1,600 a year will do better
work than 300 at \$800. You can't
get good stuff at cut rates. The
Mower is in favor of more qual-
ity and less quantity.

If you wait until you're sure, you may wait forever.



Religion is waiting for the Church to distribute it.



An ounce of what you can carry away with you is worth a ton of money.



The following is a copy of a circular letter mailed to the residences of our leading people. As the advertiser is successful (financially), and as he's in business for business, it's fair to assume that he knows what he's about, and that he wouldn't send his "literature" to our leading people if our leading people didn't buy his wares:

"Mrs. Davenport's case created a great sensation. She was regarded beyond any human aid, and at one time a neighbor said to another: 'If you wish to see her alive, call to-day.' When her husband began to buy Blank's Blankine for her, her friends watched, at first hopelessly, then curiously, then wonderingly, then triumphantly, for Blank's Blankine cured her. Hospital treatment and everything else failed. Her trouble was pernicious anemia, or poverty of the blood, and blood poisoning. Her condition was indeed pitiable. She was a hopeless invalid, suffering intensely from nausea and vomiting, and was bloated enor-

mously. She could not even lie down, and became so large she could not sit in a chair."

Marvelous! Wonderful! Miraculous! Shut up your sanitariums, kill your doctors, take Blank's Blankine and be ——!

How could she be a "hopeless invalid" and get well? But no matter. What's the good of consistency?

"Everything else failed." What a stomach she must have had, and live.

"She couldn't lie down, and she couldn't sit in a chair." Where was she, anyway?

Let the optimist read this advertisement; let him realize that it's only one out of a thousand; then let him apologize to the pessimist; let 'em both work together for the inculcation of sense into the Great American Fool.



You belong somewhere, and you don't belong somewhere else. Stay where you belong.



So long as the brave brains in the engine cab can't eat at the directors' table, this talk about a compensatory world is thin-aired nonsense. So long as education, and bravery, and skill live on wages, and trading-cunning luxuriates on salary, Civilization is still 'round the corner. There is something the matter when swapping jack-knives is more profitable than the trained skill of actual endeavor.

Too bad, very much too bad. We thought more of our famous female university, with its physical culture department, its microbe laboratory, its four lectures a week on hygiene, sanitation, and health. It has just celebrated its annual tree-day. Three hundred women were in the parade, each with trailing skirt, each a human broom, sweeping the dirt of the lawn. And this occurred right after Professor Wright's great discourse on, "The Long Skirt—Dirt's Friend and Woman's Enemy," delivered for the first time, only 10 days ago, in the chapel of this university. Verily, verily, Truth, and Science, and Right, and Cleanliness, have no show when they rub up against Custom, and Sense isn't worth a cent in Conventionality's market.



A couple of lunch-counter colliers struck town, last week. Because Hayfielders in general don't know what lunch-counter colliers are, we'll explain:

The lunch-counter collie wears pants and some of the other things pants stand for. He inhabits lunch-counters, and sometimes, but mighty seldom, you find him where there're chairs and tablecloths and regular sit-down conveniences. Mostly he's at the lunch-counter, where it is grab, take, and swallow. He's not an office boy, and he's never a country lad. He's 'twixt office-boy and responsibility, an under-clerk with clothes, most likely from some broker's office, or, perhaps,

he's a rich man's Misfortune with everything about him 'cept brains. He has a vocabulary peculiarly his own—his borrowed own, for he never originated anything. He never speaks without smirking, and when he's not speaking he's smirking just the same. He delights in such washed-out and dried-up expressions as, "Take care of yourself!" "Howdy, old man!" "What's the matter with Billie?" "He's all right," "Say, are you on?" "Well!" with the l's drawn out into the back-yard of the tongue. His victims are always lunch-counter waiter-girls, of course. He begins to talk when he strikes the counter, sets his mouth going, and keeps it going, mouth full or mouth empty, and his words sound something like a fellow talking in the next room with the door opening and shutting all the time. If he knows the waitress, no matter, and no matter if he doesn't know her. He hasn't but 15 cents to spend, so he starts in with, "Say, Sarah, what'cher got that's superfine?" He hasn't brains enough to order without help. Next he opens up a few personal remarks, always prefixed with "Say." He wouldn't know he was saying anything if he didn't say "Say" to jolly himself into it. "Say, Sarah," he repeats, "what did I see you with last night?" "Say, Sarah, who gave you the pin?" "Say, Sarah, going to the game, today?" Of course the poor girl answers; that's part of her business; and the same fellow tackles the same girl, or some other girl,

the next day, and the next day, and so on, and says the same things, and prefixes them with "Say, Sarah," or "Say, Maude," or "Say," any old name, year in and year out, for this fellow's mind never grows old. He can't mature. He began easy, and easy he will ever be, harmless, because he doesn't know enough to be bad, and when one sees much of him, he wishes men were kittens so folks could drown the off-ones.

Quester and Answerer

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD asks:—
"When should a girl marry?"

ANSWER:—(a) When she finds a man worth having, one whom somebody besides herself respects. (b) When the doctor says she's fit to assume the responsibilities of motherhood. (c) When she knows how to keep house and have and rear children. (d) When she's sure she'll be happier as half of two than as the whole of one. Committing matrimony unprepared is the most criminal of crimes.

~~~~~

WALTER says:—"Dad wants me to be a lawyer, and ma says I've had a call to preach. I hain't had much education, and I don't like school. What had I ought to do?"

ANSWER:—Go to work.

~~~~~

MOTHER writes:—"My son Charles seems to have no respect for me. What shall I do?"

ANSWER:—See if there's any reason for him to respect you.

Common sense is mighty uncommon.

~~~~~

Activity is the spirit of Heaven; Stagnation breeds the microbes of hell.

~~~~~

"By their clothes ye shall know them," may work at the summer hotel, but it doesn't fool our bank finance committee. You don't often find much of a man or woman inside of conspicuous clothes. Tastefully dressed folks don't carry extravagance on their backs. You never notice the clothes of a properly dressed man or woman. You notice the man or woman.

Our Serial Story

About Me and Mine by Me

CHAPTER XXII

In those days, I was a fraternity man. When just past my majority I began to join, to become a Mason, a Knight of Pythias, an Odd Fellow, a Red Man, a Knight of Honor, and a half dozen other assorted Knights. With a pocket half full of transfer cards, demits and deposit slips, I moved into the inner-chambers of Centergrade's secret houses. It cost a lot, more than it was worth in Centergrade, because Centergrade's organized fraternity wasn't any better than Centergrade.

Some of Centergrade's lodge rooms were nests of vituperation, and fraternity and brotherly love were confined to the parchment-charter rolls, glass-barred into their frames.

Centergrade's fraternities often hung their sentiments on their dead walls to die.

As a guest, I might have received two and a half fingers of refrigerated welcome; as a member, I sat on a cake of ice, while ice-sitters dozed about me in the frozen air.

The lodge-members went through their rituals, repeated the grand old lines of fellow-love and constant watchfulness, with the animation of a court-crier, all waiting for the go-home gavel; and when it fell, like sheep they filed into the coat-room, and homeward went their ways as silent as Government clerks at a stand-up lunch-counter.

Visitation days, the high officials and their staffs came in furs, accompanied by open-grate burners, to set in front of their official chairs, the only glow of warmth anywhere about.

Centergrade's fraternity was as limp as the stuffing of a chocolate éclair.

The *Lamp* deposited in the Thirty-Seventh National Bank—up one flight, turn to the left, walk softly, speak in a Centergrade whisper through a muffler.

I had a big deposit in those days, when Centergrade's banks paid interest on daily balances of \$100.

The president of the Thirty-Seventh National Bank of Center-

grade was mechanically glad to see me. With stereotyped cordiality he asked me to call next day, for by that time he expected to be able to obtain a special license from his board of directors permitting him to shake with a full hand and to unbend within ten degrees of the line of real welcome. He was a mighty good fellow once, and had drifted into Centergrade as I had, and some of his pores of good fellowship were not permanently clogged.

I asked the president about the financial standing of the local merchants, the fellows who were advertising in the *Lamp*. With the utmost frankness he spoke well of all who deposited in his bank, and the opposite of the chaps who misguidedly cast their cash elsewhere.

I crossed the street, and talked with the president of the Thirty-Sixth National Bank, and he told me all about all the bad things possessed by the folks who did business with the Thirty-Seventh National Bank.

It was impossible to truly gauge a man, for he was just as bad in one shop, or in one bank, as he was good in another.

Centergrade may have had a board of trade. Probably she did, but if she had one, it was hidden somewhere in the dust and rubbish, for I never saw it.

Not far from the *Lamp's* office stood People's Hall; a great, big, galleried, barny sort of an affair, dedicated to political riot and to more or less musical harmony. Here Centergrade's Annual Musi-

cal Festival was held. This function was Centergrade's top-most pride. She talked about it, and she bragged about it, and she did everything save enthusiastically support it. Few Centergrade men and wives, who willingly lose six dollars every circus day, could conscientiously buy a double ticket at four dollars. But Centergrade's Musical Festival Committee was a good buyer of melody, and the programme, for the most part, was filled by outsiders of a pretty good quality. Generally the hall was as much as half full, sometimes more, and occasionally every seat was sold, or taken, if Centergrade's neighbors came to the rescue.

Musical Centergrade, a little company of perhaps 27 families, I'll make it 29 for liberality's sake, really appreciated Centergrade's Musical Festival, but alleged musical Centergrade made the Festival a social event, slept through most of its numbers, and rubbed its eyes at a rag-time encore.

The *Lamp* gave a page a week to musical matters, not because its constituents read 'em, but because its readers wanted something musical in the house. Every woman with a piano used to turn to that page, and occasionally read its headings. It was edited by a soda-water clerk, who made a specialty of giving more foam to the glass than any other local dispenser of syrupy gas. The matter was unadulterated rot, in which were injected the names of the Old Masters and whole chunks of foreign made-overs. Occasionally the *Lamp* condescendingly spoke of

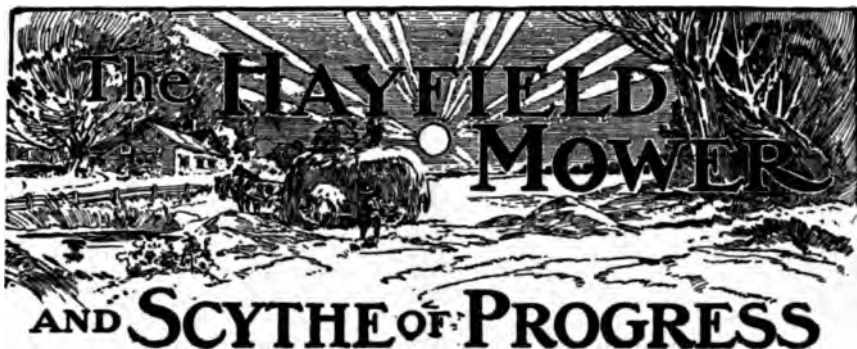
American music and musicians, but very seldom, for Centergrade's musicians, as they ran, knew too little of music to appreciate anything which hadn't passed through the custom house. The small-sized deposit box, in which was stored Centergrade's genuine love for music, offered its front half for rent.

Centergrade claimed to be literary. Ask the proprietor of her one book-store. Every time any one bought other than a paper-covered volume, the store-keeper ran out a flag, and his forty-year-old banner was as good as new.

But Centergrade had her literary clubs with their lunches of veal salad and sediment coffee, where females in stays and corseted men read sections of what they didn't know about the writers their hearers had never heard of. These soirées gave the talkers a chance to discharge their encyclopedic load, and their audience opportunities to think they thought.

The *Lamp* fairly sweat imitation literature. Its scissors sizzled with the gush of sloppy sketch, irrelevant review, and sappy story. I subscribed for the leading foreign journals, and whenever I ran across matter of no interest, and of no use to anybody, I pounced upon it, re-headed it, penned a scarlet introduction, and gave it to Centergrade. As few read it, and as none understood it, it was a taker. It looked tony, that was enough. Centergrade wanted appearances, and I gave 'em to her in allopathic doses.

(To be continued in our next.)



VOLUME ONE

NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR

Any fool can be a snob, and most fools are.



Active outdoor sin may be better than indoor virtue.



Don't dress like a fool, unless you're a fool. Oddity isn't originality.



Get together, Hayfielders. Common interests are a great lot bigger than personal differences.



The weights of Doctor Dudeman, our new society doctor, and wife, have a total of 135 pounds. Mrs. Dudeman's weight is 134 1/2 lbs. Doctor Dudeman is so light that the side of the balance he steps on bumps up.

A doctor in time saves a barrel of medicine.



When it gets fashionable to pay bills, some Hayfielders will go 'round clothed in burlap and horse-blankets.



You haven't any right to be prejudiced. The fellow who admits it, pleads guilty of being a rascal. Prejudice is one of the biggest sins afloat, one of the easiest to get and one of the hardest to get rid of. Prejudice, in high or low places, is doing as much harm as does anything else.



Woman wasn't a part of prehistoric swelldom. Then she was the beast of burden, the scape-goat of the tribe. Man, 2000 years ago, smoked the pipe of peace, or sharpened the hatchet of war, in the cool shade of his wigwam, while woman

cooked the food, washed the dishes if there were any, made the clothes, hoed corn, did everything save hunt, and would have hunted if hunting hadn't been a sport, and lazy men reveled in any kind of sportive work. Now, look at it! Woman is the great American boss of man. She's the power behind the man, greater than the man himself. On the streets she has the inside. In the car she needn't ride backwards, and she sits while man, often more tired than she, hangs on to the straps. Egotistical man may believe that he is still on the upper roost and cock-a-doodle-do of all he can crow at, but he isn't. Man may have thought that because he signs the checks and holds the stocks he's the lord of creation and can jingle destiny in the hollow of his hand. Man fools himself. Man may have been made first, but woman came so soon afterwards that man has forgotten he ever was in the blissful state of being sole monarch of all that could be surveyed.



John Jackson, an undergraduate at Hayfield's swellest private school, was sent to jail for 30 days by Judge Just, for breaking a window and stealing a sign.

"Did it just for fun," testified John. "All we sophomores have to do such things."

John's father leased a prominent lawyer, who spent two hours telling the Court about John's respectability and his family connections.

"I'd have made it 10 days," said His Honor, dryly, "if there hadn't been so much respectability to it."

Judge Just is just. More like him would raise the local standard.

The slum rowdy is bad enough, but he isn't half so big a menace to society as is the well-to-do-man's son, who, for fun's sake, lowers himself to the level of the gutter.

Stealing bread for hunger's sake may be excusable, with extenuation attached to it, but stealing for fun's sake is the act of a degenerate.

Young John belongs to a class which ought to be suppressed, and will be when we've more judges like Judge Just, who jail instead of fine.



No man wants to get drunk. Drinking is a result, not a cause, of something worse than alcohol.



Bummer Bump, the aerated-agitator and barrel-head orator, is not all-fool. There's some substance to his spillings.

He'd look better with hair cut and wash, and cleanliness of speech and clothes would add a big lot to his haranguing.

But let's be fair with him, and thrash the wheat from out his stacks of apparent chaff. What if he mixes facts and metaphors and daubs streaks of flaring red upon the whiteness of truth. He says much that's true, terribly true, so true that parboiled refinement is rattled, and by its very squirming acknowledges it's hit.

Many a tangle-haired fanatic has more truth about him than the close-shaven, stiff-starched, shoe-shined gentleman, who carries little back of his shirt-front.

Unaccompanied dignity has less stuff to it than erratic activity. Honor the man who is doing something, even if his head never saw the comb, and his hands were never introduced to a manicure.

Dignity is super-sensitive. It's easier to be disgusted than it is to remedy.



By their enemies we shall know them.



Trying to do, if you try hard, even if you don't succeed, is accomplishment.



Who buy the tinsel covered albums, the flashy lamps, the fancy other things? Almost always the folks who can't afford 'em and who don't need 'em.



The MOWER doesn't know how to do it, so it only modestly suggests that the great educators get together, put all their ideas, facts, and opinions into a great common incubator, and encourage it to hatch out some scheme that won't keep a child in school 12 years learning what he ought to get in half that time.

There's something wrong somewhere. Either the child's given less than he can do or else he's given too much to do. Half the learning our boy has never was of any use to him, isn't of any use to him, and never will be of any use to him, except to discipline his mind, but it's just as easy to use good stuff as it's to use truck for discipline.

Learning is made hard work. There's too much blind memorizing to do. Mere memorizing isn't worth much. The fool can memorize. An hour of intelligent brain exercise is worth a day of cramming.

Students now-a-days worship at the shrine of examination. To pass is all-important. To know what they learn, to understand what they receive, is secondary.

Because our schools are the best institutions we have is our reason for wanting 'em better.

There's no reason why labor and time-saving devices should be confined to commercialism.

In our humble way we sometimes feel that the schools teach too many things, that they give a smattering of everything and not much of anything. The scholar will become a specialist; his school education will not end with the common school. When he has received his fundamental education, he will then devote his life to the study and practice of his specialty. But why cram specialties down the throats of those who never can become specialists? Why not devote the entire common school time to the proper and complete teaching

of the fundamentals, and leave the other studies for those who proceed up the educational scale? These fundamental studies, if properly taught, will give all the mind-discipline necessary. Teach the studies which every one must use throughout his life, studies which one can't forget, because one can't forget what he's constantly using. Let the to-be-forgotten studies be eliminated from the common school course, to be taken up only by those who want a higher education. The little dips into higher mathematics, the classics, and a dozen or more other studies, confuse the common mind, injure the foundation, and unfit the child for the struggle of life.

The Mower believes that the fundamental education should be more thorough and that there should be more of it—a dozen studies swallowed instead of two dozen tasted of. The youthful mind is limited. Give it what it can comfortably hold, and it will retain it. Try to over-fill it, and it will lose not only the surplus, but with the surplus will go much of what it could have easily retained if it hadn't been crowded.



Washington is dead, yet he lives. Because he was a trader? No! Because he was something else? Yes. Shakespeare passed in his checks years ago, but he is not dead. He lives in the minds of intelligence. Because he was a successful business man? Oh, no! He never did business. Frank-

lin's body turned to dust most a century ago, but he still lives. Because he could trade horses or manipulate sales? No, certainly not. Because he could do something outside of business? Yes. Lincoln's body was buried within the remembrance of most of us, but Lincoln did not die then nor will he ever die. Is he living because he knew how to buy something for less than he could sell it for? Oh, no! He lives in the heart of every American, and in the heart of the whole world, because he was something beyond and above business. Business doesn't make heroes of any one. Business is perishable. The great captains of industry, unless they be commanders of something else in connection with their business, pass away, are buried, and are forgotten.



Only the fool waits for luck, and he never finds it.



Mrs. Sarah South, one of the most sensible women who ever visited Hayfield—and one time or another most of our greatest females have circulated in these parts—is giving a course of Home-Science lectures under the auspices of the Ladies' Monday Club.

Mrs. Smith is applying science and intelligently regulated sense to home-work. So long as the present home exists in its individual monarchy, she believes that the first duty of each head of it is to intelli-

gently learn how to handle it. She doesn't see any reason why home-making should be exempt from special education, and why home-work should be substantially the only important endeavor which goes as it pleases, hit or miss, I-am-my-own-boss-and-don't-you-interfere.

Mrs. South is doing a noble work, and she isn't receiving one tenth of one per cent. of the support she deserves.

If ignorance was home-bliss it would be folly to know anything about home-running, but as ignorance is mostly to blame for the uncivilized homes we have, the Mower can't understand why folks object to lifting it out of its conventional mud, giving it a good cleaning, and setting it out in the sunlight to grow.

The other day, Mrs. South said that her scholars, made up of young women, with mothers and other encumbrances, attempted to practice sense and science at home, and almost always met with direct and insulting opposition on the part of their house-keeping mothers, who worship the Old Fashioned Right or Wrong and drowse in Conventionalism.

"As grandmother did, not as enlightenment suggests," was the law supreme, and the struggling daughters, filled with laudable ambition and knowledge, found themselves opposed where they should have been encouraged. There were some exceptions, not many, but these exceptions are increasing, thank Heaven; and by and by home-nonsense will change

to home-sense, and ignorance will become unfashionable.

Most Hayfield mothers, and fathers too, need education and training a good deal more than do their sons and daughters. The more ignorant a parent, the more he delights in his ignorance; and he wouldn't do any harm if he practiced his ignorance on himself; but he doesn't, for he always practices on others, and generally others who can't protect themselves against his criminal ignorance.



The fellow everybody likes is no better than the perfumery bottle—nice to have around for awhile, but of no use as a commodity.

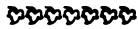


Why do women, nearly all women, chew and munch candy at the theater? Is the female stomach so different from the male that it must be subdued by continuous sweets? Between the conversation and the eating, poor man enjoys the play at intervals only.



The well-to-do man gives his goodness the credit for his material success. But what about the poor fellow in the garret, who's covered with the scars of failure from his fight against temptation? He fought harder than did his successful neighbor, but he failed,

failed because he hadn't strength to win.



The chap who never travelled beyond the foothills of temptation, hasn't won a creditable victory. The man with a thousand-foot gun hasn't much trouble hitting the fellow whose gun carries half that distance. Many a crowned warrior would have found it harder to lose than to win. The relative sizes of yourself and your foe count. The man on top may not be the conquering hero.



"Oh, Lord, I do indeed realize my unworthiness to occupy this place," invoked Sam Stoneheart, the billionaire Sunday School teacher and son of another billionaire.

If the young fellow told the truth, and we think he did, he's no business there, and ought to get out. This pleading guilty of unworthiness, and staying there, ain't consistent Christianity. You'll notice that the young money-man didn't ask the Lord to make him worthy. He wasn't taking any such chances at that, because the Lord might take him at his word, and as worthiness came, money would have to go. Folks with many millions in their pockets ain't dressed for preaching. What they say is sacrilege, and those who willingly listen to them are semi-idolaters. A man needs something besides a billion dollars to fit him for teaching Sunday School,

and a man with a billion dollars never has anything else worth speaking of. There isn't room for it.



It makes a decent man weep tears of pity to see a yachtless yacht-suited-under-clerk bet his week's salary at the Derby, when what he knows about horses wouldn't crowd the insides of a hollow-headed pin-head.



Is there any reason why an undergraduate shouldn't be a man, and not an apology for a man, a sign-stealing semblance of a man, the ridiculously nonsensical funny part of a man? Isn't there every reason why he should be a man?

Our Serial Story

About Me and Mine by Me

CHAPTER XXIII

Centergrade was New England's Brooklyn of meeting-houses. I've never seen so many, with such big Church buildings or larger average congregations. Certainly Centergrade people were Church people, if going to meeting constitutes Churchmen and Churchwomen. Everybody, both American and foreign, for duty's sake, or for the sake of something else, attended Sunday services.

Every Centergrade man had a

long-tailed Sunday suit, and the Centergrade women wore the usual irreligious costumes.

Somehow, I don't think the Lord cared, and I'm yet to be convinced that Sunday dress to Him is any part of Sunday service. At any rate, Holy Writ wasn't illustrated with fashion plates, and there were neither tailors nor modistes among the Prophets.

Perhaps Centergrade piety was but clothes deep, and Centergrade then appropriately carried her irreligion upon her back. Certainly a Centergrade Sunday would make the surface moralist's heart glad. Here was superficial goodness, anyway, and perhaps a part of it was backed with a semblance of genuine piety. The whole town, Sunday, seemed clothed in sanctimonious white, maybe but a coat of hypocritical whitewash renewed every Sunday.

Centergrade's meeting-houses were of the truly conventional type, box-square from hall to pew, save a few new ones, which were artificially grand and inwardly dark and gloomy in opposition to the Gospel's kindly light.

Centergrade's ministers, for the most part, were school scholars and mechanical lecturers, educated pulpiteers, who once a week orated the re-writes of the encyclopedia, the history, and other volumes of fact and theory. Pity they took the pains to re-write so much, for outright plagiarism would have been more ship-shape and much more interesting. Their sermons were masterly combinations of words, harmoniously welded to-

gether in endless curves, without a protruding point, which read well, and sounded well, offended nobody, and seldom rubbed against the Life of Truth.

Centergrade clergymen were engaged to preach two sermons a week, preside at one prayer-meeting, visit each pew-holder as often as once a year, drive in the prescribed tracks charted by the majority of dollars, and were bonded not to go outside the policies of their constituents. They were allowed to speak favorably of the Bible, provided they translated it according to the Churchiest code, and they were permitted to criticise the devil, to claim that he was not a good citizen, and to attack sin in general, but never in particular, for fear of offending some parishioner, who was more liable to have money than the back-seat sitters, those folks who go to Church for Religion's sake and are not afraid to meet Truth face to face.

But there was one exception. There might have been more, but I only ran across one. The pastor of the Eleventh Congregational Church was a man. Every inch of him was manly. Every part of him was dedicated to the Living God. His home was the breeding place of Virtue, his daily life the Battle for Truth, his pulpit the Stand of Honor. He had been in Centergrade six months; came as I came, with great expectations, believing Centergrade to be representative of New England progression and of puritanical sturdiness, modernized to meet the development of the times.

He was an ever-running babbling brook of sparkling life. His God was everywhere, and he found Him out of the Church as well as in the Church. He loved man because he loved God; he loved God because he loved man. His heart beat for the whole world. He would not save men wholly by pulling them through the narrow refineries of the Church; he would make men men, for when he made them men, he saved them. He would use the Church as a means to a civilized end. He would make his pulpit the Forum of Progression, Progression broad enough to take in all men, a progression founded upon Brotherly Love and dedicated to the Eleventh Commandment.

Every Sunday he preached to a full house, a house full of ladies and gentlemen, with a few men and women scattered here and there. His congregation congregated in his meeting-house, because its fathers had congregated there before it. Every Sunday he delivered a sermon, effervescent with love, fervent in religion, strong in logic, strenuous in practicability, a sermon which should have brought tears and cheers; but it seldom raised a ripple or an eye-brow.

Men in broadcloth, and women in silks, with open eyes saw not, and with open ears heard not. If they held a hymn-book, and rose and sat at the specified times, it sufficed them. Pure eloquence, fairly scintillating with Brotherly Love and Christ-like Religion, bubbling as a spring from a love-motored heart, struck the dead

walls and hurled itself back to its giver like a useless echo.

This great man is not in Centergrade now. He kicked against the pricks until he was sore. He fought against over-powering odds. He would have stayed, could he have saved a dozen, could he have made a microscopic part of Centergrade better, and purer, and nobler. He went, as all good men go, to a place where there is opportunity. The fool alone struggles against the inevitable. The wise man never continues to waste his strength against the rocks of incurable conceit.

Every Centergrade Church had a big Sunday School, where Machine Religion was ground and fed to its inmates, where children were taught the Techniques and not the Life of the Bible, where youth was made into Churchy automatons, trained to laugh, and sob, and cry, and jump, at each pull of the ecclesiastical string.

Mechanical teachers presided over Centergrade's young life, and fed it with salt without a savor, and saw the little ones hunger and thirst for the Bread and Water of Life. As their mothers and grandmothers did before them, so did they; and Centergrade's Sunday Schools, instead of creating Christians, made their scholars Unchristian.

The *Lamp* printed abstracts from Centergrade's Sunday sermons. They looked well in type, and here the *Lamp* did no harm, for nobody read 'em.

(To be continued in our next.)



VOLUME ONE

NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE

Don't be a worm.

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If he can swim, let him swim.

~~~~~

Judge Bench has more hair than brains.

~~~~~

Don't store your virtues; keep 'em moving.

~~~~~

A strike is the suffering laborers' cry for judgment.

~~~~~

Oddity isn't always the surplus of genius.

~~~~~

No, Major Fuss, it wasn't any hotter last week than it was the same time last Summer. The seasons run pretty much alike, even if you don't.

Somehow we don't feel like puffing the man whose idea of equality is to have us walk a step behind him.

~~~~~

You never can tell how the well-dressed woman or man is dressed. You see her or him, and realize that there's harmony of body and clothes. That's all. The conspicuously dressed woman or man is always in bad taste.

~~~~~

"Don't condemn if you can't suggest a remedy," says the optimist. If the rest of us were similarly minded, Progression would lie down and die. Condemnation with remedy is worth more than condemnation without it, but truthful condemnation without remedy is better than no condemnation at all. Everything bad should be condemned; that's the first step toward reform; then comes remedy. Condemnation of the bad always precedes reformation.

Did it ever occur to you that the fellow on the ground may know more about it than you do?

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The fellow who stops his paper because the honesty of the editor doesn't run alongside his conceit is the kind of a brave that sends his wife down-stairs to lock the cellar door nights.

~~~~~

The long-skirted woman isn't completely refined, for any dirty action precludes highest refinement. If it's the custom to be dirty, then to be dirty isn't as bad as if it wasn't the custom, but being dirty is opposed to refinement. The long-skirted woman isn't clean enough to be refined. She hasn't risen high enough to be entirely clean. No matter if she takes two baths a day and wears immaculate lingerie, she isn't on the pinnacle of refinement so long as there is any avoidable dirt about her. No floor ever stayed clean long at a time, no street was ever clean at any time, and the sweeping skirt is the worst kind of a scavenger; it takes up every kind of filth; and the woman with it on is hygienically as badly off as though she had an offal bucket at the head of her snow-white bed. Custom offers excuse, but not reason. Where there's nothing but custom and style to recommend an objectionable thing, common sense and refinement ought not to be worsted.

When you're through, shut up.

~~~~~

Don't teach the things you don't believe yourself.

~~~~~

My son, be dignified, but don't stop there. Lonesome dignity won't keep off the rain nor encourage the kettle to boil. Some dignified folks are out of everything else.

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Don't cuss the next door youngster with a harmonica. Go over and tell his mother what you think of her. Maybe it will do some good; maybe it won't; but don't blame the child. The cause of the nuisance began before he was born.

~~~~~

Another shooting accident. Small boy with gun. "Lick the boy," we hear. Lick the parent, say we, and lick him hard. The boy with a gun is a danger to the community. The parent who buys the gun is a menace to society. There's no excuse for him.

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There's enough for everybody, more than enough. Trouble is, we haven't got civilized enough to know how to collect it and take care of it. Business is first with most of us, not because we like it, but because we think we have to do it, do it all the time, leaving no time for anything better.

Our character is built not so much upon what we do as upon what we want to do. Many an apparent failure was crawling close to the line of success when he fell to rise no more, and perhaps he wears a brighter crown, and sits nearer the front than will many of the brilliants of earth, in the Land of Deserts.



Poor old Tim Timmons. He struggled so hard, and by and by temptation got him down and choked him into stealing. Nobody's half so sorry as Tim is. Those jacked-up, mildewed fellows, who're too stiff to pick up temptation and too blamed lazy to steal, haven't a comforting word to say for the poor fellow that's down. They rejoice at one more unfortunate to be ground by their rickety reform mill into chalked-over virtue. Folks with red blood, who know what sin is when they see it, fight it fair and square, and beat it six times out of seven, have fourteen times more charity than the ten commandment stiffies whose goodness consists of doing nothing—just negatives, that's all, the kind who don't even do enough to be sent to jail.



The Second Church in Hayfield is turning somersaults. The parson is up against three factions. The Yeses, the Noes, and the Don't-Cares. Why? Because old Deacon Dunn, the well-known general robber, has offered to build a new meeting-house. Every-

body knows that the Deacon never earned an honest dollar, and hasn't an honest cent in the world. Nobody ever said any good of him behind his back. The devil paid the Deacon a million dollars for his soul, and the Deacon wants to rob the devil and get on the Lord's side at rock-bottom cost, so he advertises a free-will offering to the Lord of \$50,000. The Deacon's a liar as well as a thief. Free-will offerings to the Lord are free and clear and haven't any hell-held mortgages hanging to 'em.

This is the way the matter stands—the Second Church gets a \$50,000 meeting-house if it puts a Dunn slab in the hallway opposite the front door, so that all may see what Dunn did. A third of the congregation is in favor of accepting; just as many are against it; and the balance don't care a continental. The "For-Its" say that good can come from bad money, and they're after getting all they can. So it can, if the bad cash can get far enough away from its owner to be scoured and cleaned. Pass 'round the box; let Deacon Dunn throw in his \$50,000, same as other fellows drop in their cents; no strings tied to 'em; just free and clear money; nobody's money after it hits the bottom of the box. But when you acknowledge the receipt of bad money, slab up the giver, label the house with his name, join hands and hop 'round him, and bellow praises into his hollow ears, you're just as bad as he is.

Criminal money, with crime hanging to it, never helped any-



body. Bad money, quietly poked into the box, gets its badness rubbed off of it.

The Second Church needs a new building, but it had better keep on worshipping God in its old rookery than setting up an idol in a new meeting-house. When the Lord wants the Second Church people to rebuild, the Lord's hands won't be attached to Deacon Dunn's arms.

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The long-haired quack doctor was haranguing to a crowd in front of the post-office.

"I tell yer," he yelled, "I just treat a weak organ like you would treat a weak ingin. Give it more power."

"Say, boss!" ejaculated an over-all denizen of the round-house and yards, "look out yer don't bust her joints."

~~~~~

The divorce question is up again. Some of the big papers are symposiumizing, asking ministers and other folks to tell what they think about it. For the most part they're 'gainst it. They want the family fights to go on. But all the marriage laws in Christendom, propped up by all the Churches and all the alleged moralists, can't stop moral separation. When a husband and wife are sick of each other—one or both with reason to be, and folks who weren't decent before they're married ain't likely to be decent afterwards—they're divorced in the eyes of Heaven, Church or no Church.

Heaven never had anything to do with the marrying of fools to fools, bad to bad, good to bad, or bad to good, and these kind of couples never stay married, whether or not they live together. The moment one of 'em wants to get away, he or she gets away in mind if not in body, and they're divorced in spirit with or without the consent of the bishops and the cowardly immoral moralists who think a thing is right because they think it's right, and a thing bad because they think it's bad, without sense enough to know the difference.

Our present system of morals needs a dose of calomel to shake its putrefied liver.

We educate everybody for about everything, from ping-pong to star-gazing, except marrying, fathering, and mothering. Taking care of the Vitals of Life ain't proper, according to those expedient folks who'd rather starve when their self-made good gives out than live on the God-made nourishment of eternal healthfulness.

The time to stop divorce is before, not after, marriage.

~~~~~

The independent thinker is a fool. There's no such thing as independent human intelligence. Men of worth are links to a progressive chain, each dependent upon the others, each a necessary part of the whole. We respectfully dedicate these lines to the whiskered members of the Reform Club.

Big hat, little brains — not always, but 'most always.



What's the good of a strong appetite with a weak stomach?



On the bill-heads of Great University is printed this line: "No degree can be conferred until all dues to the University are discharged. Degrees withheld for non-payment cannot be conferred until the Commencement day following the date of payment."

One of our brightest boys has just passed his graduating examinations, and is entitled to a degree. Wallace Work worked his way. Father and mother Work died in his infancy. It was hustle or starve with Wallace. He worked his way through school, entered Great University four years ago, and now he's a degreeless graduate, simply because he hasn't enough ready cash to settle his dues. He must wait a year for his degree — wait until next Commencement Day.

Nobody blames the University. But occurrences like this, and they're not infrequent, suggest that it is about time that good boys with brains had as good an educational show as bad boys with money. Of course, there're scholarships, but there're not enough to go 'round, and then many a germ of a great man can't earn a scholarship.

The rich Hayfield dads, with fool sons, can't do better than to put their useless boys at drain-

work, and use the money they are now wasting educating the deserving youngsters who're rich in everything save money. The bells of free education will ring when Civilization passes the half-way mark. Civilization will never be free from taint and adulteration so long as ALL don't have an equal chance at learning. Better more education than more monuments, or parks, or other things we have more of than we can use.



The successful man makes something besides money.



Don't be a gentleman. Lincoln was a man. Who ever spoke of the "Gentlemanly Shakespeare?" Think of describing Grant as a gentleman! How would it look in history to read about Our Great Gentleman, George Washington? Nobody ever dubbed Solomon with the name of "gentleman." "A gentleman" is the snob's title for a do-nothing, a fellow about town, a tailor-made loafer, a confidence shark, or a society stalk. Be a man.

Quester and Answerer.

A Boy asks us what to do to be a preacher.

ANSWER:—First find out if you've got it in you. Ten to one you haven't. Second, get an education, and get all the education you can; but don't get all one kind

of education; get the education that educates, the kind that can't roll without something clinging to it, not the kind that knows too much to want to know anything else. Third, knock around the world for a while; see things as they are, and not as the theological schools paint 'em and as folks in meeting talk 'em. You can't preach to men till you know men. Christ didn't. Get experience, every day experience, real experience, the kind of experience you can hang a hat on and not be afraid that your hat will fall off. Trouble with most preachers is that they don't know anything outside of books and meeting-houses. Be a man, a whole man. Physic for prejudice, and get rid of it at any cost. Of course, you must be good, but lonesome goodness ain't much of any use. What's the good of being good if nobody knows you're good; your good doesn't do any good. The good of all good is in the good it does. Folks can't eat good hung out of reach. Get the kind of good that does good, the circulating kind, the kind that gets out and hustles. Know about things that are floating about you. Make up your mind that you're most probably going to have a hard time of it. If you have a lot of brains, an extra big lot, maybe you'll have respect for yourself, because you can be independent and say 90 per cent. of what you think; but if you're shy of extraordinary brains, and have many spots of manliness about you, you'll have a pretty tough job setting up the Idol of Policy

and Expediency, and trying to serve both God and your congregation. Of course, you can't do it, and by and by you'll do one of three things—either serve God and lose your preaching job, or put your Job before God, or, and most likely, learn to be conscience-lazy; and if you do, you may be happy, for conscience-activity is the stirrer which never sleeps.

Our Serial Story

About Me and Mine by Me

CHAPTER XXIV

Centergrade was a home-house town. Few outsiders were unfortunate enough to move into Centergrade, and few Centergraders were fortunate enough to move out of it. Centergrade home-bred her population. Save the foreigners, Centergrade folks were Centergrade-born. They didn't come into Centergrade voluntarily, and somehow few of 'em got out of Centergrade. Why they stayed, nobody knows. Judging by the way they talked against Centergrade, and by the way they talked against each other, nobody was proud of Centergrade, nobody liked Centergrade, and nobody liked anybody save himself and incidentally his family.

Centergrade had few common people, few representatives of the

great middle class, the class which holds the key to Civilization's gate, the class which does the bulk of all the work in the world, the class without which there would be no world.

Save the foreigners, and the hand-workers, everybody in Centergrade was in society. The real blue-bloods, if there're any such thing as blue-bloods, were limited to a dozen families, which lived by themselves, associated together, helped Nature to uptwist their noses, condescendingly bowed to a few of their neighbors, and regretted that they were obliged to feed upon common market meat and eat of the flour which fed their inferiors.

Some of the blue-bloods had money, and some of 'em didn't have anything except inheritance. There wasn't a good looking one in the lot. Most of 'em were mentally spavined, physically lean and lank, and generally with unused education — book-talkers with the fire of life smothered out of 'em.

Between the blue-bloods and the working classes, there were thousands of grades of society, a separate and distinct class for nearly every family, with occasionally a half dozen families to a class.

Those who had ancestors classified themselves by priority of ancestral arrival, and drew the line as close as a week. The folks whose forebears struck Centergrade in 1746, outranked the unfortunate whose several times great-grandfather arrived in Centergrade a week afterwards, and a ten years' difference lifted a family way be-

yond speaking acquaintance with their more modern neighbors.

I said that there were only a dozen real blue-bloods. I don't know what a real blue-blood is, and I don't know of anybody who does know. The doctors have probed for it, and have found it not; chemists have searched for it, but their laboratories have never discovered it. But Centergrade has her own definition. To her a blue-blood is a descendant of a series of descendants, descending from the way-back up to the now, with at least every other head of a family a gentlemanly loafer, who didn't do anything, either because he didn't have to, or didn't want to, or didn't know enough to.

Substantially every Centergrade family, barring the working people, who have sense enough to reckon themselves as they are, if it could directly or indirectly trace itself back as far as half a generation, thought itself blue-blooded and claimed to be blue-blooded. The biggest ribbon store in all creation couldn't supply one-half as many shades of blue as were carried in regular stock on every Centergrade street.

Not one single Centergrade family was willing to be modern. Not one single Centergrade man or woman wanted to be reckoned by what he or she was. Every one would be a sprig of the past, a twig of a family-tree branch.

Centergrade's principal agricultural industry was the planting and rearing of family-trees.

Centergrade's library contained thousands of local genealogies. A

Main Street building was entirely occupied by genealogy writers. Ask a Centergrade man about his boys, and he displayed no interest. Ask him about himself, and he was indifferent. Ask him about his ancestors, and you pressed the spring which produced Centergrade's only brand of animation.

The *Lamp* knew its business. Every week we ran a thousand locals, mostly personals. We had a bucketful of cap M's and lower case i's, r's, and s's, and prefixed every name with Mr., Mrs., or Miss, or gave it other title, if there was one to be had or imagined. We didn't say "John Smith has the mumps," or that "Mrs. John Smith is disposed to be indisposed," or that "Sally Smith has just received her passport permitting her to visit outside of Centergrade." We said, "Mr. John Smith, of Hermitage Avenue, direct lineal descendant of the fourteenth removed John Oliver Cromwell Romulus Remus Smith, whose great-great-grandfather sold a dog to the first Center County settler, has the mumps;" or "Mrs. John Smith, whose ancestors had to settle for Plot No. 94, section 100, Center County, gave a Revolutionary Tea last evening;" or "Miss Sally Smith, a descendant of fifteen men who were shot during the French Wars, will appear as Pocahontas, at the Mayflower Ball, given for the benefit of the Fund for the Propagation of Family-Tree Fertilization."

The *Lamp* had its own private genealogical library. In it appeared substantially every Centergrade family. The *Lamp* made a

big hit in suffixing '07 (for 1707), '28 (for 1728), after the names. For instance it printed Butcher Blank as, "Mr. Benjamin Blank, '04," the '04 referring to the settlement of his ancestors in Centergrade.

A special price was made to subscribers to the *Lamp*, and to its advertisers, of one dollar per year for each year earlier than the arrival-date they were entitled to. Non-subscribers and non-advertisers were charged two dollars.

Many Centergrade families had their ancestral arrival-year set back from fifty to a hundred years, and the *Lamp* backed up the lie at a dollar per year.

The *Lamp* ran a special genealogical department connected with a first-class expert engraver in crest-sketching. Family-trees were grown to order from the smallest roots, and grafting trunks and branches to stumps was a profitable specialty.

The *Lamp* refused to recognize any one without a past. Every Centergrade inhabitant had a past, and most of 'em had a blamed sight more past than present.

The *Lamp* was making money. Its subscriptions paid, its advertising paid, and its agricultural family-tree-growing department was a winner.

I was getting ready to get out of Centergrade. Already I had been offered for the *Lamp* about all the money I had put into it, and another offer was expected in the next mail. I was about ready to leave the *Lamp* to other lighters.

(To be continued in our next.)



VOLUME ONE

NUMBER TWENTY-SIX

Conventionalism is hell's head-
accomplice.

~~~~~

Silence isn't always golden.  
The talker with something to say  
is worth a dozen keep-stills.

~~~~~

No Hayfield man has yet failed
in business because he spent too
much money in lighting his store.

~~~~~

Doctor Frank Boy, the best  
Board of Health man Hayfield ever  
had, has again stirred up the old-  
maid men and granny women. In  
his speech before the Monday  
Morning Club, he said, with fear-  
less emphasis:

"The general Anglo-Saxon pru-  
dery will not permit of free discus-  
sion, and that prevents general edu-  
cation on the vital side of marriage  
—the God-given laws of repro-  
duction."

"How disgusting," lisped one  
of the pimply members, with  
spavined mind.

Right you are, you clothespin-  
headed corn-stalk; it's disgusting,  
but not the way you think it. Mod-  
ern respectability ought to be  
ashamed of itself. It is a relic of  
barbarism. Intelligence and virtue  
are never prudish. Hidden sin  
blushes, and ignorance grimaces at  
light. Male and female old maids  
have no business to marry.

~~~~~

Better be single in peace than
married in war.

~~~~~

The fellow who always speaks  
well of everybody is 'most as dan-  
gerous going loose as the man who  
never has anything good to say  
about anybody. If you know a  
man's a bad man, it's your duty to  
tell it; not to do it makes you a  
semi-accessory to his evil.

The anti-suffragists are in session over in Centerville. There's a big crowd of folks who don't believe women ought to vote, so they're telling each other about it. Most of those there stayed at home, and sent their mouths.

The MOWER isn't in favor of women's suffrage. It's not in favor of men's suffrage. It's in favor of human suffrage. If woman is human, she's entitled to vote.

Rev. Dr. Knowit was the principal speaker. Among other things he said:

"The real question is, do you want to force the ballot upon 96 per cent. of the women who do not want it just to please the four per cent. who do want the ballot?"

Nonsense; who's talking about force? With full suffrage, no woman, or man, either, will have to vote. A third of the men don't vote. It doesn't make any difference whether a majority of the women want to vote or not. That's not the question. Would you stop women from studying the classics, because 96 per cent. don't want to?

Continuing the Doctor said:

"The differentiations of functions between man and woman are long established. There is, therefore, no question of superiority or inferiority, of equality or inequality. It is not altogether easy to draw a sharp line between man's and woman's functions, but it is safe to say that war is not woman's function."

Who is talking about woman doing man's work? Barring custom, is there any evidence to support the assertion that the ballot is

man's exclusive property? As to war, that's not woman's business. Is it man's?

Here's some more of what Doctor Knowit says:

"Politics is in the nature of war; we call an election a campaign. This nation engages in a great wrestling match every four years. Shall women join in this great war? What is, to-day, the greatest question before the country? War against political corruption. Are we to call women into the fight against the blood-poisoning which has entered our political life?"

If politics is war, it is the fault of the politicians, not of politics. If politics is suffering from blood-poisoning, why not employ women nurses?

Closing up, the Doctor said:

"There are vocations that are beyond all price, and the higher the vocation the greater the importance. Society is beckoning women to the innumerable ministries of mercy and helpfulness. Shall women lay down these special ministries that she may become a governor?"

It's pretty near time that man stopped considering woman a special brand of helpmate, a child-bearer, or an incubator. Woman has sex; so has man, but the duties of mind are without and beyond sex. They're the duties of Civilization. Doctor Knowit has been talking through the hat of conceit, not through the head of sense. Is he a God, that he dares to say what woman shall or shall not do? The less a man knows, the more he's afraid to let

woman have a chance to get what she knows into exercise. If woman isn't fit to vote, she isn't fit for man to marry, and the law ought to prevent her from becoming a mother.

~~~~~

The optimist who thinks that folks are civilized should yell "Fire" to a crowded house, and watch results.

~~~~~

Maybe sometime when we are three-quarters civilized the law will take a hustle and sentence to solitary confinement the fellow behind you who posts his companion a scene ahead of the play.

~~~~~

When we become civilized, folks won't refer to cash when they say "Will it pay?" So long as it means money, just so long will we be some ways on the wrong side of the line marked "Civilized."

~~~~~

When it pays a Legislator to be honest, he'll be honest. So long as the Church and Society tolerate unjailed criminality, and break bread with it if it has money, honesty can't offer many inducements that folks as they run will hanker after. The work of civilizing the criminal and the heathen had better be postponed until the Church and Society are more Christianized.

Sitting on the Hill-Top Summer Hotel piazza, t'other night, we got a-talking about many snobs in general and some snobs in particular. A white-flanneled, yacht-capped, canvas-shoed, swell-front, broiled-faced semblance of a man sitting next to us, rowed in his tongue, and agreed with us, agreed with us entirely. He said he hadn't any use for 'em, couldn't live in the same block with 'em, wanted 'em all drowned, etc. To-day, we looked that fellow up. He's the biggest snob at the Hotel, big beyond all competition.

~~~~~

"Damn" isn't a good company word and isn't just suitable anywhere else. Better say "damn" less; better not say it at all; but better say "damn" and say it often, than do as Saul Sharpe does. The other day, one of his clerks said "damn" to the telephone. Old Sharpe heard it. He got up, and read a lecture, one of those hypocritical, slab-sided, wolf-in-sheep's-clothing affairs, full of unrighteous wrath. Now, the Mower isn't in favor of "damn." Lots of good folks say it, and lots of folks who aren't good say it more than the good folks say it, but fellows like old Saul Sharpe ain't the chaps to pick up the damner. Better say "damn" than work men overtime as old Sharpe does. Better say "damn" than sell worthless mining stocks as old Sharpe does every chance he can get. Better say "damn" and be a man than

be a thief and a cheat with a snow white tongue. Better have a bad mouth than a bad system. Better a man with a "damn" than a damnless hypocrite. Folks who get shocked at technical slips, who're all the time ranting against technical sins, ten chances to one are regular, perpetual, all-the-year-round sinners themselves. The man of real goodness criticises the motive of wrong more than the doing of wrong. Nobody ought to say "damn," but if the folks who object to "damn" would use their objective force for the annihilation of something worse, the damners would not have half as much occasion for damning.



Beware, Hayfielders! No matter if Deacon Dunn is President, and Missionary Means is Treasurer, fight shy of mining stock, or of any other stock, that's going up next week; for likely it is, but not in price. "Buy to-day at 50 cents, for it will be 75 cents next week," is the bulletin of fraud nine times out of ten.



Steam yachts, and fast horses, and automobiles, and big houses, and wine suppers, and all else money can steal, won't make the unhappy man happy. What, then, is the root of happiness? It's Civilization's business to find out, and decent folks had better corral themselves together and give Civilization some encouragement.

While Conservatism is clogging the wheels of Progress, over-originality is throwing sand into the bearings.



Half the books ain't worth their paper, and putting covers on 'em is as bad as setting a five-dollar hat on a 30-cent man.



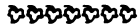
Colonel Smith and Major Jones live on adjoining lots. They rowed. The Colonel has built a high fence between. Shame, Colonel. You're too decent a man to punish a neighbor at the public's expense. Take down your fence, and have it out with the Major like a man.



Take a spoonful of our food, as our food runs, into Truth's laboratory, and let Chemist Fact analyze it. Tell your neighbors, and band yourselves together into a Women's Christian Health Union, and you'll do more real temperance work than did all your prohibitory speeches and tracts since the time they began. The taste for liquor leads some to drink, but ten to one those who sleep in drunkards' graves went to drink for causes other than the love of alcohol.

Good food, good digestion, good health, good society, and good homes are worth all the prohibiting laws in the world. Nobody wants rum when he can get something better.

Kick, and the world kicks at you, but you may not kick in vain.



You can reform the safe-cracker, sometimes; it's possible to convert the gambler and horse-thief; but it's 99 per cent. away from possible to make an honest man out of the fellow who claims two seats in a crowded car. He combines real dishonesty with clear cussedness and mighty meanness.

Quester and Answerer

ANXIOUS asks:—"Why do they call this a free country?"

ANSWER:—Because about all of it worth having is owned or controlled by the financiers. A free country is a people's country, a commonwealth of intelligence and universal opportunity for prosperity. That was the intention; but money, wanted by the rich and worshipped by the poor, was elected Dictator, and the Seat of Government was moved to Wall Street, although they go through the form of electing a figurehead President, and pretend to do business at the former Capital at Washington.



W. W. W. asks:—"Does it pay to be good?"

ANSWER:—Yes, if you're satisfied with Eternal Life, Everlasting Glory, and Respect for Yourself. No, if you prefer it in certified checks, stocks, bonds, yachts, automobiles, and fast horses.

When you call yourself a fool, you either tell the truth or lie. If not the truth, why libel yourself? If it is so, why get mad if others agree with you?



The President has a pretty daughter. Very likely she knows as much as other girls of her age; maybe more; she's had every opportunity. Being the President's girl ain't to her credit, she couldn't help it. Making so much of her is an insult to the struggling American girls, who have a hard time of it, and who, many of 'em, at least, may deserve, considering their handicap, twice as much commendation as any President's child.

The other day the President's daughter rode from Washington to Centerville to visit a grandmother or some other relative. The Centerville people crowded the depot, business was practically suspended, the papers gushed. Here's one of the headings:

"President's Daughter Arrives.



"Jumps off the Train Without Waiting to be Helped."

The President's daughter is entitled to respect, same as any other decent girl. Why shouldn't she jump off without help if she's able? To headline what she did is to insult a vigorous young woman. But don't blame the editors and reporters, they're giving the people what the people want.

Expediency is but another name for laziness.



The following "testimonial" appears to be in sight everywhere:

"Dear Doctor Sticker:—I take my pen in hand to thank you for the much good you done me. I am 15 years old, and I began to feel bum six weeks ago. There was a coat on my tongue an inch thick, and my back ached lots, and I hadn't no appetite, and I somehow couldn't sleep much. Pa got a doctor and he gave me medicines by the quart. They did no good. In our paper, *The Pious Herald*, I saw your advertisement. It was grand. I read it two times. Of course, I didn't dare tell pa and ma, 'cause they don't believe a bit in patent medicines, and they won't touch a thing unless the doctor prescribes it, so I bought a bottle myself, and took it according to directions. Thank you ever so much for the beautiful letter you wrote me in answer to mine where I told you all about myself. Now, don't you tell. I have taken now three bottles, and I never felt so good before in my life. May Heaven reward you, dear Doctor Sticker.

"Jennie W. Chumper, Hayfield."

This is one of thousands, probably written by irresponsible girls and young women who are ill, or imagine they are. The family doctor is called in; he prescribes some tonic calculated to assist Nature. Like all good medicine, it doesn't rush a cure. The medicine which hurries a cure does so at the expense of the system. The pa-

tient sees an advertisement of some concoction, believes every word of it, secretly buys the stuff, and takes it. Very likely it appears to do her immediate good. Most patent medicines are loaded for quick result. They often contain a cheap, rough physic and a lot of poor alcohol. The physic gets in its work at once; the alcohol immediately stimulates. The taker, who has never before been dosed and whose stomach is a stranger to alcohol and other stimulant, feels better right away. She has simply paid a dollar for a bottle of a cheap substitute for castor oil and about 16 cents' worth of poor whiskey or low-grade alcohol.

Patent medicine takers, as a rule, are prohibitionists. They're unused to stimulants of any kind save tea and coffee. The dose the patent medicine label prescribes, to be taken three or four times a day, sometimes gets about as much clear alcohol into the stomach as the average drinker imbibes. The result is mighty quick. The patient is simply bolstered up with rum, whiskey, or gin, and poor stuff at that. She simply "took to drinking," that's all. Under the influence of liquor, she writes a flaming testimonial.

We can't get the figures to prove it, but we think that Hayfield temperance folks actually swallow more liquor than bar-room toppers.

Then take that confidential letter she wrote to "Dear Doctor Sticker." Poor, deluded girl; poor, unsophisticated child. She thought the kindly, fatherly Doc-

tor Sticker would see it, and answer it. Doctor Sticker died years ago, and letters are no longer forwarded to his address. Even if he was on earth, he couldn't see one-tenth of one per cent. of the letters sent to him.

The quack medicine concern, which bears his name, receives 10,000 letters a day. They're opened by girls, and answered by common clerks, who select the answers from racks of circular letters. Personal attention is impossible.

The letters of advice all end the same way: "Take Doctor Sticker's Elixir."

Confidential? Bah! The letters are sorted in packing boxes, and perhaps sold or exchanged. They're treated as so much merchandise, which by and by may be sold to brokers, who resell 'em outright, or sell the privilege of reading and copying.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union can't do a better work for temperance than in overhauling patent medicines and telling the people the truth about 'em.



"Hayfield owes us a debt of gratitude which it never can fully repay," cried Mrs. President Hummer, of the Hill-Top Ladies' Club. "Our work has been progressive and uplifting; we have injected into the local veins the nourishment of true beneficence."

Let's see. Has the Hill-Top Ladies' Club injected or not injected the nourishment of true beneficence? We reckon not—not

much by a crowded majority. Here's last month's programme, or, rather, bill-of-fare:

First Monday—Pink Tea and Mr. Ibsen.

Second Monday—Chocolate and Handel, Esq.

Third Monday—Cake and half a Shakespeare play.

Fourth Monday—Ice-cream and Chinese Art.

"The nourishment of beneficence!" Rats! Rot! Rats! Not a word about "That Dangerous Sink Drain," "My Furnace Gas," "That Boy of Ours," "Our Sickly Daughters," "Our Children and Their Needs," "God's Sunlight and How to Use It," "Glorious Out-doors," "Ventilation," "Food and Drink," "Sleep," and other things we live in or on.

If the strength of the Nation were in the home-clubs of its people, there'd be need of a National gymnasium.

The American Home-Woman doesn't make a specialty of home-making. The average American home should be put to soak; it needs more than a feather-duster or a mere surface scrub.



Rev. Mr. Littleman, the new pastor at the Outskirts Church, is to begin next Sunday a series of theological sermons on Biblical mysteries. Parson Littleman is just from the seminary. When he has been out longer, he may preach Christian sermons on every-day subjects.

Our Serial Story

About Me and Mine by Me

CHAPTER XXV

My name is no longer in the Centergrade Directory. Again, I walk with head erect, with out-curved chest, walk as a man, no longer ashamed of my environment, no longer playing the game of folly to fool the fools.

With my original Centergrade investment, and its interest, in my pocket, I bought a ticket from Centergrade, jumped aboard a Western bound train, and pulled down the blind that I might not, as I sped away from her, see her fade and disappear behind the struggling engine, hard-puffing to make get-away steam out of a Centergrade atmosphere.

I was going West, West, to begin again, West to stay.

In the West, I would cast my lot, and there, as one among strenuous men, play a fair game of business, to lose or to win.

I was not ticketed to the Far Away West, to the isolated town of isolated houses, the too-far-from-anywhere to join helping hand to helping hand, or to form a circle of all-around progression. I was not bound for the woods, nor for the trackless mountains, nor for the sun-burnt deserts. I would enter the Heart of America. I would permanently lodge

myself in the Great Middle West, where the horny-hand of agricultural toil grasps the iron-fist of labor, and together co-operate with business, each willing to help the other, each anxious to struggle upwards to the freer air of some equality.

I would locate in a growing city, where well-kept rurality greets comfortable commercialism, together working for the upbuilding of something like a mutual interest. Here man meets man as man, man as man is, not man as were the men who came before him, man as he stands on the surface of the Now, not up to his middle in the Has-Been.

As our most strenuous fathers left the tyranny of the Fatherland for the freedom and opportunity of a newer world, so has the Activity, and the Independence, and the Life, and the Character of Massachusetts breeding and conservatism jumped their iron-bound cradle, and dropped their bottle of bigotry, to nurse themselves in the Open West, where there is room enough to throw a thought, and catchers who won't muff it. Here are cities and towns founded by the best babies of Massachusetts' conservatism, by the children of her conceit; and here in the Great Open they have graduated from Nature's School of Manliness, and are raising soldiers for Civilization's Army.

The Yeast of the East is rising in the West. Modern enterprise is taking the place of close-shell frugality, and from the graves of dead languages is rising the Lan-

guage of Life. Not how much we can save, but how much we can give, is the order of the work.

Out here, in the Middle West, there may not be as many Churches, there are not so many ministers, and the deacon is not so much in evidence; but here I find more Real Religion, more Fellow-Love, more Charity, more Sympathy, more Co-operation, more willingness to help and to exchange help for help, than I found in my own native State, where the Ritual of the Church took the place of the Richness of Religion, where what one appeared to be was more than what he was, where the Bread of Life was over-baked, and the Water of Life was stagnant.

There's no perfection here; there's no perfection anywhere as yet, but here is the rendezvous of the strongest men; men fit to be fathers; the healthiest women, women built to be mothers; the freshest thought, free thought; the quickest action, action that counts; all unanchored to the Past. Here, what is, is doing its best. Here, to-day is not a part, but a continuance, of yesterday, and a fore-runner of to-morrow. Here, each hour strikes its own tone, and isn't a mere relapse of its predecessors. Here, the falling of the father doesn't interfere with the up-rising of the son. Here there is but one blood, red blood, the blood with oxygen in it, the blood that circulates.

Among men, born as I was born, who had lived as I had lived, and who have the strength and char-

acter to lift themselves out of the Pit of the Past into the responsibilities of the Present, I would locate myself, forgetting what I was, and thinking only of what I am and may be, doing my best where one's best is a commodity.

The End.

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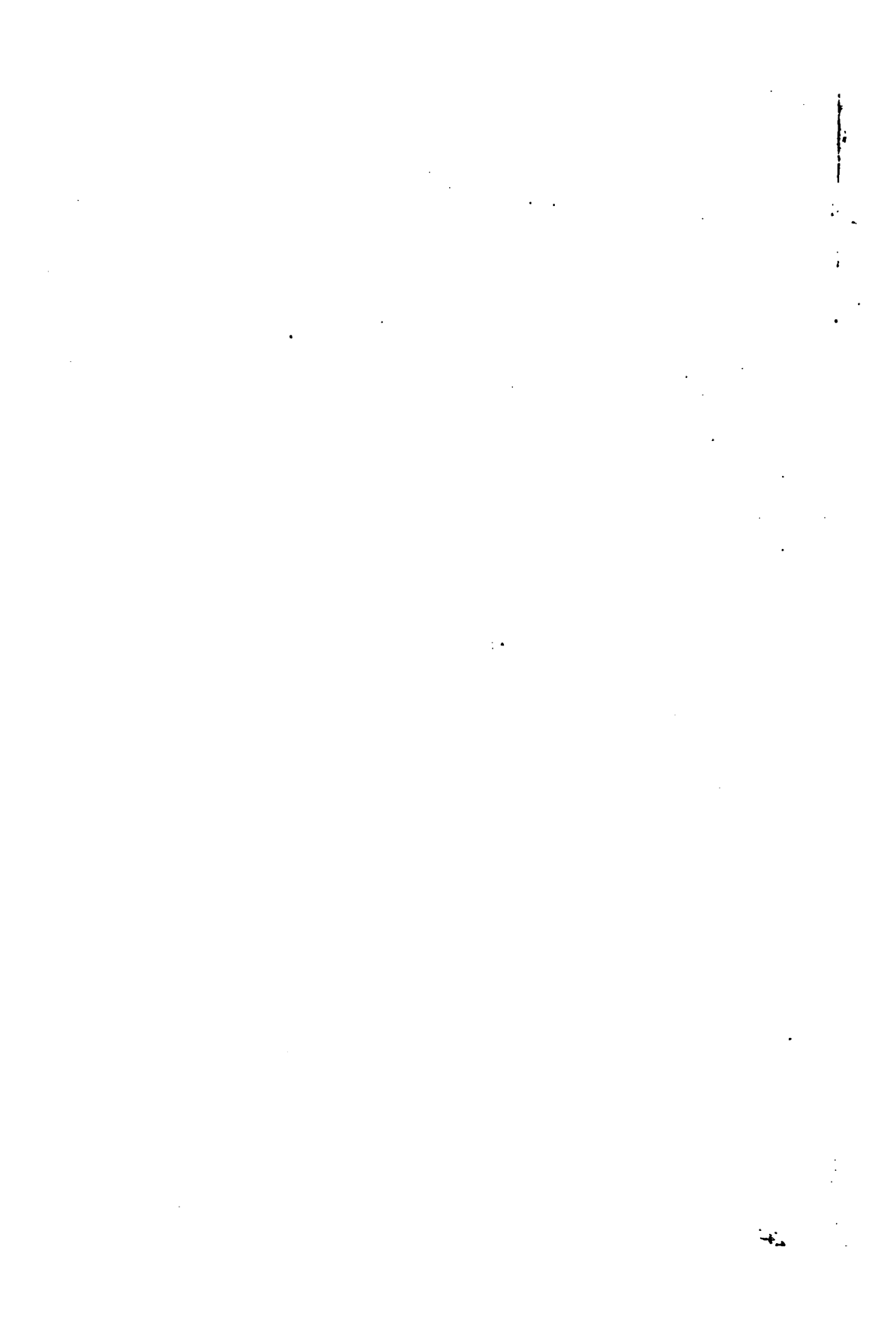
Keep the Mormons out of Congress, but don't stop with the Mormons. There are worse than Mormons there, so much worse, that polygamy, black as it is, makes a white spot when you spill it on the Congressional floor.

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"Don't cross the bridge till you come to it" works all right when there aren't any rivers or gullies to cover, but it's a mighty unsafe rule to run by when there're bridges in plenty. If you're not prepared to cross a bridge before you come to it, maybe you'll not be a successful crosser when you run up against it.

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Folks who think that we've been civilized for quite a while are reminded that only a few years ago women wore their hats at the theaters, and refused to take 'em off until the law said "must." Victory by law is not the conquest of progression. We won't be civilized until we do right things because we want to, not because we have to.





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For a complete list of distribution agents, please refer to the inside cover

For a complete list of contact details, please refer to the inside cover





